PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND A MEMOIR

BY HIS WIFE

BY P. G. HAMERTON

THE GRAPHIC ARTS
LANDSCAPE
IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING
THE SAÔNE
THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE
CHAPTERS ON ANIMALS
THE SYLVAN YEAR
THE LIFE OF TURNER
PORTFOLIO PAPERS
PARIS IN OLD AND PRESENT TIMES
MODERN FRENCHMEN
ROUND MY HOUSE

Ernest Arthur White
Christmas 1896.
F.G.W.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

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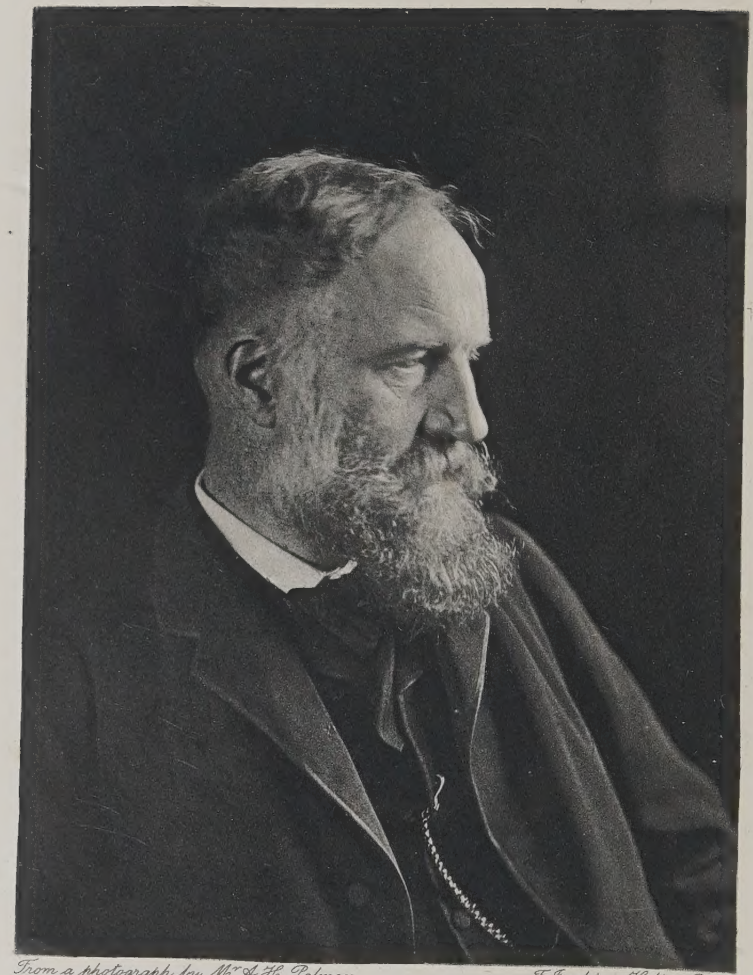

From a photograph by Mr. A. H. Palmer *F. Jenkins, Heliog. Paris*

Yours very truly

P. G. Hamerton

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1834—1858

AND A MEMOIR BY HIS WIFE

1858—1894

"Intellectual living is not so much an accomplishment as a state or condition of the mind in which it seeks earnestly for the highest and purest truth. . . . If we often blunder and fail for want of perfect wisdom and clear light, have we not the inward assurance that our aspiration has not been all in vain, that it has brought us a little nearer to the Supreme Intellect whose effulgence draws us while it dazzles?"—*The Intellectual Life.*

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PREFACE

ABOUT twelve years ago my husband told me that he had begun to write an Autobiography intended for publication, but not during his lifetime. He worked upon it at intervals, as his literary engagements permitted, but I found after his sudden death that he had only been able to carry it as far as his twenty-fourth year. Such a fragment seemed too brief for separate publication, and I earnestly desired to supplement it by a Memoir, and thus to give to those who knew and loved his books a more complete understanding of his character and career. But though I longed for this satisfaction and solace, the task seemed beyond my power, especially as it involved the difficulty of writing in a foreign language. Considering, however, that the Autobiography was carried, as it happened, up to the date of our marriage, and that I could therefore relate all the subsequent life from intimate knowledge, as no one else could, I was encouraged by many of Mr. Hamerton's admirers to make the attempt, and with the great and untiring help of his best friend, Mr. Seeley, I have been enabled to complete the Memoir—such as it is.

I offer my sincere thanks to Mr. Sidney Colvin and to his co-executor for having allowed the insertion of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's letters; to Mr. Barrett Browning for those of

his father; to Sir George and Lady Reid, Mr. Watts, Mr. Peter Graham, and Mr. Burlingame for their own.

I also beg Mr. A. H. Palmer to accept the expression of my gratitude for his kind permission to use as a frontispiece to this book the fine photograph taken by him.

E. HAMERTON.

September 1896.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

1834—1858

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER I

My reasons for writing an Autobiography—That a man knows the history of his own life better than a biographer can know it—Frankness and reserve—The contemplation of death.

My principal reasons for writing an autobiography are because I am the only person in the world who knows enough about my history to give a truthful account of it, and because I dread the possibility of falling into the hands of some writer who might attempt a biography with inadequate materials. I have already been selected as a subject by two or three biographers with very friendly intentions, but their friendliness did not always ensure accuracy. When the materials are not supplied in abundance, a writer will eke them out with conjectural expressions which he only intends as an amplification, yet which may contain germs of error to be in their turn amplified by some other writer, and made more extensively erroneous.

It has frequently been said that an autobiography must of necessity be an untrue representation of its subject, as no man can judge himself correctly. If it is intended to imply that somebody else, having a much slighter acquaintance with the man whose life is to be narrated, would produce a more truthful book, one may be permitted to doubt

the validity of the inference. Thousands of facts are known to a man himself with reference to his career, and a multitude of determinant motives, which are not known even to his most intimate friends, still less to the stranger who so often undertakes the biography. The reader of an autobiography has this additional advantage, that the writer must be unconsciously revealing himself all along, merely by his way of telling things.

With regard to the great question of frankness and reserve, I hold that the reader has a fair claim to hear the truth, as a biography is not avowedly a romance, but at the same time that it is right to maintain a certain reserve. My rule shall be to say nothing that can hurt the living, and the memory of the dead shall be dealt with as tenderly as may be compatible with a truthful account of the influences that have impelled me in one direction or another.

I have all the more kindly feelings towards the dead, that when these pages appear I shall be one of themselves, and therefore unable to defend my own memory as they are unable to defend theirs.

The notion of being a dead man is not entirely displeasing to me. If the dead are defenceless they have this compensating advantage, that nobody can inflict upon them any sensible injury; and in beginning a book which is not to see the light until I am lying comfortably in my grave, with six feet of earth above me to deaden the noises of the upper world, I feel quite a new kind of security, and write with a more complete freedom from anxiety about the quality of the work than has been usual at the beginning of other manuscripts.

Nevertheless, the clear and steady contemplation of death (I have been looking the grim king in the face for the last hour) may produce a paralyzing effect upon a man by making his life's work seem very small to him. For, whatever we believe about a future state, it is evident that the catastrophe

of death must throw each of us instantaneously into the past, from the point of view of the living, and they will see what we have done in a very foreshortened aspect, so that except in a few very rare cases it must look small to them, and ever smaller as time rolls on, and they will probably not think much of it, or remember us long on account of it. And in thinking of ourselves as dead we instinctively adopt the survivor's point of view. Besides which, it is reasonable to suppose that whatever fate may be in store for us, a greater or less degree of posthumous reputation in two or three nations on this planet can have little effect on our future satisfaction; for if we go to heaven, the beatitude of the life there will be so incomparably superior to the pleasures of earthly fame that we shall never think of such vanity again; and if we go to the place of eternal tortures they will leave us no time to console ourselves with pleasant memories of any kind; and if death is simply the ending of all sensation, all thought, memory, and consciousness, it will matter nothing to a handful of dust what estimate of the name it once bore may happen to be current amongst the living—

> "Les grands Dieux savent seuls si l'âme est immortelle,
> Mais le juste travaille à leur œuvre éternelle."

CHAPTER II

1834

My birthplace—My father and mother—Circumstances of their marriage—Their short married life—Birth of their child—Death of my mother—Her character and habits—My father as a widower—Dulness of his life—Its degradation.

I WAS born at Laneside near Shaw, which is now a manufacturing town of some importance about two miles from Oldham in Lancashire, and about four miles from Rochdale in the same county.

Laneside is a small estate with some houses and a little cotton-mill upon it, which belonged to my maternal grandfather. The house is of stone, with a roof of stone slate such as is usual in those parts, and it faces the road, from which it is separated by a little enclosure, that may be called a garden if you will. When I was a child, there were two or three poplar trees in that enclosure before the house, but trees do not prosper there, and now there is probably not one on the whole estate. One end of the house (which is rather long for its height and depth) abuts against the hill, and close behind it is the cotton-mill which my grandfather worked, with no great profit to himself or advantage to his descendants. I have mentioned a road that passes the house; it is steep, narrow, and inconvenient. It leads up to an elevated tract of the most dreary country that can be imagined, but there are one or two fields on the Laneside estate, above the stone-quarry, from which there is a good view in the direction of Rochdale.

I never knew my grandfather Cocker, but have heard that he was a lively and vigorous man, who enjoyed life very heartily in his way. He married a Miss Crompton, who had a little property and was descended from the De Cromptons of Crompton Hall. I am not aware that she had any family pride, but, like most people in that neighbourhood, she had a great appreciation of the value of money, and when she was left alone with her daughter, in consequence of Philip Cocker's premature death, she was more inclined to favour wealthy than impecunious suitors.

My father had come to Shaw as a young attorney some time before he asked for Anne Cocker in marriage. He had very little to recommend him except a fine person, great physical strength, and fifteen quarterings. He had a reputation for rather dissolute habits, was a good horseman, an excellent shot, looked very well in a ball-room, and these, I believe, were all his advantages, save an unhappy faculty for shining in such masculine company as he could find in a Lancashire village in the days of George IV. Money he had none, except what he earned in his profession, at one time rather a good income.

Miss Anne Cocker was a young lady with a will of her own, associated, I have been told (the two characteristics are by no means incompatible), with a very sweet and amiable disposition. At a time when my grandmother still vigorously opposed the match with my father, there happened to be a public charity ball in Shaw, and Miss Cocker showed her intentions in a very decided manner, by declining to dance with several gentlemen until the young lawyer presented himself, when she rose immediately with a very gracious smile, which was observed by all near enough to witness it. This was rather unkind perhaps to the other aspirants, and is, in fact, scarcely defensible, but it was Miss Cocker's way of declaring her intentions publicly. When my father made his offer, he was refused by my grandmother's orders, but received

encouragement from her daughter (a tone of voice, or a look, yet more a tear, would be enough for a lover's hope), and counted upon the effects of perseverance. At length, when he and Miss Cocker thought they had waited long enough, they determined to marry without Mrs. Cocker's consent, and the determination was notified to my grandmother in the following very decided terms—

"DR MADAM,

"You are no doubt well aware of the warm attachment which has long existed betwixt your dear daughter and myself. Upwards of twelve months ago our affections were immoveably fixed upon each other, and I now consider it my duty to inform you that we are fully engaged, and have finally concluded to be married within a fortnight of the present time.

"I sincerely trust that all your hostile feelings towards me are entirely worn out, and that you will receive me as the affectionate husband of your beloved daughter, and I with great confidence hope we shall be a happy family and live together with peace and harmony.

"At my request your daughter will have all her property settled upon herself, so that I can have no controul over it—thus leaving it impossible that I should waste it. And I trust that by an active attention to my profession I may be enabled not inconsiderably to augment it.

"Be assured, Dear Madam, that your daughter and myself feel no little solicitude for your comfort and happiness, and that we shall at all times be most happy to promote them.

"It is our mutual and most anxious wish that you should not attempt to throw any obstacle in the way of our marriage, as the only tendency it could have under present circumstances would be to lessen the happiness and comfort of our union.

"We trust therefore that your regard for your daughter's happiness will induce you at once to give your full assent to the fulfilment of our engagement, as you would thereby divest our marriage of all that could possibly lessen the happiness we anticipate from it.

"I know that your principal objection to me has been on

account of my unsteadiness, and I deeply regret ever having given you cause to raise such an objection; but I trust my conduct for some time back having been of a very different character, will convince you that I have seen my error. The gaiety into which I have fallen may partly be ascribed to the peculiarity of my situation; having no relations near me, no family ties, no domestic comforts, &c., I may be the more excusable for having kept the company of young men, but I can assure you I have lost all inclination for the practice of such follies as I have once fallen into, and I look to a steady, sober, married life as alone calculated to afford me happiness.

"I will wait upon you on Monday with most anxious hopes for your favourable answer.

"I am, Dear Madam,

"Yours most respectfully,

"JOHN HAMMERTON.

"*June 1st*, 1833.
Shaw."

The reader may be surprised by the double *m* in the signature. It was my father's custom to write our name so, for a reason that will be explained in another chapter. The letter itself is rather formal, according to the fashion of the time, but I think it is a good letter in its way, and believe it to have been perfectly sincere. No doubt my father fully intended to reform his way of life, but it is easier to make a good resolution than to adhere to it. I do not know enough of the degree of excess to which his love of pleasure led him, to be able to describe his life as a young man accurately, but as my mother had been well brought up and was a refined person for her rank in society, I conclude that she would not have encouraged a notorious evil-liver. Those who knew my father in his early manhood have told me that he was very popular, and yet at the same time that he bore himself with considerable dignity, one old lady going so far as to say that when he walked through the main street

at Shaw, it seemed as if all the town belonged to him. It is difficult for us to understand quite accurately the social code of the Georgian era, when a man might indulge in pleasures which seem to us coarse and degrading, and yet retain all the pride and all the bearing of a gentleman.

The marriage took place according to the fixed resolution of the contracting parties, and their life together was immensely happy during the short time that it lasted. Most unfortunately it came to an end after little more than one year by my mother's lamentably premature death. I happen to possess a letter from my father's sister to her sister Anne in which she gives an account of this event, and print it because it conveys the reality more vividly than a narrative at second hand. The reader will pardon the reference to myself. It matters nothing to a dead man—as I shall be when this page is printed—whether at the age of fourteen days he was considered a fine-looking child or a weakling.

"*Friday morning.*

"MY DEAR ANNE,

"You will not calculate upon so speedy an answer as this to your long and welcome epistle, nor will you calculate upon the melancholy intelligence I have to communicate. Poor John's wife, certainly the most amiable of all woman-kind, departed this life at twenty minutes past eleven last night. Her recovery from her confinement was very wonderful, we thought, but alas it was a false one. The Drs. Whitaker of Shaw, Wood of Rochdale, and Bardsley of Manchester all agree in opinion that she has died of mere weakness without any absolute disease. She has been very delicate for a long time. Poor dear John—if I were quite indifferent to him I should grieve to see his agonies; he says at sixty it might have happened in the common course of things and he would have borne it better, but at twenty-nine, just when he is beginning life, his sad bereavement does indeed seem untimely. It is a sore affliction to him, sent for some good, and may he understand and apply it with

wisdom! They had, to be sure, hardly been married long enough to quarrel, but I never saw a couple so intent on making each other happy; they had not a thought of each other but what tended to please. The poor little boy is a very fine one, and I hope he will be reared, though it often happens that when the mother is consumptive the baby dies. I do hope when John is able to look after his office a little that the occupation of his mind will give him calm. He walks from room to room, and if I meet him and he is able to articulate at all, he says, 'Ah! where must I be? what must I do?' He says nobody had such a wife, and I do think nobody ever had. He wanted me not to write till arrangements were made about the funeral. I thought you would be sorry to be informed late upon a subject so near John's heart, and that it was too late for Mr. Hinde[1] to come to the funeral. I have really nothing to say except that our poor sister was so tolerable on Wednesday morning that I went with the Milnes of Park House to Henton Park races, which I liked very well, but as things have turned out I heartily repent going. Ann was, we hoped, positively recovering on Monday and Tuesday, but it seems to have been a lightening before death. She was a very long time in the agonies of death, but seemed to suffer very little. Our afflicted brother joins me in best love to you and your dear children. Kind compliments to Mr. Hinde.

"I remain,

"Your affectionate Sister,

"M. HAMMERTON."

The letter is without date, but it bears the Manchester post-mark of September 27, 1834, and the day of my birth was the tenth of the same month. The reader may have observed a discrepancy with reference to my mother's health. First it is said that the doctors all agreed in the opinion that she died of mere weakness, without any absolute disease, but afterwards consumption is alluded to. I am not sure, even

[1] The Rev. Thomas Hinde, Vicar of Featherstone, brother-in-law of the writer of the letter.

yet, whether my mother was really consumptive or only suffered from debility. Down to the time when I write this (fifty-one years after my mother's death) there have never been any symptoms of consumption in me.

No portrait of my mother was ever taken, so that I have never been able to picture her to myself otherwise than vaguely, but I remember that on one occasion in my youth when I played the part of a young lady in a charade, several persons present who had known her, said that the likeness was so striking that it almost seemed as if she had appeared to them in a vision, and they told me that if I wanted to know what my mother was like, I had only to consult a looking-glass. She had blue eyes, a very fair complexion, and hair of a rich strongly-coloured auburn, a colour more appreciated by painters than by other people. In the year 1876 I was examining a large boxful of business papers that had belonged to my father, and burning most of them in a garden in Yorkshire, when a little packet fell out of a legal document that I was just going to throw upon the fire. It was a lock of hair carefully folded in a piece of the bluish paper my father used for his law correspondence, and fastened with an old wire-headed pin. I at once took it to a lady who had known my mother, and she said without a moment's hesitation that the hair was certainly hers, so that I now possess this relic, and it is all I have of my poor mother whose face I never saw, and whose voice I never heard. Few people who have lived in the world have left such slight traces. There are no letters of hers except one or two formal compositions written at school under the eye of the mistress, which of course express nothing of her own mind or feelings. Those who knew her have told me that she was a very lively and amiable person, physically active, and a good horsewoman. She and my father were fond of riding out together, and indeed were separated as little as might be during their brief happiness. She even, on one occasion,

went out shooting with him and killed something, after which she melted into tears of pity over her victim.[1]

The reader will pardon me for dwelling thus on these few details of a life so sadly and prematurely ended. The knowledge that my mother had died early cast a certain melancholy over my childhood; I found that people looked at me with some tenderness and pity for her sake, so I felt vaguely that there had been a great loss, though unable to estimate the extent of it. Later, when I understood better what pains and perils Nature inflicts on women in order that children may come into the world, it seemed that the days I lived had been bought for me by the sacrifice of days that my mother ought to have lived. She was but twenty-four when she passed away, so that now I have lived more than twice her span.

The effect of the loss upon my father was utterly disastrous. His new and good projects were all shattered, and a cloud fell over his existence that was never lifted. He did not marry again, and he lost his interest in his profession. My mother left him all her property absolutely, so he felt no spur of necessity and became indolent or indifferent, yet those who were capable of judging had a good opinion of his abilities as a lawyer. Just before his wife's death, my father had rather distinguished himself in an important case, and received a testimonial from his client with the following inscription—

Presented to Mr. Hammerton, Solr, by his obliged client Mr. Waring, as a token of Esteem for his active services in the cause tried against Stopherd at Lancaster, in the arrangement of the argument arising thereon at Westminster, and his successful defence to the Equity Suit instituted by the Deft. 1834.

My father's practice at that time was beginning to be lucrative, and would no doubt have become much more so

[1] A lady related to my mother shot well, and killed various kinds of game, of which I remember seeing stuffed specimens as trophies of her skill.

in a few years, but the blow to his happiness that occurred in the September of 1834 produced such discouragement that he sought relief from his depression in the society of lively companions. Most unfortunately for him, there was no lively masculine society in the place where he lived that was not at the same time a constant incitement to drinking. There were a few places in the Lancashire of those days where convivial habits were carried to such a degree that they destroyed what ought to have been the flower of the male population. The strong and hearty men who believed that they could be imprudent with impunity, the lively, intelligent, and sociable men who wanted the wittiest and brightest talk that was to be had in the neighbourhood, the bachelor whose hearth was lonely, and the widower whose house had been made desolate, all these were tempted to join meetings of merry companions who set no limits to the strength or the quantity of their potations. My poor father was a man of great physical endowments, and he came at last to have a mistaken pride in being able to drink deeply without betraying any evil effects, but a few years of such an existence undermined one of the finest constitutions ever given to mortal man. A quarryman once told me that my father had appeared at the quarry at six o'clock in the morning looking quite fresh and hearty, when, taking up the heaviest sledge-hammer he could find, he gaily challenged the men to try who could throw it farthest. None of them came near him, on which he turned and said with a laugh of satisfaction—"Not bad that, for a man who drank thirty glasses of brandy the day before!" Whether he had ever approached such a formidable number I will not venture to say, but the incident exactly paints my father in his northern pride of strength, the fatal pride that believes itself able to resist poison because it has the muscles of an athlete.

It was always said by those who knew the family, that my father was the cleverest member of it, but his ability

must have expended itself in witty conversation and in his professional work, as I do not remember the smallest evidence of what are called intellectual tastes. My mother had a few books that had belonged to her family, and to these my father added scarcely anything. I can remember his books quite clearly, even at this distance of time. One was a biography of William IV., another a set of sketches of Reform Ministers, a third was Baines's *History of Lancashire*, a fourth a Geographical Dictionary. These were, I believe, almost all the books (not concerned with the legal profession) that my father ever purchased. His bookcase did not contain a single volume by the most popular English poets of his own time, nor even so much as a novel by Sir Walter Scott. I have no recollection of ever having seen him read a book, but he took in the *Times* newspaper, and I clearly remember that he read the leading articles, which it was the fashion at that time to look upon as models of style. This absence of interest in literature was accompanied by that complete and absolute indifference to the fine arts which was so common in the middle classes and the country aristocracy of those days. I mention these deficiences to explain the extreme dulness of my poor father's existence during his widowhood, a dulness that a lover of books must have a difficulty in imagining. A man living alone with servants (for his son's childhood was spent elsewhere), who took hardly any interest in a profession that had become little more than nominal for him, who had not even the stimulus of a desire to accumulate wealth (almost the only recognized object in the place where he lived), a man who had no intellectual pursuits whatever, and whose youth was too far behind him for any joyous physical activity, was condemned to seek such amusements as the customs of the place afforded, and these all led to drinking. He and his friends drank when they were together to make society merrier, and when they happened to be alone they drank

to make solitude endurable. Had they drunk light wines like French peasants, or beer like Germans, they might have lasted longer, but their favourite drink was brandy in hot strong grogs, accompanied by unlimited tobacco. They dined in the middle of the day, and had the spirit decanters and the tobacco-box on the table instead of dessert, frequently drinking through the whole afternoon and a long evening afterwards. In the morning they slaked alcoholic thirst with copious draughts of ale. My father went on steadily with this kind of existence without anything whatever to rescue him from its gradual and fatal degradation. He separated himself entirely from the class he belonged to by birth, lived with men of little culture, though they may have had natural wit, and sacrificed his whole future to mere village conviviality. Thousands of others have followed the same road, but few have sacrificed so much. My father had a constitution such as is not given to one man in ten thousand, and his mind was strong and clear, though he had not literary tastes. He was completely independent, free to travel or to make a fortune in his profession if he preferred a sedentary existence, but the binding force of habit overcame his weakened will, and he fell into a kind of life that placed intellectual and moral recovery alike beyond his reach.

CHAPTER III

1835—1841

My childhood is passed at Burnley with my aunts—My grandfather and grandmother—Estrangement between Gilbert Hamerton and his brother of Hellifield Peel—Death of Gilbert Hamerton—His taste for the French language—His travels in Portugal, and the conduct of a steward during his absence—His three sons—Aristocratic tendencies of his daughters—Beginning of my education—Visits to my father.

I WAS not brought up during childhood under my father's roof, but was sent to live with his two unmarried sisters. These ladies were then living in Burnley with their mother.

Burnley is now a large manufacturing town of seventy thousand inhabitants, but in those days it was just rising in importance, and a few years earlier it had been a small country town in an uncommonly aristocratic neighbourhood. The gate of Towneley Park opens now almost upon the town itself, and in former times there were many other seats of the greater or lesser squires within a radius of a very few miles. It is a common mistake in the south of England to suppose that Lancashire is a purely commercial county. There are, or were in my youth, some very aristocratic neighbourhoods in Lancashire, and that immediately about Burnley was one of them. The creation of new wealth, and the extinction or departure of a few families, may have altered its character since then, but in the days of my grandfather nobody thought of disputing the supremacy of the old houses. There was something almost sublime in the misty antiquity of the

Towneley family, one of the oldest in all England, and still one of the wealthiest, keeping house in its venerable castellated mansion in a great park with magnificent avenues. Other houses of less wealth and more modern date had their pedigrees in the history of Lancashire.

My grandfather, Gilbert Hamerton, possessed an old gabled mansion with a small but picturesque estate, divided from Towneley Park by a public road, and he had other property in the town and elsewhere enough to make him independent, but not enough to make him one of the great squires. However, as he was the second son of an ancient Yorkshire family, and as pedigrees and quarterings counted for something in those comparatively romantic times, the somewhat exclusive aristocracy about Burnley had received him with much cordiality from the first, and he continued all his life to belong to it. His comparative poverty was excused by a well-known history of confiscation in his family, and perhaps made him rather more interesting, especially as it did not go far enough to become—what poverty becomes so easily—ridiculous. He lived in a large old house, and plentifully enough, but without state and style. His marriage had been extremely imprudent from the worldly point of view. An aunt of my grandfather's, on his mother's side, had invited him to stay with her, and had not foreseen the attractions of a farmer's daughter who was living in the house as a companion. My good, unworldly grandfather fell in love with this girl, and married her. He never had any serious reason to regret this very imprudent step, for Jane Smith became an excellent wife and mother, and she did not even injure his position in society, where she knew how to make herself respected, and was much beloved by her most intimate friends. I remember her, though I never knew my grandfather. My recollection of her is a sort of picture of an old lady always dressed in black, and seated near a window, or walking slowly with a stick. The dawn of reason and feeling

is associated in my memory with an intense affection for this old lady and with the kind things she said to me, not yet forgotten. I remember, too, the awful stillness of her dead body (hers was the first dead human body I looked upon), and the strange emptiness of the house when it had been taken away.

Though my grandmother was only a farmer's daughter, her parents were well-to-do in their own line of life, and at various times helped my grandfather with sums of money; but the fact remained that he had married quite out of his class, and it has always seemed to me probable that the marriage may have had some connection with the complete and permanent estrangement that existed between Gilbert Hamerton and his brother, the squire of Hellifield Peel. As soon as I was old enough to understand a little about relationships, I reflected that the houses of my own uncles were open to me, that my cousins were all like brothers and sisters to me, and yet that my father and my aunts had never been to their uncle's house at Hellifield, and that our relations there never came to see us at Burnley. The explanation of this estrangement given by my grandfather, was that there had been a disagreement about land; but perhaps he may have felt some delicacy about telling his children that his unambitious marriage had contributed to render the separation permanent. However this may have been, my grandmother never once saw the inside of her brother-in-law's house, and when she died there was, I believe, not even the formal expression of condolence that is usual among acquaintances. Gilbert Hamerton had lived at Hollins, a house and estate inherited from his mother; and James Hamerton, the elder brother, lived in a castellated peel or border tower at Hellifield, which had been built by Lawrence Hamerton in 1440. The two places are not much more than twenty miles apart; but the brothers never met after their quarrel, and my grandfather's sons and daughters never saw their uncle's

house. One result of the estrangement was that we hardly seemed to belong to our own family; and I remember a lady, who had some very vague and shadowy claims to a distant connection with the family at Hellifield, asking one of my aunts in rather a patronizing manner if she also did not "claim to be connected" with the Hamertons of Hellifield Peel. Even to this day it is difficult for me to realize the simple fact that she was niece to an uncle whom she had never seen, and first cousin to his successor.

My grandfather had lived in apparently excellent health till the age of seventy-seven, when one afternoon as he was seated in his dining-room at Hollins, nobody being present except his eldest daughter Mary, he asked her to open the window, and then added, "Say a prayer." She immediately began to repeat a short prayer, and before she had reached the end of it he was dead. There is a strange incident connected with his death, which may be worth something to those who take an interest in what is now called "Psychical Research." At the same hour his married daughter was sitting in a room forty miles away with her little boy, a child just old enough to talk, and the child stared with intense interest at an empty chair. His mother asked what attracted his attention, and the child said, "Don't you see, mamma, the old gentleman who is sitting in that chair?" I am careful not to add details, as my own imagination might unconsciously amplify them, but my impression is that the child was asked to describe the vision more minutely, and that his description exactly accorded with his grandfather's usual appearance.

The old gentleman preserved the costume and manners of the eighteenth century, wearing his pig-tail, breeches, and shoe-buckles. He took life too easily for any intellectual achievements, but he had a great liking for the French language, and wrote a very original French grammar, which he had curiously printed in synoptic sheets, at his private expense, though it was never completed or published. I have

sometimes thought it possible that my own aptitude and affinity for that language may have been inherited from him, and that his labours may in a manner have overcome many difficulties for me by the wonderful process of transmission. He never lived in France, and I believe he never visited the country, his French conversations being chiefly held with a good-natured Roman Catholic chaplain at Towneley Hall. My grandfather's most extensive travels were in Portugal, lasting six months, and with regard to that journey I remember two painful incidents. His travelling companion, a younger brother, died abroad in consequence of having slept in a damp bed. The other incident is vexatious rather than tragical, and yet Wordsworth would have seen tragedy in it also. During his absence from home, my grandfather had confided the care of his estate to an agent, who cut down the old avenue of oaks that led to the house, on the pretext that some of the trees were showing signs of decay, and that he had an acceptable offer for the whole. The road retained the name of "The Avenue" for many years, but the trees were never replaced.

Perhaps the reader will think this incident hardly worth mentioning, but to a lover of trees, avenues, and old houses, such as I confess myself to be, it seems the very perfection of a vexatious incident. I cannot imagine anything whatever, not entailing any serious consequences, that would have tried my own temper more.

On my grandfather's death, the whole of his property went to his eldest son. He had brought up all his three sons to be solicitors, not because he had any peculiar enthusiasm for the legal profession, but simply as the readiest means of earning a living. The sons themselves had no natural affinity for the law; my eldest uncle heartily disliked it, the other regarded it with cool indifference, and my father expressed his desire that I should never be a lawyer, on the ground that a man had enough to plague him in his own concerns, without

troubling his mind about those of other people. One curious distinction may be noted here as the result probably of that intermingling with the everyday world, which happens naturally in the career of provincial attorneys. Whilst my aunts remained all their lives aristocratic in their feelings, and rather liked to enjoy the hospitality of the great houses in the neighbourhood, my uncles, and my father also, abandoned all aristocratic memories and aspirations, and entered frankly into the middle class. Each of them did what was natural under the circumstances. Women are generally more aristocratic than men, and cling more decidedly to their class, and I think my aunts showed better taste in liking refined society, than my father did in lowering himself to associate with men of an inferior stamp in rank, in manners, and in habits. I distinctly remember how one of my aunts told me that somebody had made a remark on her liking for great people, and the only comment she made was, that she preferred gentlefolks because their manners were more agreeable. She was not a worshipper of rank, but she liked the quiet pleasant manners of the aristocracy, which indeed were simply her own manners.

My childhood could not have been better cared for even by my own mother, than by these two excellent ladies. They gave me a beginning of education, and they have told me since that I learned to read English with the greatest facility, so that when I was sent to the Grammar School at Burnley, at the early age of five and a half, the master considered me so well forward that I was set at once to Latin. In those days it was a part of the wisdom of our educators to make us learn Latin out of a grammar written in that language, and I retain some recollection of the perfectly useless mental fatigue and puzzlement that I was made to undergo in learning abstract statements about grammatical science, that were written in a tongue which I could not possibly understand. The idea of taking a child five and a half years old, and

making it learn a dead language by abstract rules, is of itself a great error. The proper way to teach a child Latin is simply to give it a vocabulary, including only the things that it can see or imagine, and a few verbs to make little phrases. I had learned to read English so easily, that good hopes were entertained for the rest of my education, but my progress in Latin was very slow, and the only result of my early training was to give me a horror of everything printed in Latin, that I did not overcome for many years.

There was another child-pupil rather older than I, and the head-master of those days (Dr. Butler's predecessor), who had a rude disposition, sometimes amused himself by putting me on one of his knees, and the other little boy on the other knee, after which, by an adroit simultaneous movement of the two legs, he suddenly brought our heads into collision. I quite remember the sensation of being stunned on these occasions, but am not aware that my Latin was any the better for it.

My recollection of those early years is extremely vague, and there is little in them that could interest the reader. I was taken once or twice a year to my father, and always disliked and dreaded those visits, as I feared him greatly, and with good reason. On one of these visits, when quite a child, I persuaded my father's groom to let me mount his saddle-horse, which I remember as a grey animal of what seemed a prodigious altitude. The man put me on the horse's back, and being entirely destitute of common-sense or prudence, actually gave me a whip and left the bridle to me. I applied the whip vigorously, and was very soon thrown off and carried back to the house covered with blood, happily without more serious consequences. Another little incident has more of the comic element. My father employed a tailor for himself, and told the man to make me a suit without entering into any particulars. The tailor being thus left to his own wisdom, made a costume that was the

exact copy of a full-grown squire's dress on a small scale. It was composed of a green cut-away coat, a yellow waistcoat, and green trousers, the whole adorned with gilt buttons. The tailor dressed me, and then, proud of his work, presented me to my father and the ladies. If the tailor was proud, my pride and satisfaction were at least equal to his, and we neither of us could in the least understand the roars of laughter that my appearance provoked, whilst our feelings were deeply wounded by my father's tyrannical decree that I was never to wear those beautiful clothes at all. Even to this day I am capable of regretting that suit, and certainly I often see children now whose costumes are at least equally absurd.

CHAPTER IV

1842

A tour in Wales in 1842—Extracts from my Journal of this tour—My inborn love for beautiful materials—Stay at Rhyl—Anglesea and Caernarvon—Reasons for specially remembering this tour.

THE pleasantest recollections I have of my father are connected with a tour in Wales that he undertook with me and his eldest sister in the summer of 1842. My aunt made me keep a journal of that tour, which I still possess, and by its help those days come back to me with a vividness that is very astonishing to myself. Being accustomed to live with grown-up people, and having no companions of my own age in the same house (though I had cousins at Hollins and friends at school), I had acquired a way of talking about things as older people talk, so that the journal in question contains many observations that do not seem natural for a child. The fact, no doubt, is that I listened to my father and aunt, and then put down many of their remarks in my little history of our tour; but I was very observant on my own account, and received very strong impressions, especially from buildings, such as old castles and cathedrals, and great houses, and I had a topographic habit of mind even in childhood, which made every fresh locality interesting to me and engraved it on my memory. Perhaps the reader may like to see a page of the diary. It seems rather formal and elderly to be written by a child eight years old, but it must be remembered that it was an exercise written by

my father's desire and to please him. Letters to my cousins at the same date would have been more juvenile. Nevertheless, it was perfectly natural for me then to use words employed by older people, and the reader will remember that I had been learning Latin for more than two years.

"On the road from Rhydland to Abergele we saw Hemmel Park, the seat of Lord Dinorbin, lately burnt down. Near Rhydland is Penwarn, the seat of Lord Mostyn; the house is small and unpretending, the grounds are beautiful. There is a very handsome dog-kennel, in which are kept forty-four couple of fine fox-hounds ready for work, besides old ones in one kennel, and young ones in another: the dogs all in such good order and kennels so perfectly clean. In one field were sixteen hunters without shoes. Lord Mostyn does not live much at Penwarn, generally in London. He is an old man, and at present an invalid. We had several pleasant days' fishing in the Clwyd and Elway; a Mr. Graham at Rhyl has permission to fish in Lord Mostyn's preserve, and he may take a friend, which character Papa and I personated for the time.

"About eight miles from Rhyl is Trelacre, the seat of Sir Pyers Mostyn, a very excellent modern building; the grounds are laid out with most luxuriant taste, nothing is wanting to give effect to it as a whole. In the woods opposite the house is a rich but rather formal distribution of flower-beds, everything appeared to be in blossom. On an elevation is placed the most ingeniously contrived Grotto, at every turn there is a device of another character to the last, here a lion couchant, there the head of Momus, a wild boar's head, a heron, a skeleton, &c., &c. In one place were two old friars seated, each leaning on his stick, apparently in earnest conversation; all these are roughly, but with great accuracy, formed upon the numerous pillars which support a room or two above. The last object you arrive at is a hermit as large as life seated in his cell, with one book beside him and another on his knee, upon which his left hand is placed, his right is laid across his breast. The pillars are so contrived that the little cavern is light in every part; at

the entrance is an immense sea-dragon with large glaring eyes and a long red tongue hanging half-way out. The monster had an effect somewhat startling. Next above the grotto is a small room hewn out of the rock, with sofas and pillows on each side the fireplace hewn out of the same rock. In the centre is a stone table, upon which were some beautiful antique bowls, cups, &c. The door to this apartment is a great curiosity, being made to appear as if of rock; we did not think at first that it was a real door. Over this room is another, the residence of a lame woman, who showed us upon the leads above her dwelling a very extensive prospect; amongst the objects was the mouth of the river Dee. She afterwards [took us] to a moss house, and several other nice points in the garden. The walks are covered with the material left in washing the lead ore, through which no weed can even peep. It is many-coloured, and the glittering of here and there a bit of ore, lead or silver, has a very pretty effect indeed."

The reader will have had enough of the journal by this time. Its only merit is the accurate noting down of details that I had seen, but many of the details are such as children of that age do not commonly pay attention to, as for instance in this bit about an old church—

"The church at Dyserth has an east window which is considered the greatest antiquity in Wales, many figures of the saints are represented in coloured glass, the lead betwixt the panes is the breadth of two fingers. The yard has several old trees—two very fine yews, and certainly the largest birch for miles round."

I notice a great interest in all beautiful materials throughout the pages of this journal; the kind of wood used for the suites of furniture is invariably mentioned, as for example the chairs of solid ebony in the dining-room at Penrhyn Castle, the old oak in the dining-room at Trelacre, and the light oak in the drawing-room, the carved oak ceilings and

pillars at Penrhyn, and the use of stone from St. Helens there, as well as the bedstead that is made of slate, and the enormous table of the same material in the servants' hall. The interest in materials is a special instinct, a kind of sympathy with Nature showing itself by appreciation of the different qualities of her products. This instinct has always been very strong in me, and I have often noticed it in others, especially in artists. Some poets are very fond of describing beautiful materials; but the instinct is not confined to poetical or artistic natures, being often found amongst workmen in the handicrafts, and it may be associated with a sense of the usefulness of materials, as well as with admiration of their beauty. With me the interest in them is both artistic and utilitarian; all metals, woods, marbles, etc., are delightful to me in some way.

In 1842 Rhyl was a little quiet place known to the Liverpool people as a good bathing-place, but not spoiled by formal rows of houses and big hotels. There was at that time in Rhyl a gentleman who possessed a sort of genteel cottage in a relatively large garden, and though the house was small, it might have done for a widower like my father, and it was for sale. I remember urging my father to buy it, as Rhyl pleased me on account of the possibilities of boating and riding on the sands, besides which we had enjoyed some excellent fishing, which delighted me as a child, though I gave up the amusement afterwards. I mention the house here for a particular reason. It has remained very distinctly in my memory ever since, as my father's last chance of escape from his habits and associates. Whilst we were in Wales together he conducted himself as a man ought to do who is travelling with a lady and a child. He was not harsh with me, and notwithstanding my habitual fear of him, some of my Welsh days with him are pleasant to live over again in memory. Now, if he had bought that house, the sort of life we were then leading might have become habitual, and he

might possibly have been saved from the sad fate that awaited him. However, though tempted for a moment, he refused because it did not seem a good investment, being a flimsy little building, not very well contrived.

Though my father would not buy the house to please me, he bought me a little bay mare at Rhyl that was a pretty and swift creature, and we took her on the steamer to Menai, where, for want of a convenient arrangement for landing horses, she was pitched into the sea and made to swim ashore. She had been in a hot place on the steamer, near the engines, and the sudden change to the cold sea-water was probably (so we thought afterwards) the reason why she became broken-winded, which was a great grief to me. I hardly know why I record these trifles, but they have an importance in the feelings of a boy, and I am weak enough to have very tender feelings about animals down to the present day.

We visited Anglesea and Caernarvon, and other places too well known for the reader to tolerate a description of them here. In those days the tubular bridge had not yet been thought of; but the beautiful suspension bridge at Menai was already in existence, and was the most remarkable bridge then existing in the world. I was more struck by the beauty of the structure than by its costliness or size; the journal says, "it is indeed wonderfully beautiful." On one of our excursions we saw what in rainy weather is a good waterfall, and I find a reference to this that I quote for the curious bit of Welsh-English that is included in it—"We came to a little village, which has in a wet season a very fine waterfall; the driver said it would not be seen to advantage because there was 'few water.' There certainly was 'few water,' but the fine high rocks gave a powerful idea of what it would have been had the rushing of waters taken the place of the death-like stillness which then prevailed."

The reader will perhaps pardon me for having dwelt longer on this Welsh tour than the interest of it may seem to

warrant; but I look back to it with lingering regret as the last agreeable association connected with the memory of my father. It was a most happy little tour. I had an intensely strong affection for my father's eldest sister Mary, who accompanied us, and whose dear handwriting I recognize in a few corrections in the journal. Besides, that year 1842 is absolutely the last year of my life in which I could live in happy ignorance of evil and retain all the buoyancy of early boyhood. A terrible experience was in reserve for me that soon aged me rapidly, and made a really merry boyish life impossible for me after having passed through it.

CHAPTER V

1843-44

A painful chapter to write—My father calls me home—What kind of a house it was—Paternal education and discipline—My life at that time one of dulness varied by dread.

THE writing of this chapter is so painful to me that the necessity for it has made me put off the composition of this autobiography year after year. Then why not omit the chapter altogether? The omission is impossible, because the events of the year 1843-44 were quite the most important of my early boyhood, and have had a most powerful and in some respects a disastrous influence over my whole life.

Notwithstanding my father's kindness to me during our Welsh tour, my feelings towards him were not, and could not be, those of trust and confidence. He was extremely severe at times, often much more so than the occasion warranted, this being partly natural in a strong authoritative man, and partly the result of irritability brought on by his habit of drinking. When inflamed with brandy he became positively dangerous, and I had a well-founded dread of his presence. At all times he was very uncertain—he might greet me with a kind word or he might be harsh or silent, just as it happened. During my visits to him at Shaw, one of my two aunts invariably accompanied me and stayed as long as I stayed, which was a great protection for me. The idea of being left alone with my father, even for a day, was enough to fill me with apprehension; however, it did not seem likely that I

should have to live with him, as I should probably be sent to some distant school, and only come home for the holidays.

This was the view of my future that was taken by my aunts and myself, when one day in the year 1843, I believe in the month of June, there came a letter from my father peremptorily declaring, in terms which admitted of no discussion, that although a child might live with ladies it was not good for a boy, and that he had determined to have me for the future under his own roof. The news came upon me like a thunderclap in a clear sky. I had grateful and affectionate feelings towards both my aunts, but to the elder my feelings were those of a son, and a very loving son, towards his mother. She had, in fact, taken the place of my mother so completely that I remained unconscious of my loss. I reserve for a pleasanter chapter than this the delightful duty of painting her portrait; at present it is enough to say that a separation from her in childhood was the most bitter grief that could be experienced by me, and my father's ukase made this separation seem destined to be eternal, except perhaps a short visit in the holidays. In a word, my filial life with her seemed at an end.

I was taken to my father's, and left alone with him. Some years before, he had bought a house in Shaw called Ivy Cottage, a house with a front of painted stucco, looking on a garden, and though the gable end of the house looked on a street, the other end had a view over some fields, not then built over. My father rented one or two of these fields for his horses and cows, and some farm buildings just big enough for his small establishment. He did not keep a carriage, and had even given up his dog-cart, but he always had a saddle-horse for himself and a pony for me; at one time I had two ponies. His horses were his only luxury, but he was as exacting about them as if he had been a rich nobleman. He would not tolerate careless grooming for an instant; bits and stirrups were always kept in a state of exemplary brightness, and when he rode

through Shaw he was quite fit to be seen in Hyde Park. At that time he had a jet-black mare of a vicious temper which only gratified his pride as a horseman, and it so happened (I am not inventing this for a contrast) that my pony was of the purest white with full mane and tail of the same, and shaped exactly like the sturdy war-horses in old pictures. As he was still a fine-looking, handsome man and I was a healthy boy, no doubt we looked well enough, and it is probable that many a poor factory lad envied me my good luck in being able to ride about in that way, instead of working in a mill, but I rode in constant dread of my father's heavy hunting-whip. It had a steel hammer at the end of the long handle, and if at any time its owner fancied that I was turning my toes out, he did not say anything, but with a dexterity acquired by practice he delivered a sharp blow with that hammer on my foot which made me writhe with pain. Nothing vexed him more than any appearance of gentleness or tenderness. I loved my pony, Lily, and did not like to beat her when she was doing her best, and she had hard work to keep up with my father's ill-tempered mare, so he would say "D—n it, can't you whip her? Can't you whip better than that? The strokes of that whip of yours are so feeble that they wouldn't kill a fly!" Nobody could say that of *his* hitting. I had a little young dog that was very dear to me, and when it pleased my father one day to walk into the kitchen, it unluckily so happened that the dog was, or seemed to be, in his way, so he gave it a kick that sent it into the middle of the room, and there it lay quivering. He took no notice of it, said what he had to say, in his usual peremptory tone, and then left the room. I knelt down by the poor little dog, which was in its death-agony, and shortly breathed its last.

During our rides my dreaded companion would stop at many inns and private houses, where he slaked his perpetual thirst in stirrup-cups, or sometimes he would go in and sit for a long time whilst the horses were cared for by some groom.

The effects of these refreshments could not fail to be evident as we returned home, and it was more by good luck than anything else, except his habitually excellent horsemanship, that he was able to ride at all in that condition. I clearly remember one particular occasion when he seemed to be keeping his seat with more than usual uncertainty, and at last fairly rolled out of it. We were riding along a paved street, so that the fall would have been very serious; but two or three men who were watching him foresaw the accident just in time, and rushed forward to catch him as he fell. On another occasion when I was not present (indeed this happened before my settled residence with my father) he fell in a most dangerous way, with his foot caught in the stirrup, and was dragged violently down a steep hill till the horse was brought to a stand. Fortunately my father wore a top-coat at the time, which was soon torn off his back by the friction, and so were his other clothes, and the back itself was almost flayed; but the doctor said that if he had been lightly dressed the accident would have been far more serious.

My father would sometimes send me on errands to a considerable distance with the pony, and as he hated all dawdling and loitering in others, though he had become a perfectly undisciplined man himself, he would limit me strictly to the time necessary for my journey, a time that I never ventured to exceed. In some respects the education that he was giving me, though of Spartan severity, was not ill calculated for the formation of a manly character. He quite understood the importance of applying the mind completely to the thing which occupied it for the moment. If he saw me taking several books together that had no connection with each other, he would say, "Take one of those books and read it steadily, don't potter and play with half-a-dozen."

Desultory effort irritated him, and he was quick to detect

busy idleness under its various disguises. He swore very freely himself, and as I heard so many oaths I was beginning to acquire the same accomplishment, when he overheard me accidentally and gave me such a stern lecture on the subject that I knew ever after I was not to follow the paternal example. What his soul hated most, however, was a lie or the shadow of a lie. He could not tolerate the little fibs that are common with women and children, and are often their only protection against despotism. "Tell the truth and shame the devil" was one of his favourite precepts, though why the devil should feel ashamed because I spoke the truth was never perfectly clear to my childish intellect. However, the precept sank deep into my nature, and got mixed up with a feeling of self-respect, so that it became really difficult for me to tell fibs. I remember on one occasion being a martyr for truth in peculiarly trying circumstances. It was before I lived permanently under the paternal roof, and on one of those visits we paid to my father. An aunt was with me (not the one who accompanied us to Wales), and she was often rather hard and severe. My father had made a law that I was to practise with dumb-bells a quarter of an hour every morning, and this exercise was taken in the garden, but before beginning I always looked at the clock which was in the sitting-room. On coming back into the house one morning, I met my father, who said, "Have you done your fifteen minutes?" "Yes, papa." "That is not true," said my aunt from the next room, "he has only practised for ten minutes; look at the clock!" My terrible master looked at the clock, the finger stood at ten minutes after eleven, and this was taken as conclusive evidence against me. I simply answered (what was true) that I had begun five minutes before the hour. This "additional lie" put my father into a fury, and he ordered me to do punishment drill with those dumb-bells for two hours without stopping. Of those hundred and twenty minutes he did not remit one.

Long before their expiration I was ready to drop, but he came frequently to show that he had his eye upon me, and the horrible machine-like motion must continue. On other occasions I got punished for lying, when my only fault was the common childish inability to explain. "Why did you tear that piece of paper?" "Please, papa, I did not tear it; *I pulled it, and it tore.*" Here is a child attempting to explain that he had not torn a piece of paper voluntarily, that he had stretched it only, and had himself been surprised by the tearing. In my father's code that was a "confounded lie," and I was to be severely punished for it.

His system of education included riding as an essential part, and that he taught me well, so far as a child of that age could learn it. But though there were harriers within a few miles he could not take me to hunt, as children are sometimes taken in easier countries, the fields in Lancashire being so frequently divided by stone walls. The nature of our neighbourhood equally prevented him from teaching me to swim, which he would otherwise have done, as there were no streams deep enough, or left in their natural purity. To accustom me to water, however, he made me take cold shower-baths, certainly the best substitute for a plunge that can be had in an ordinary room. In mental education he attached great importance to common things, to arithmetic, for example, and to good reading aloud, and intelligible writing. His own education had been very limited; he knew no modern language but his own, and I believe he knew no Greek whatever, and only just enough Latin for a solicitor, which in those days was not very much, but if he was a Philistine in neglecting his own culture, he had not the real Philistine's contempt for culture in others and desired to have me well taught, yet there was nobody near at hand to continue my higher education properly, and I was likely, had we lived long together at Shaw, to become like the regular middle-class Englishmen of those days, who from

sheer want of preliminary training were impervious to the best influences of literature and art. I might have written a clear business letter, and calculated interest accurately.

To accustom me to money matters, child as I was, my father placed gold and silver in my keeping, and whatever I spent was to be accounted for. In this way money was not to be an imaginary thing for me but a real thing, and I was not to lose the control of myself, because I had my pocket full of sovereigns. This was a very original scheme in its application to so young a child, but it perfectly succeeded, and I never either lost or misapplied one halfpenny of the sums my father entrusted to my keeping. He was evidently pleased with his success in this.

There was a village school near his house kept by a respectable man for children of both sexes, and there I was sent to practise calligraphy and arithmetic. During school-hours there was at least complete relief from the paternal supervision, and besides this I managed to fall in love with a girl about a year older than myself, who was a very nice girl indeed, though she squinted to an unfortunate degree. That is the great advantage of having the young of both sexes in the same school-room, the manners of the brutal sex may be made tender by the presence of the refined one. Boys and girls both went to the Grammar School at Burnley, in the now forgotten days when Mr. Raws was head-master there, but that was long before my time.

My existence at Ivy Cottage was one of extreme dulness varied by dread. Every meal was a *tête-à-tête* with my father, unrelieved by the presence of any lady or young person, and he became more and more gloomy as his nervous system gradually gave way, so that after having been simply stern and unbending, he was now like a black cloud always hanging over me and ready, as it seemed, to be my destruction in some way or other not yet clearly defined. It was an immense relief to me when a guest came to dinner, and

I remember being once very much interested in a gentleman who sat opposite me at table, for the simple reason that I believed him to be the Duke of Wellington. There was rather more fuss than usual in the way of preparation, and my father treated his guest with marked deference, besides which the stranger had the Wellingtonian nose, so my youthful mind was soon made up on the subject, and I listened eagerly in the hope that the hero of Waterloo would fight some of his battles over again. He remained, however, silent on that subject, and I afterwards had the disappointment of learning that our guest was *not* the Duke, but only the holder of a high office in the county.

CHAPTER VI

1844

My extreme loneliness—Thoughts of flight—My father's last illness and death—Circumstances of my last interview with him—His funeral.

It was one of the effects of the constant anxiety and excitement, and the dreadful wretchedness of that time, that my brain received the images of all surrounding creatures and things with an unnatural clearness and intensity, and that they were impressed upon it for life. Even now everything about Ivy Cottage is as clear as if the forty years were only as many days, and the writing of these chapters brings everything before me most vividly, not only the faces of the people and the habits and motions of the animals, but even the furniture, of which I remember every detail, down to the colouring of the services in the bedrooms, and the paint on my father's rocking-chair. An anecdote has been told in these pages about exercise with dumb-bells and an appeal to the clock. In writing that I saw the real clock with the moon on its face (for it showed the phases of the moon), and my aunt standing near the window with her work in her hand and glancing up from the work to the clock, just as she did in reality.

Amongst other particular occasions I remember one night when the moon shone very brightly in the garden, and I was sitting near my bedroom window looking over it, meditating flight. My father's cruelty had then reached its highest

point. I was always spoken to harshly when he condescended to take any notice of me at all, and was very frequently beaten. Our meals together had become perfectly intolerable. He would sit and trifle with his cutlet, and cover it with pepper, for his appetite was completely gone, and there was no conversation except perhaps an occasional expression of displeasure. The continual tension caused by anxiety made my sleep broken and uncertain, and that night I sat up alone in the bedroom longer than usual and looking down upon the moonlit garden. There was an octagonal summer-house of trellis-work on the formal oblong lawn, and on the top of it was a large hollow ball of sheet-copper painted green that had cost my grandmother three pounds. It is oddly associated with my anxieties on that night, because I looked first at it and then at the moon alternately whilst thinking. The situation had become absolutely intolerable, the servants were my only protectors, and though devoted they never dared to interfere when their master was actually beating me. I therefore seriously weighed, in my own childish manner, the possibilities of a secret flight. The moonlight was tempting—it would be easy to go alone to the stable and saddle the pony. On a fine night I could be many miles away before morning. There was no difficulty whatever about money; I had plenty of sovereigns in a drawer to be accounted for afterwards to my father, and meanwhile could employ them in escaping from him. Still, I knew that such an employment of *his* money would be looked upon by him as a breach of trust, and would, in fact, *be* a breach of trust. This consideration was not easily set aside, though I now see that it was needlessly scrupulous, and have no doubt whatever that if a child is left by the ignorance or the carelessness of superior authority in the hands of a madman, it has a clear right to provide for its own safety by any means in its power.

But where was I to go? My uncles were two very cool

lawyers, always on the side of authority, and they would not be likely to believe my story entirely. A vague but sure instinct warned me that they would set me down for a rebellious boy who wanted to escape from justly severe paternal authority, and that they would at once send me back to Ivy Cottage. One of my two maiden aunts would be very likely to take the same view, but if the other received me with kindness, she could not have strength to resist my father, who would send or go to her at once and claim me. After thinking over all these things, I came to the conclusion that real safety was only to be found amongst strangers, and it seemed so hazardous to ask protection from unknown people that I decided to remain, but a very little would have settled it the other way. If those sovereigns had been really my own, I should probably have crept out of the house, saddled the pony, and ridden many miles; but so young a boy travelling alone would have been sure to attract attention, and the attempt to win deliverance would have been a failure. In after years, one of my elder relatives said that the attempt would almost certainly have caused my father to disinherit me by a new will, as my mother's property had been left to him absolutely. This danger was quite of a serious kind (more serious than the reader will think probable from what I choose to say in this place), as my father had another heir in view whom I never saw, but who was held *in terrorem* over me.

I awoke one bleak winter's morning about five o'clock, and heard the strangest cries proceeding from his room. His man-servant had been awakened before me and had gone to the room already, where he was engaged in a sort of wrestling match with my father, who, in the belief that the house was full of enemies, was endeavouring to throw himself out of the window. Other men had been called for, who speedily arrived, and they overpowered him, though even the remnant of his mighty strength was such that it took six

men to hold him on his bed. The attack lasted a whole week, and the house would have been a perfect hell, had not a certain event turned it for me into a Paradise.

I had been able somehow to get to sleep late at night for a short time, when a light in the room awoke me. The horrible life I had been leading for many a day and night had produced a great impressionability, and I was particularly afraid of my father in the night-time, so I started up in bed with the idea that he was come to beat me, when lo! instead of his terrible face, I saw what for me was the sweetest and dearest face in the whole world! It was his sister Mary, she who had taken my mother's place, and whom I loved with a mingled sentiment of filial tenderness and gratitude that remained undiminished in force, though it may have altered in character, during all the after years. For the suddenness of revulsion from horror to happiness, there has never been a minute in my existence comparable to the minute when I realized the idea that she had come. At first it seemed only a deceptive dream. Such happiness was incredible, and I did not even know she had been sent for, but the sweet reality entered into my heart like sunshine, and throwing my arms about her neck I burst into a passion of tears. She, in her quiet way, for she hardly ever yielded to a strong emotion, though her feelings were deep and tender, looked at me sadly and kindly and told me to sleep in peace, as she was going to remain in the house some time. Then she left the room and I lay in the darkness, but with a new light brighter than sunshine in the hope that the miserable life with my father had at length come to an end. It had only been six months in all, but it had seemed longer than any half-dozen years gone through before or after.

If this book were a novel, a very effective chapter might be written to describe my father's sufferings during his week of delirium, and all the dreadful fancies by which his disordered brain was oppressed and tortured, but I prefer to

skip that week altogether, and come to a morning when his recovery was thought to be assured. He was no longer delirious, but apparently quite calm, though his manner was hard and imperious. He ordered me to be sent up to him, and I went almost trembling with the old dread of him, and with a wretched feeling that after my single week of respite the tyranny was to begin again. Such may have been the feelings of an escaped slave when he has been caught and brought back in irons, and stands once more in his master's presence. I tried to congratulate my master on his recovery in a clumsy childish way, but he peremptorily ordered me to fetch the *Times* and read to him. I began, as usual, one of the leading articles on the politics of the day, and before I had read many sentences my hearer declared that I was reading badly and made the article nonsense. Why had I put in such and such words of my own? he asked. His own precept that I was always to tell the truth under any circumstances had habituated me to be truthful even to him, so I answered boldly that I had not inserted the words attributed to me. Then I read a little farther, and he accused me of inserting something else that was not and could not be in the text; I said it was he who was mistaken, and he flew into an uncontrollable fury, one of those rages in which it had been his custom to punish me without mercy. What he might have done to me I cannot tell, he raised himself in bed and glared at me with an expression never to be forgotten. My aunt, however, had been listening at the door, thinking it probable that I should be in danger, and she now opened it and told me to come away. I have a confused recollection of reaching the door under a parting volley of imprecations.

It was a mistake to let my father see me, as, in the perverted state of his mind, the mere sight of me was enough to make him furious. Whether he hated me or not, nobody knows; but he treated me as if I was the most odious little

object that could be brought before his eyes. Very soon after the scene about the article in the *Times*, and probably in consequence of the excitement brought on by it, my father had a fit of apoplexy, and lingered till the next morning about nine o'clock. I was not in the room when he died, but my aunt took me to see him immediately after, and then I received an impression which has lasted to the present day. The corpse was lying on its side amidst disordered bed-clothes, and to this day I can never go into a bedroom where the bed has not been made without feeling as if there were a corpse in it. That dreadful childish sensation received when I saw my father's body just as it lay at the close of the death-agony, can even now be revived by the sight of a disordered bed; such is the force of early impressions, especially when they are received by a nervous system that has been overwrought by the extreme of mental wretchedness.

The reader will hardly believe that the death of so hard a father could have been felt otherwise than as an inexpressible relief, and yet I was deeply affected by his loss. The kindest of fathers could hardly have been wept for more. My aunt's tears were more explicable; she was old enough to understand the frightful waste of the best gifts involved in that premature ending; as for my grief, perhaps the true explanation of it may be that I mourned rather the father who had been kind to me in Wales, than the cruel master at Ivy Cottage.

I sometimes try to imagine what he might have been under more favourable circumstances. There were times after his wife's death when he meditated a complete change of residence which might have saved him. He would always have been severe and authoritative, but without alcohol he would probably not have been cruel.

I remember the day of the funeral quite distinctly. My father's two brothers came, though he had had scarcely any intercourse with them for years. They were most respectable men, quite free from my father's errors; but they had not

half his life and energy. Such was the strength of his constitution that so recently as the time of our journey in Wales his health was not visibly impaired, and at the time of his death he had that rare possession for a man of thirty-nine, a complete set of perfectly sound teeth.

His coffin was carried on the shoulders of six men from Ivy Cottage to the grave-yard near the chapel. Shaw at that time had only a chapel, a hideous building on a bleak piece of rising ground, surrounded by many graves. It never looked more dreary than on that wretched January day in 1844, when we stood round as the sexton threw earth on my father's coffin. He was laid in the same tomb with the poor young wife who had loved him truly, and to whom he had been a tender and devoted husband whilst their short union lasted.

I am the only survivor of that day's ceremony. The little procession has all followed my father into the darkness, descending one by one into graves separated by great spaces of land and sea. And when this is printed I, too, shall be asleep in mine.

CHAPTER VII

1845

Dislike to Shaw in consequence of the dreadful life I led there with my father—My guardian—Her plan for my education—Doncaster School—Mr. Cape and his usher—The usher's intolerance of Dissenters—My feeling for architecture and music—The drawing-master—My guardian insists on my learning French—Our French master, Sig. Testa—A painful incident—I begin to learn the violin—Dancing—My aversion to cricket—Early readings—Love of Scott—My first library—Classical studies.

ONE consequence of the horrible life I had led at Ivy Cottage was a permanent dislike to the place and the neighbourhood, the evil effects of which will be seen in the sequel. For the present it is enough to say that I never went there again quite willingly. After my father's death my grandmother lived in the village, and I was taken to see her every year until her death, but though she was a very kind old lady, it was a trial to me to visit her. I used to lie awake in her house at nights, realizing those horrible nights I had passed at Ivy Cottage, with such extreme intensity that it seemed as if my father might enter the room at any time. This was not a superstitious dread of apparitions; but the association of ideas brought back the past with a clearness that was extremely painful. Even now, at a distance of more than forty years, I avoid whatever reminds me of that time, and am not sorry that this narrative now leads to something else.

My father had no great affection for his brothers, who on their part could not have much esteem for him, so there was a

mutual coolness which prevented him from appointing either of them to be my guardian. Probably they felt this as a slight, for, although always kind to me, they held completely aloof from anything like paternal interference with my education. My father had named his elder sister, Mary, as my sole guardian, with two lawyers as co-executors with her. The reader will probably think it was a mistake to appoint an old maid to be guardian to a boy; but my aunt was a woman of excellent sense, and certainly not disposed to bring me up effeminately; indeed, her willingness to encourage me in everything manly was such that she would always inflict upon herself considerable anxiety about my safety rather than prevent me from taking my full share of the more or less perilous exercises of youth. As to my education and profession her scheme was very simple and clear, and would have been perfectly rational if I had been all that she wished me to be. According to her plan I was to go to good schools first, and then be prepared for Oxford by tutors, and become a clergyman. There was some thought at one time of sending me to one of the great public schools; but this was abandoned, and I was first sent to Burnley School again and then, after the summer holidays of 1845, to Doncaster, where I was a boarder in the house of the head-master.

A word from me in favour of one of the public schools would probably have decided my guardian to send me there; but there was a *vis inertiæ* in my total want of social and scholastic ambition. I never in my life felt the faintest desire to rise in the world either by making the acquaintance of people of rank (which is the main reason why boys of middling station are sent to aristocratic schools), or by getting letters put after my name as a reward for learning what had no intrinsic charm for me. In the worldly sense I never had any ambition whatever.

It seemed rather hard, after living at Burnley with my kind guardian, to be sent to Doncaster School and separated

from her for five months at a time, but she thought the separation necessary, as there was nothing in the world she dreaded more than that her great affection might spoil me. Always gentle in her ways, always kind and considerate, that admirable woman had still a remarkable firmness of character, and would act, on due occasion, in direct opposition both to her own feelings and to mine, if she believed that duty required it.

In those days there was no railway station at Doncaster, and my guardian took me from Featherstone (where her brother-in-law, Mr. Hinde, was vicar) to Doncaster in a hired carriage. I remember that it was an open carriage and we had nobody with us except the driver, and it was a fine hot day in August. I remember the long road, the arrival at an inn at Doncaster not far from the new church, and my first presentation to Mr. Cape, the head-master, who seemed a very kind and gentle sort of clergyman to a boy not yet acquainted with his cane. Then I was left alone in the strange school, not in the best of spirits, and if it had been difficult to restrain tears when my guardian left me, it became impossible in the little iron bed in the dormitory at night.

There were not many boarders, perhaps a dozen, and three or four private pupils who were preparing for Cambridge. All these were lodged in the head-master's house, which was in a pleasant, open part of the town, on the road leading to the race-course, just beyond the well-known Salutation Hotel. Besides these, there were rather a large number of day scholars, I forget how many, perhaps fifty or sixty, and in those days the school-house was a ground floor under the old theatre. We marched down thither in the morning under the control of an usher, who was always with us in our walks. This usher, whose name I well remember, but do not choose to print, was a vulgar overbearing man whom it was difficult to like, yet at the same time we all felt that he was a very

valuable master. Boys feel the difference between a master who is a gentleman, and one who falls short of that ideal. We were clearly aware that the head-master, Mr. Cape, was a gentleman, and that the usher was not. Nevertheless, in spite of his occasional coarseness and even brutality, the usher was a painstaking, honest fellow, who did his duty very energetically. His best quality, which I appreciate far more now than I did then, was an extreme readiness to help a willing boy in his work, by clearly explaining those difficulties that are likely to stop him in his progress. Mr. Cape was more an examiner than a teacher, at least for us; with the private pupils he may have been more didactic. The usher evidently liked to be asked, he was extremely helpful to me, and thanks to him chiefly I made very rapid progress at Doncaster. Unfortunately an occasional injustice made it difficult to be so grateful to him as we ought to have been. Here is an example. One evening in the play-ground he told me to get on the back of another boy, and then thrashed me with a switch from an apple tree. I begged to be told for what fault this punishment was inflicted, and the only answer he condescended to give me was that a master owed no explanation to a school-boy. Down to the present time I have never been able to make out what the punishment was for, and strongly suspect that it was simply to exercise the usher's arm, which was a powerful one. He was a fair cricketer, though rather too fat for that exercise, and a capital swimmer, for which his fat was an advantage. He was an immoderate snuff-taker. Sometimes he would lay a train of snuff on the back of his hand and snuff it up greedily and voluptuously. In hot weather he sometimes sat in his shirt-sleeves, and would occasionally amuse himself by laying the snuff on his thick fat arm and then pass it all under his nose, which drew it up as the pneumatic discharging machines draw grain from the hold of a vessel. The odour of snuff was inseparable from his person.

On Sunday mornings we were made to read chapters in the Bible before going to church, and the usher, who was preparing himself to enter Holy Orders, would sometimes talk to us a little about theology. Once he said that the establishment of religious toleration in England had been a deplorable mistake, and that Dissent ought not to be permitted by the Sovereign. This frank expression of perfect intolerance rather surprised me even then, and I did not quite know whether it would be just to extirpate Dissent or not. My principal feeling about the matter was the prejudice inherited by young English gentlemen of old Tory families, that Dissent was something indescribably low, and quite beneath the attention of a gentleman. Still, to go farther and compel Dissenters by force to attend the services of the Church of England did seem to me rather hard, and on thinking over the matter seriously in my own mind, I came to the conclusion that our usher must be wrong, unless Dissenters were guilty of some crime I was not aware of, but this, after all, seemed quite possible.

We were taken to the services in Doncaster old church, which was destroyed by fire many years afterwards. Though not yet in my teens, I had an intense delight in architecture, and deeply enjoyed the noble old building, one of the finest of its class in England. Our pew was in the west gallery, not far from the organ, and from it we had a good view of the interior. The effect of the music was very strong upon me, as the instrument was a fine one, and I was fully alive to the influence of music and architecture in combination. The two arts go together far better than architecture and painting, for music seems to make architecture alive, as it rolls along the aisles and under the lofty vaults. I well remember feeling, when some noble anthem was being performed, as if the sculptured heads between the arches added a noble animation to their serenity. Even now, the impression received in those early days still remains in my memory with considerable

clearness and fidelity, and I believe that the habit of attending service in such a beautiful church was a powerful stimulus to an inborn passion for architecture.

I had already taken lessons in drawing, of the kind which in those days was thought suitable for boys who were not expected to be professional artists, so the drawing-master at Doncaster had me amongst his pupils. He was an elderly man, rather stout, and very respectable. His house was extremely neat and tidy, with proper mahogany furniture, and no artistic eccentricities of any kind whatever. He himself was always irreproachably dressed, and he wore a large ruby ring on the little finger of his left hand. To us boys he appeared to be a personage of great dignity, but we were not afraid of him in spite of the dignity of his manners, as he could not apply the cane. He was not unkind, yet in all my life I never met with anybody concerned with the fine arts who had so little sympathy, so little enthusiasm. On the whole, he was distinctly gentle with me, but I made him angry twice. He had done me the honour to promote me to water-colour, and as I wanted a rag to wipe my slab and brushes, I ventured to ask for one, on which he turned upon me a glance of haughty surprise, and said, "Do you suppose, sir, that I can undertake to supply you with rags?" This will give an idea of the curiously unsympathetic nature of the man. On another occasion I was drawing a house, or beginning to draw one, when the master came to look over my shoulder and found great fault with me for beginning with the upper part of the edifice. "What stonemason or bricklayer," said he, "would think of building his chimney before he had laid the first row of stones on the foundation?" A young pupil must not correct the bad reasoning of his elders, but it seemed to me that the cases of a bricklayer building a real house and an artist representing one on paper were not precisely the same. Later in life I found that the best artists brought their works forward as much as possible simultaneously, sketching

all the parts lightly at first and keeping them all in the same degree of finish till the end.[1]

Nevertheless, the drawing-lessons were always a delightful break in our week's occupation, and I remember with pleasure the walk in the morning down to the drawing-master's house, two days in the week, and the happy hour of messing with water-colour that followed it. In those days of blissful ignorance I had, of course, no conception of the difficulties of art, and was making that delusively rapid apparent progress which is so very encouraging to all incipient amateurs. Not a single study of those times remains in my portfolios to-day, and I know not what may have become of them. This is the more to be regretted, that in the fine weather our master took us into the fields round Doncaster and taught us to sketch from nature, which we accomplished in a rudimentary way.

My dear, wise, and excellent guardian was always anxious that I should receive as good an education as my opportunities would permit, so she insisted on my learning French, and had herself taught me the elements of that language, which she was able to read, though she did not pretend to speak it. On going to Doncaster I found Latin and Greek so serious a business that I wanted to lighten my burdens, and beg to be excused from going on with French; but my guardian (who, with all her exquisite gentleness, had a very strong will) would not hear of any such abandonment, and wrote very determinedly on the subject both to me and to Mr. Cape. It is extremely probable that this exercise of my guardian's will may have had a great influence on my future life, as without some early knowledge of French I might not have felt tempted to pursue the study later, and

[1] The most rational way to paint, is first to paint all the large masses together, then the smaller or secondary masses, and finally the details, bringing the picture forward all together, as nearly as possible.

if I had never spoken French my whole existence would have been quite different.

Our French master at Doncaster was an Italian of good family named Testa, one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever met, and an excellent teacher. My deepest regret about him now is that I did not learn Italian with him also, then or afterwards.[1] I learned Italian later in life, and with a far inferior master. Signor Testa was a tall, thin man, of rather cold and stately manners, with a fine-looking, noble head covered with curly brown hair. He was always exquisitely clean and orderly, both about his person and the books and things that belonged to him in his rooms, where there was an atmosphere of almost feminine refinement, though their occupant was by no means effeminate in his thoughts or bearing. We understood that he had left Italy in consequence of some political difficulty, and we knew that he had still relations there. One day, as we were engaged with our lesson at his lodgings, he took some leaves and a faded flower or two that had just arrived in a letter from Italy, and said, with tears in his eyes, "These have come from my father's place." Now it so happened that the eldest boy in our class was liable to fits of perfectly uncontrollable laughter (what the French call *le fou rire*), and, as the reader is sure to know if he has ever been troubled with that disease himself, the fit very often comes on just at the moment when the patient feels that he is called upon to look particularly grave. This is what happened in the present case. Our unlucky fellow-pupil was tickled with something in Testa's accent or manner, or perhaps as he was an English boy the foreigner's tenderness of feeling may have seemed to him absurd; but whatever

[1] It is astonishing how many chances of improvement young men foolishly allow to slip by them. It would have been quite worth while after I became a free agent to go and spend six months or more at Doncaster, simply to read Italian with so good a master as Testa.

may have been the reason, his face became convulsed with suppressed laughter, which burst forth at last uncontrollably. This made the rest of us laugh too—not at poor Testa, but at our unworthy comrade. I shall never forget the Italian gentleman's look on that occasion. His eyes were still brimming with tears, but he laid down the flattened leaves and flowers and looked at us all round with an expression that cut me, at least, to the quick. "*Young gentlemen*," he said, "*I did not expect you to be so unkind.*" I longed to explain, but did not find words at the moment, and we went on with our lesson. The fact was that Testa had not the least sense of humour in his composition, and so he could not understand what had happened. A humorous man, acquainted with the nature of boys, would have understood the attack of *fou rire*, and forgiven it; but then a humorous man would have thought twice before appealing to a set of English boys for sympathy with the feelings of an exile. The incident certainly increased my feelings of respect for Signor Testa, and made me try to please him. The French lessons were very agreeable to me, and besides duly preparing them, I read some French on my own account, and acquired a liking for the language that has remained with me ever since.

If the reader has the sound old-fashioned notions about education by which all subjects were strictly divided into the two classes of serious and frivolous pursuits, he will already have suspicions about the soundness of a training that included the two idle accomplishments of Drawing and French, and what will he say, I wonder, when music is added to the list? My initiation into music took place in the following manner. We had a dancing-master who came regularly to Mr. Cape's house to prepare us to shine in society, and his instrument was the convenient dancing-master's pocket fiddle or kit. Although this instrument gives forth but a feeble kind of music, I was far more

enchanted with it than by the dancing, and wrote a most persuasive letter to my good guardian imploring her to let me study the violin. Those were the happy times when one had energy for everything! I had already three languages on hand, and the art of painting in water-colours, besides which I was in a mathematical school where boys were prepared for Cambridge,[1] but there seemed to be no reason why the art of violin-playing should not be added to these pursuits. My guardian, before consenting, prudently wrote to Mr. Cape to ask if this new accomplishment would not interfere too much with other matters, and his answer was in these words—"The lad is getting on well enough with his studies, so if he wants to amuse himself a little by scraping catgut, even let him scrape away!" It will be seen that Mr. Cape did not assign to music the high rank in education which has been attributed to it by some famous thinkers in ancient and modern times.

Few musical sensations experienced during my whole life have equalled in intensity the sensation of hearing our dancing-master play upon a full-sized violin, after the weak and thin tones that our ears had been accustomed to by his kit. I was so little in the way of hearing music at Doncaster that the richer note of the violin seemed musical as the lyre of Apollo. A contrast so striking made me more passionately eager to learn, but I was informed by one of the private pupils who exercised considerable authority over the younger boys, that although I might study the violin with the dancing-master, I was never to practise it by myself. This restriction was pardonable in one who might reasonably dread the torturing attempts of a beginner, but it was certainly not favourable to my progress. However, in course of time it came to be relaxed, that is, as soon as I could play tunes.

[1] Doncaster School at that time was a sort of little nursery for Cambridge. Mr. Cape was a Cambridge man, and so was his brother, the able master of Peterborough School.

It is very odd that any one who dislikes dancing as heartily as I have always disliked it in manhood, should have been rather a brilliant performer when a boy. Our dancing-master was extremely pleased with me, and encouraged me by many compliments; nay, he even went so far as to teach me a sailor's hornpipe, which I danced in public as a *pas seul* when the school gave a theatrical entertainment on the approach of the Christmas holidays. All this is simply inconceivable now, for there is nothing which bores me so thoroughly as a ball, and I would at any time travel fifty miles to avoid one.

At school the principal amusement was cricket, for which I soon acquired an intense aversion. All games bore me except chess and billiards, and it was especially hard to be compelled to field out to please the elder boys, and so waste the precious holiday afternoons. Our cricket ground was on the race-course, and when I could get away I did so most joyfully, and betook myself to a quiet place amongst the furze nearer to the Red House than the Grand Stand. There my great delight was to read Scott's poems, which I possessed in pocket volumes. The same volumes are in my study now, and simply to handle them is enough to bring back many sensations of long-past boyhood. Of all the influences that had sway over me in those days and for long afterwards, the influence of Scott was by far the strongest. A boy cannot make a better choice. Scott has the immense advantage over dull authors of being almost always interesting, and the equally great advantage over many exciting authors, that he never leaves an unhealthy feeling in the mind. I began with *The Lady of the Lake*, then read *Marmion*, and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and the Ballads, and finally *Rokeby*. These were in separate small volumes, which gave me a desire to possess other authors in the same convenient form, so I added Goldsmith, Crabbe, Kirke White, and Moore's *Irish Melodies*. A prize

for history gave me *Paradise Lost* in two volumes of my favourite size, and two school-fellows, who saw that I had a taste for such volumes, kindly gave me others. During the holidays my guardian authorized the purchase of a Shakespeare in seven pocket volumes, and the *Spectator* in eight, so I had quite a little library, which became inexpressibly dear to me. It is very remarkable that for a long time I knew Scott thoroughly as a poet without having read a single novel by him. Having been invited by one of my school-fellows to a country house not very far from Doncaster, I was asked by the lady of the house what authors I had read, and on mentioning Scott's poems was told that he was greater as a novelist than as a poet, and that the Waverley novels were certainly his finest works. This seemed incredible to me then, the poems being so delightful that they could not possibly be surpassed. On another occasion I happened to be standing with Mr. Cape in the little chapel at Conisborough Castle, and having heard from an older school-fellow that Athelstane had died there, I asked Mr. Cape if it was true. "Yes," he answered, "if you believe Sir Walter Scott." Not having read *Ivanhoe*, I was under the impression that the Athelstane in question was an historical personage.

Nothing in the retrospect of life strikes me as more astonishing than the rapid mental growth that must have taken place between the date of my father's death and its second or third anniversary. When my father died I was simply a child, though rather a precocious one, as the journal in Wales testifies; but between two and three years after that event the child had become a boy, with a keen taste for literature, which, if it had been taken advantage of by his teachers, ought to have made his education a more complete success than it ever became.

The misfortune was that the classics were not taught as literature at all, but as exercises in grammar and prosody.

They were dissected by teachers who were simply lecturers on the science of language, and who had not large views even about that. Our whole attention being directed to the technicalities of the pedagogue, we did not perceive that the classic authors had produced poems which, as literature, were not inferior to those of our best English poets. So it happened that those of us who had literary tastes were content to satisfy them in reading English authors, and left them, as it were, at the door of the class-room. I worked courageously enough at the Latin books which were set before me, but never found the slightest enjoyment in them; indeed it was only much later, and through the medium of French and Italian, that I gained some partial access to the literary beauty of Latin. As for Greek I began it vigorously at Doncaster, but I did not get beyond the rudiments during my stay there.

CHAPTER VIII

1845

Early attempts in English verse—Advantages of life at Doncaster—A school incident—Fagging—Story of a dog—Robbery—My schoolfellow, Henry Alexander—His remarkable influence—Other schoolfellows—Story of a boat—A swimming adventure—Our walks and battles.

THE love of literature was naturally followed by some early attempts at versification in English, which is generally looked upon as a silly waste of time in a boy, though if he writes Latin verses, which we were taught to do, he is thought to be seriously occupied. From the age of eleven to that of twenty-one I wrote English verses very frequently, and am now very glad I did so, being quite convinced that it was a most profitable exercise in the language. My early verses were invariably echoes of my dearly-beloved Sir Walter Scott, a master whom it is not very difficult to imitate so far as mere versification is concerned. One little incident about this early verse-making is worth mentioning in this place. I was staying for a few days with a school-fellow at a house near Doncaster, when I dreamed a new ballad about a shipwreck, and on awaking, wrote it down at once. The thing would not be worth quoting, if it were possible to remember it; but it was correct enough in rhymes and metre.

My life at Doncaster was not on the whole unhappy, and the steady discipline of the school was doing me much good.

Mr. Cape was a very severe master, and he used the cane very freely; but to a boy who had lived under the tyranny of my father Mr. Cape's severity seemed a light affliction. He kept up his dignity by seldom appearing in the school-room; he sat in his library or in the dining-room in a large morocco-covered arm-chair, holding a book in one hand whilst the other was always ready to clasp the cane that he kept close by. Any failure of memory would cause him to dart a severe look at the delinquent, a false quantity made him scowl, and when he suspected real carelessness the cane was resorted to at once. Unfortunately he could not apply it and keep his temper at the same time. The exercise roused him to fury, and a punishment which in his first intention was to have been mild became cruel through the effect of his own rapidly-increasing irritation. Mr. Cape's health was not good, and no doubt this added to the natural irritability of his temper. There was one unfortunate youngster whose hands were covered with chilblains, and who was constantly displeasing Mr. Cape by inattention or inaccuracy, so he incurred such perpetual canings that his hands were pitiable to see, and must have been extremely painful. Our head-master was no doubt laudably, or selfishly, anxious that we should get on with our work so as to do him credit at Cambridge, where most of us were expected to go; but he seemed almost incapable of pity. I remember having the intense pleasure of playing him a little trick just after he had been caning a lad who was a very good friend of mine.

It happened in this way—but first I must describe the topography of the place. Mr. Cape's house was a tall brick building that looked upon the street on one side and on our play-ground (which had formerly been a garden) on the other. At the other end of the garden was a wash-house with the school-room over it, and in the wash-house there was a large copper for boiling linen. In the house the dining-room looked over the play-ground, and it somehow happened (perhaps it

was in the Easter holidays) that there were no pupils left in the place but my friend Brokenribs and I.[1] Mr. Cape called him up into the dining-room after dark, and began to thrash him. Brokenribs, after some time, began to think that a sufficient number of strokes had been administered, and put the dining-table between himself and his adversary, who could not get at him any longer. I was in the play-ground, and understood all that was passing by the shadows on the window-blinds. It was most amusing to me, as a spectator, to see the shadow of Brokenribs flit rapidly past, and still better perhaps to see it followed by that of Mr. Cape, with bald head and uplifted cane. When this entertainment had lasted some time I heard a great banging of doors, and Brokenribs issued from the house, rushing like a hunted deer the whole length of the play-ground. "Cape's after me!" he said. "Where shall I hide?" "In the copper!" I answered, with a sudden inspiration, and ran into the wash-house with him, where I lifted the lid and stowed him away in safety. The lid had but just been replaced when Mr. Cape appeared in the play-ground and asked if I had seen Brokenribs. "Yes, sir, certainly; he was running this way, sir." I accompanied Mr. Cape into the wash-house, which had an outer door giving access to a lane, and observed with pleasure that he was forced to the irresistible conclusion that Brokenribs had taken flight. The lad's parents lived at an accessible distance (perhaps twenty miles), so Mr. Cape was tormented with the unpleasant idea that the lad had gone home to tell his own story. He therefore ordered a gig and drove off so as to catch Brokenribs during his flight. As my friend had been sitting in cold water I got him out when the coast was clear, and made him go to bed, where the housekeeper sent him a treacle posset. After driving many a mile

[1] We always called him Brokenribs, which recalled his real name by a sort of imitation; besides which, though his ribs had not actually been broken, he had suffered from a good many bruises.

in vain, Mr. Cape returned very late, and never said a word on the subject to either of us.

Poor Brokenribs was not only very often caned, but he was fag to a tyrannical private pupil, who made him suffer severely. The private pupils upheld the sacred institution of fagging, which gave them a pleasant sense of authority, and as they sat like gods above us, they were not in danger of retaliation. Brokenribs was fag to a young man who determined that he should learn two things, first, to endure pain without flinching, and secondly, to smoke tobacco. To achieve the first of these great purposes, he used to twist the lad's arms and administer a certain number of hard blows upon them. This he did every day so long as the whim lasted. As for the smoking, poor Brokenribs had to smoke a certain number of pipes every day. A single pipe made him look ghastly, and the whole series made him dreadfully ill. I remember his white face at such times, but he attained his reward in becoming an accomplished and precocious smoker.

I was fag myself at one time to a private pupil, but he was not very tyrannical with me, and only ordered me to light fires, which was a valuable element in my education. It gives one a fine independence of servants to be able to light a fire quickly and well. This accomplishment enables a man to get up as early as he chooses, even in winter, and I have never forgotten it, indeed I lighted a fire an hour before writing this page. In my opinion it would be wise to teach every boy the art of doing without servants on occasion.

The private pupils exercised authority in other ways than by converting us into fags. It so happened that I became possessor of an unfortunate tawny dog. How one boy should be owner of a dog at school when the others had nothing to do with him may be difficult to understand, and indeed my ownership did not last for very long, but

it was pleasant to me whilst it lasted. The poor beast, if I remember rightly, belonged to somebody who did not want him, and was going to have him slain. I had always an intense affection for dogs, and begged Mr. Cape to let me keep this one, promising that it should not be a nuisance. I was rather a favourite with the head-master, so he granted this very extraordinary request, and it was understood that the dog was to lodge in a box in the wash-house. I bought some fresh straw for him, and took the greatest care of him, so that he soon became strongly attached to me. Had there been no private pupils the creature would have been safe enough, as I would have fought any lad of my own age in his behalf, and Brokenribs, who was older, would have fought the bigger boys, but we none of us dared to resist the privates, who were grown men. One of the privates thought that a small boy ought not to possess a dog, and began to affirm that the animal was a nuisance. He then said it would be an improvement to cut off its tail, which he did accordingly, in spite of all my remonstrances. I pitied the poor beast when it lay suffering with its bleeding stump, and did all that affection could suggest for its consolation, but shortly afterwards the same private pupil, who had a taste for pistol-shooting, thought it would be good fun to shoot at a living target, so he took my dog away into a field and shot him there. I knew what he was going to do, but had no power to prevent it, as he had begun by persuading Mr. Cape that the poor beast was a nuisance, which he certainly was not. He was a very quiet, timid dog, of an anxious, apprehensive temperament, having probably never had reason to place much trust in the human species.

There was one lad at the school who was a coarse bully, and I remember his playing a trick on me which was nothing less than pure brigandage. He ordered me to give him my keys, and rummaged in my private box. He found a

small telescope in it which was to his liking, and took it. I never got any redress about that telescope, as the bully coolly said it had always belonged to him, and he was powerful enough to act on the great principle that *la force prime le droit.*

It is most astonishing how some boys gain a great ascendency over others when there seems to be no substantial reason for it. One of my school-fellows, who was cousin to some of my cousins, and bore my surname as one of his Christian names, had quite a remarkable ascendency over boys, and yet he had not the physical size and strength which usually impose upon them. He was slight and small, though he had a handsome face, but he had an aristocratic temperament which inspired a sort of respect and a governing disposition which made other boys yield to him. Nothing was more curious than to see how completely the bully effaced himself before that young gentleman's superiority. The bully was also a snob, and probably believed that Henry Alexander belonged to the highest aristocracy. He was well descended and well connected (there was an abeyant peerage in his family), but in point of fact, his social position was not better than that of some other boys in the school. I well remember the intense astonishment of the bully when he found out one day that Alexander bore my name as a Christian name, and learned the reason.

Alexander was a perfect little dandy, being at all times exceptionally well-dressed for a school-boy, and on Sundays he came out with remarkable splendour. In spring and summer he wore a jacket and trousers of the most fashionable cut and of the very finest blue cloth, with a gloss upon it, and a white waistcoat adorned with a bunch of valuable trinkets to his watch-chain. His hat, his gloves, his wonderfully small boots, were all the pink of perfection. He smoked very good cigars, and talked about life with an air of the most consummate experience that gained him profound

respect. Most boys hesitate about the choice of a profession, but Alexander had no such indecision. He had made up his mind to be an officer, with his father's consent, and guided by a sure instinct, as he had exactly the qualities to make himself respected in a regiment. It does a young officer no harm to be rather a dandy and to shine in society, whilst the extreme decision and promptitude of Alexander's peremptory will, and the natural ease with which he assumed authority, would be most useful in command. A few years later he joined the 64th Regiment and went to India, where in spite of his rather delicate frame he became an active sportsman. One day, however, the surgeon of the regiment saw him by accident in his bath, and declared that he was too thin to be well, so he examined him, and found that consumption had begun. Alexander returned to England, where he lingered a few months, and then died. He came to see me not very long before his death, not looking nearly so ill as I had expected, but the doctor knew best. With better health he might have had a brilliant career, and was certain, at least, to be an efficient and popular officer, with the right degree of love for his profession.

Another of my fellow-pupils who died early was the eldest son and heir of a country squire, and one of the handsomest and most able young men I ever met. He was a private pupil, yet not at all disliked by the younger boys, as he was always kind and friendly towards us. There was a project for his going out to India, and he talked over the matter with his father one evening at his own home. A dispute arose between father and son as they sat talking late, and when they separated for the night they were not on good terms. The next morning the young gentleman was found dead in bed under circumstances which led to a very strong suspicion of suicide. We were all deeply grieved by his death, as he seemed to have the best gifts of Nature, and life was opening so brightly before him, but he had a

very high spirit, and if he really did commit suicide, which is not improbable, it is very likely that his pride had been wounded. Whenever I read in the poets or elsewhere, of gifted young men who have ended sadly and prematurely, his image rises before me, though it is now forty years since we met. Poor Brokenribs is gone too, though he lived long enough to be a clergyman for some years. He was a thoroughly good fellow, bearing all his hardships with admirable equanimity.

Before quitting the history of my school-days, I ought, perhaps, to tell the story of a great swimming exploit whereof I was the hero. The reader, after this expression, will count upon some display of prowess and of vanity at the same time, but there is neither in this case.

After I had been at Doncaster about a year, one of the private pupils came to me one day with a pencil and a piece of paper in his hand, and said, "We are going to buy a boat at Cambridge, will you subscribe?" Now it so happened that I was born a boating creature, just as decidedly as I was *not* born to be a cricketing creature, and such a question addressed to me was much as if one said to a young duck, "Would you like to go on the pond, or would you prefer being shut up in a cage?" Of course I said "yes" at once, and wrote an artful letter to my dear guardian begging for the four guineas which were to constitute me a shareholder in the expected vessel.

The future captain of the boat took my money very readily when it came, and nobody could have felt more certain of a boating career than I did, but just before the arrival of the vessel itself, it occurred to Mr. Cape (rather late in the day) that he would take a prudent precaution, so he issued a ukase to the effect that none but good swimmers were to make any use of the boat. Now I had often heard, and read too in books, that man was naturally a swimming animal, and that any one who was thrown into water would

swim if only he was not afraid, so I said inwardly, "It is true that I never *did* swim, but that is probably because I have only bathed in shallow water; I have courage enough, and if they pitch me into the river Don, most probably I shall swim, as man is naturally a swimming animal and fear is the only impediment." One day at dinner Mr. Cape asked all the subscribers one after another if they could swim. There was a boy of about fourteen who was a splendid swimmer, and well known for such both to the masters and his school-fellows, but Mr. Cape did not omit him, and I envied the simple ease of his "Yes, sir." When it came to me, I too said "Yes, sir," affecting the same ease, and Mr. Cape looked at me, and the assistant master looked at me, and every one of the fellows looked at me, and then a slight smile was visible on all their countenances. After dinner the fine swimmer expressed his regret that he had not known sooner about my possession of this accomplishment, as we might have enjoyed it together in the Don. The next Saturday afternoon was fine, so the swimmers went to the river with the assistant master, and I was very politely invited to accompany them. On this an older boy who had always been kind to me, said privately, "You can't swim, I know you can't, and you'd better confess it, for if you don't, you run a good chance of being drowned this afternoon, the water is thirty feet deep." I answered, with cold thanks, that my friend's apprehensions were groundless and we set off.

On our way to the river the unpleasant reflection occurred to my mind that possibly the books and the people might be wrong, and that mere courage might *not* enable me to dispense with acquired skill.[1] But I put away this idea as too

[1] The doctrine that courage is enough is most mischievous and perilous nonsense. I have become a good swimmer since those days, and have taught my sons, but we had to learn it as an art, just as one learns to skate.

disagreeable to be dwelt upon. Unfortunately the disagreeable idea that we set aside is often the true and the wise one.

As we went through the town to the water the boy who had expressed his scepticism disappeared for a moment in a rope-maker's shop, and soon emerged with a long and strong cord over his shoulder. I guessed what that was for, and felt humiliated, but said nothing. The swimmers stripped and plunged, but just at the moment when I was going to plunge too I felt the strong hand of the assistant master on my shoulder, and he said "Wait one moment." The moment was employed by my school-fellow in fastening the cord round my waist. "Now, plunge as much as you like!"

I was soon in the depths and struggling to get to the surface, but, somehow, did *not* swim. My preserver on the bank thought it would be as well to convince me of my inability by a prolonged immersion, so he let me feel the unpleasant beginning of drowning. They say that the sensation is delightful at a later stage, and that the patient dreams he is walking in flowery meadows on the land. The first stage is undoubtedly disagreeable, the oppression, the desire to breathe, are horrible, but I did not get so far as to fill the lungs with water. Just in proper time there came a great tug at the cord and I was fished up. I dressed and felt very small, looking with envy on the real swimmers, and especially at the fat usher, who was rolling about like a porpoise in the middle of the river.

The boat came, and I was allowed only to see her from the bank. How lovely she looked with her outside varnish and her internal coat of Cambridge blue! How beautiful were the light and elegant oars that I was forbidden to touch!

Some time after that one of my school-fellows said,—"You know, Hamerton, you're just as well out of that boat as in her, for whenever we want to go out on Wednesday or Saturday afternoons we always find that the privates have got the start

of us. The fact is, the boat is as if she belonged to them." In a word, the private pupils looked on the aspirations of the others with marked disapproval. There ought, of course, to have been a plurality of boats, but Mr. Cape was not himself a boating man, and did not encourage the amusement. He dreaded the responsibility for accidents.

One result of my adventure was a firm resolution that I would learn to swim, and not only that, but become really a good swimmer. I never attempted anything that seemed so hopelessly difficult for me, or in which my progress was so slow, but in course of time I did swim, and many years afterwards, from daily practice in the longer and warmer summers of France, I became an expert, able to read a book aloud in deep water whilst holding it up with both hands, or to swim with all my clothes on and a pair of heavy boots, using one hand only and carrying a paddle in the other, whilst I drew a small boat after me. The perseverance that led to this ultimate result is entirely due to that early misadventure at Doncaster. I have learned one or two other things in consequence of being stung with shame in a like manner, and am convinced that there is nothing better for a boy than to be roused to perseverance in that way.

I never felt the least shame, however, in not being able to play cricket in a manner to please connoisseurs. I hated the game from the very beginning, and it was pure slavery to me, and I never had the faintest desire to excel in it or even to learn it. This dislike was a misfortune, as not to love cricket is a cause of isolation for an English boy.

A kind of exercise that I was fond of was ordinary walking. We often took long walks on half-holidays that were delightful, and I have escaped very early on the summer mornings and taken a walk round the race-course, being back in time for the usual hour of rising. This, however, was found out in course of time and put an end to, but I had occasional head-aches, so the doctor (who was a very

kind friend of mine and invited me to his house) told Mr. Cape that he must send me out for a walk when I had a head-ache. "But how am I to know that his head really aches?" inquired the head-master. I heard the reply and took note of it. The doctor said it would usually be accompanied with flushing, so whenever I thought I was sufficiently red in the face I applied for leave to go to the race-course.

The doctor had a son who was a good-natured, pleasant boy about my own age. There never was the slightest ill-feeling between us, but quite the contrary, and yet we fought many a hard battle simply because the elder boys backed us and set us on. They enjoyed the sport as they would have enjoyed cock-fighting, though perhaps not quite so much, as it was not quite so bloody and barbarous. This fighting was of no practical use, but if I had been able to thrash the bully who took my telescope *that* would have been of some use. Unfortunately he was my senior and considerably my superior in strength, so prudence forbade the combat.

CHAPTER IX

1846

Early interest in theology—Reports of sermons—Quiet influence of Mr. Cape—Failure of Mr. Cape's health—His death.

DURING the time of my life at Doncaster I was extremely religious, having a firm belief in providential interferences on my behalf, even in trifling matters, such as being asked to stay from Saturday to Monday in the country. My prayers had especial reference to a country house that belonged to an old lady who was grandmother to a friend of mine, and extended a sort of grandmotherly kindness to myself also.[1]

At Doncaster we were always obliged to take notes of the sermons, and write them out afterwards in an abridged form. As I had a theological turn, I sometimes inserted passages of my own in these reports which made the masters declare that they did not remember hearing the preacher say that; and on one occasion being full of ideas of my own about the text which had effectually supplanted those of the preacher, I produced a complete original sermon which cost me a reprimand, but evidently excited the interest of the master. Dr. Sharpe was Vicar of Doncaster in those days, but after forty years I may be excused if I do not remember much about what he preached. The pulpit was arranged in

[1] She was a very remarkable and peculiar old lady. The house was very large, but she would only use a few small rooms. She never would travel by railway, but made long journeys, as well as short ones, in an old carriage drawn by a pair of farm-horses. She had a much handsomer carriage in the coach-house, a state affair, that was never used.

the old-fashioned three stages for preacher, reader, and clerk, and on one occasion the highest of these was occupied by the famous Dr. Wolff, the missionary to Bokhara. He was a most energetic preacher, who thumped and pushed his cushion in a restless way, so that at last he fairly pushed it off its desk. He was quick enough to catch it by the tassel, but he did not catch his Bible, which fell on Dr. Sharpe's head or shoulder, and thence to the floor of the church. It was impossible to keep quite grave under the circumstances. Even the clergy smiled, the clerk sought refuge in fetching the fallen volume, and a thrill of humorous feeling ran through the congregation.

Mr. Cape did not say much to us about religion. He read prayers every morning and evening, and once or twice I heard him preach when he took duty in a village church not far from the famous castle of Conisborough. There is an advantage to an active-minded boy in being with a quiet routine-clergyman like Mr. Cape, who proposes no exciting questions. I came under a very different influence afterwards, which plunged me into the stormy ocean of theological controversies at a time of life when it would have been better for me not to concern myself about such matters. The religion of a boy should be quiet and practical, and his theology should be as simple as possible, and quite uncontroversial in its temper. That was my case at Doncaster; I was a very firm believer, but simply a Christian not belonging to any party in the Church of England, and hardly, indeed, in any but an accidental way to the Church of England herself. Nothing could have been better. A boy is not answerable for the doctrines which are imposed upon him by his elders, and if they have a beneficial effect upon his conduct he need not, whilst he remains a boy, trouble himself to inquire further.

Mr. Cape's health was gradually failing during the time of my stay at Doncaster School, and on the beginning of my

fourth half-year after a holiday I found the house managed by his sister, and Mr. Cape himself confined to his room with hopeless disease. Very shortly afterwards the few boys who had come were sent home again, and Mr. Cape died. His sister was a kind old maid, who at once conceived a sort of aunt-like affection for me, and I remember that when I left she gave me a kiss on the forehead. I was grieved to part with her, and showed some real sympathy with her sorrow about her dying brother. I felt some grief on my own account for Mr. Cape, though he had thrashed me many a time with his ever-ready cane. Altogether the three half-years at Doncaster had been well spent, and I had got well on with my work.

Mr. Cape's brother kept a good school at Peterborough, and wanted to have me for a pupil, but as he was especially strong in mathematics, and prepared young men for Cambridge, it was thought that, as I was to go to Oxford, it would be better that I should study under an Oxford man. I never had the slightest natural bent for mathematics, though I did the tasks that were imposed upon me in a perfunctory manner, and with sufficient accuracy just to satisfy my masters.

CHAPTER X

1847—1849

My education becomes less satisfactory—My guardian's state of health—I pursue my studies at Burnley—Dr. Butler—He encourages me to write English—Extract from a prize poem—Public discussions in Burnley School—A debate on Queen Elizabeth.

THE story of my education becomes less satisfactory for me to write as I proceed with it. At thirteen I was a well-educated boy for my age, at fifteen or sixteen I had fallen behind, and if I have now any claim to be considered a fairly well-educated man, it is due to efforts made since youth was past.

The main cause of this retardation may be told before proceeding further. I have already said what a strong affection I had for my guardian. It was a well-placed affection, as she was one of the noblest and best women who ever lived, and all my gratitude to her, though it filled my heart like a religion, was not half what she deserved or what my maturer judgment now feels towards her memory, but like all strong affections, it carried its own penalty along with it. About the time of Mr. Cape's death, I happened to be staying with some near relations, and one of them made a casual allusion to my guardian's heart-disease. I had never heard of this, and was inexpressibly affected by the news. My informant said that the disease was absolutely incurable, and might at any time cause sudden death. This was unhappily the exact truth, and from that moment I

looked upon my dear guardian with other eyes. The doctors could not say how long she might live, there was no especial immediate danger, and with care, by incurring no risks, her life might be prolonged for years. After the first shock produced by this terrible news, I quickly resolved that as Death would probably soon separate us, and might separate us at any moment, I would keep as much as possible near my guardian during her life. She may have been tempted to keep me near her by the same consideration, but she was not a woman to allow her feelings to get the better of her sense of duty, and if I had not persistently done all in my power to remain at Burnley, she would have sent me elsewhere. Some reviewer will say that these are trifling matters, but in writing a biography it is necessary to take note of trifles when they affect the whole future existence of the subject. The simple fact of my remaining at Burnley for some years made me turn out an indifferent classical scholar, but at the time left my mind more at liberty to grow in its own way.

It is time to give some account of Dr. Butler, the headmaster of Burnley Grammar School, who now became my master, and some time afterwards my private tutor. He was a most liberal-minded, kind-hearted clergyman, and a good scholar, but his too great tenderness of heart made him not exactly the kind of master who would have pushed me on most rapidly.

I had a great affection for him, which he could not help perceiving, and this completely disarmed him, so that he never could find in his heart to say anything disagreeable to me, and on the contrary would often caress me, as it were, with little compliments that I did not always deserve. One tendency of his exactly fell in with my own tastes. He did not think that education should be confined to the two dead languages, but incited the boys to learn French and German, and even chemistry. I worked at French regularly, German

I learned just enough to read one thin volume, and went no further.[1] As for the chemistry, I acquired some elementary knowledge which afterwards had some influence in directing my attention to etching, indeed I etched my first plate when a boy at Burnley School. It was a portrait of a Jew with a turban, and was frightfully over-bitten.

Mr. Butler (he had not received his D.C.L. degree in those days) was a very handsome man, with most gentlemanly manners, and all the boys respected him. He governed the school far more by his own dignity than by any severity of tone. He always wore his gown in school, and had a desk made for himself which rather resembled a pulpit, and was ornamented with two carved crockets, that of the assistant master (who also wore his gown) being destitute of these ornaments. My progress in classics and mathematics was now not nearly so rapid as it had been under the severer *régime* at Doncaster, but Mr. Butler thought he discovered in me some sort of literary gift, and encouraged me to write English essays, which he corrected carefully to show me my faults of style. This was really good, as Mr. Butler wrote English well himself, and was a man of cultivated taste. He even encouraged me to write verses, a practice that I followed almost without intermission between the ages of twelve and twenty-one. I am aware that there are many very wise people in the world who think it quite rational and laudable even, to write verses in the Latin language to improve their knowledge of that tongue, and who think it is a ridiculous waste of time to do the same thing in English. In my opinion what holds good for one language holds good equally for another, and I no more regret the time spent on English versification than a Latin scholar would regret his

[1] I resumed German many years afterwards and had a Bavarian for my master, but he was unfortunately obliged to go back to his own country, and I stopped again, having many other things to do. All my literary friends who know German say it is of great use to them, but I never felt the natural taste for it that I have for French and Italian.

imitations of Virgil. Perhaps the reader may like to see a specimen of my boyish attempts, so I will print an extract from one, a poem that won a prize at Burnley School in the year 1847.

The subject given us was *Prince Charles Edward after the Battle of Culloden.* The poem begins with a wild galloping flight of the Prince from the battle-field of Culloden under the pale moonlight, and then of course we come to the boat voyage with Flora Macdonald. Here my love of boating comes in.

> The lovely lamp of Heaven shines brightly o'er
> The wave cerulean and the yellow shore;
> As, o'er those waves, a boat like lightning flies,
> Slender, and frail in form, and small in size.
> —Frail though it be, 'tis manned by hearts as brave
> As e'er have tracked the pathless ocean's wave.—
> High o'er their heads celestial diamonds grace
> The jewelled robe of night, and Luna's face
> Divinely fair! O goddess of the night!
> Guide thou their bark, do thou their pathway light!
> —Like sea-bird rising on the ocean's foam,
> Or like the petrel on its stormy home,
> Yon gallant bark speeds joyously along;
> The wild waves roar, and drown the boatmen's song.
> The sails full-flowing kiss the welcome wind,
> And leave the screaming sea-gulls far behind!
> Onward they fly. 'Tis midnight's moonlit hour!
> When Fairies hold their court and Sprites have power.
> And now 'tis morn! A fair Isle's distant strand
> Tempts the tired fugitives again to land.
> Fiercely repulsed, they dare once more the wave
> Fired with undying zeal their Prince to save;
> And when night flings her sable mantle o'er
> The giant crags where sea-hawks idly soar,
> They unmolested gain the wished-for land,
> And soon with rapid steps bestride the strand.
> To Kingsburgh's noble halls the path they gain
> And leave afar the ever-murmuring main.[1]

Very likely this extract will be as much as the reader will have patience for. I think the verses are tolerably good

[1] In the printed copies of the poem, the age of the writer was given as thirteen, but I was only in my thirteenth year.

for a boy not yet thirteen years old. The versification is, perhaps, as correct as that of most prize poems, and there is some go in the poetry. It cannot, however, lay claim to much originality. Even in the short extract just given I see the influence of three poets, Virgil, Scott, and Byron. The best that can be expected from the poetry of a boy is that he should give evidence of a liking for the great masters, and in my case the liking was sincere.

In later years Mr. Butler made me translate many of the Odes of Horace into English verse. I did that work with pleasure, but have not preserved one of the translations. I have said that he also encouraged me to write essays. He always gave the subject, and criticized my performance very closely. I wrote so many of these essays that I am afraid to give the number that remains in my memory, for fear of unconscious exaggeration.

Besides these exercises we had public discussions in the school on historical subjects, and of these I remember a great one on the character of Queen Elizabeth. I was chosen for the defence, and the attack on Elizabeth's fame was to be made by the Captain of the school, a lad of remarkable ability named Edward Moore, who was greatly my superior in acquirements.

It happened, I remember, that my guardian was staying at a country house (the Holme), which had formerly belonged to Dr. Whitaker, the celebrated historian of Craven, Whalley, and Richmondshire, and this learned man had left a good library, so I went to stay a few days to read up the subject. Those days were very pleasant to me; the house is very beautiful, with carved oak, tapestry, mullioned windows, old portraits, and stained glass, and just the old-world surroundings that I have always loved, and it nestled quietly in an open space in the bottom of a beautiful valley, between steep hills, with miles of walks in the woods. If ever I have been in danger of coveting my neighbour's house, it has been there.

When we came to the debate, it turned out that my materials were so abundant that I spoke for an hour and a half; Moore spoke about forty minutes, and made a most telling personal hit when attacking Elizabeth for her vanity. "She was vain of her complexion, vain even of her hair" . . . (here the orator paused and looked at me, then he added, slowly and significantly), "*which was red.*" The point here was, that my hair was red in those days, though it has darkened since. I need not add that the allusion was understood at once by the whole school, and was immensely successful.

After we had spoken, a youth rose to give his opinion, and as his speech was sufficiently laconic, I will repeat it *in extenso*. The effect would be quite spoiled if I did not add that he was suffering from a very bad cold, which played sad havoc with his consonants. This was his speech, without the slightest curtailment—

"Id by opidiod Queed Elizabeth was to be blabed, because she was a proud wobad."

My opponent in the debate on Elizabeth was, I believe, all things taken into consideration, the most gifted youth I ever knew during my boyhood. He kept at the head of the school without effort, as if the post belonged to him, and he was remarkable for bodily activity, being the best swimmer in the school, and, I think, the best cricketer also. He afterwards died prematurely, and his brother died in early manhood from exhausting fatigue during an excursion in the Alps.

The school was in those days attended by lads belonging to all classes of society, except the highest aristocracy of the neighbourhood, and it did a good deal towards keeping up a friendly feeling between different classes. That is the great use of a good local school. Many of the boys were the sons of rich men, who could easily have sent them to public schools at a distance, and perhaps in the present generation they would do so.

CHAPTER XI

1850

My elder uncle—We go to live at Hollins—Description of the place—My strong attachment to it—My first experiment in art-criticism—The stream at Hollins—My first catamaran—Similarity of my life at Hollins to my life in France thirty-six years later.

My elder uncle, the owner of my grandfather's house and estate at Hollins, had been educated to the law, as the income of our branch of the family was insufficient, and he had begun to practise as a solicitor in Burnley, where at that time there was an excellent opening, but he had not the kind of tact which enables lawyers to get on in the world, so his professional income diminished, and he went to live in Halifax, and let the house at Hollins.

His family was large, and for some years he did all in his power to live according to his rank in society, for he had married a lady of good family (they had thirty-six quarterings between them), and, like most men in a similar position, he was unwilling to adopt the only safe plan, which is to take boldly a lower place on the ladder. At Halifax he lived in a large house (Hopwood Hall), which belonged to his father-in-law, and there his wife and he received the Halifax society of those days, at what, I believe, were very pleasant entertainments, for they had the natural gift of hospitality, and lacked nothing but a large fortune to be perfect in the eyes of the world.

My uncle's father-in-law was living in retirement at Scar-

borough when Hollins happened to fall vacant, so he became the tenant; but as the house was too large for him, my uncle divided it into two, and proposed to let the other half to my guardian and her sister.

They accepted, and the consequence was that we went to live in the country, a most important change for me, as I soon acquired that passion for a country life, which afterwards became a second nature, and which, though it may have been beneficial to my health, and perhaps in some degree to the quality of my work, has been in many ways an all but fatal hindrance to my success.

There are, or were, a great many old halls in Lancashire, that belonged to the old families, which have now for the most part disappeared. They were of all sizes, some large enough to accommodate a wealthy modern country gentleman (though not arranged according to modern ideas), and others quite of small dimensions, though generally interesting for their architecture—much more interesting, indeed, than the houses which have succeeded them. Hollins was between the two extremes, and when in its perfection, must have been rather a good specimen, with its mullioned windows, its numerous gables, and its formal front garden, with a straight avenue beyond. Unfortunately, my grandfather found it necessary to rebuild the front, and in doing so altered the character by introducing modern sash windows in the upper storey, and though he retained mullioned windows on the ground floor, they were not strictly of the old type. My uncle also carried out other alterations, external and internal, which ended by depriving the house of much of its old character, and still more recent changes have gone farther in the same direction.

However, such as it was in my youth, the place inspired in me one of those intensely strong local attachments which take root in some natures, and in none, I really believe, more powerfully than in mine. Like all strong passions, these

local attachments are extremely inconvenient, and it would be better for a man to be without them, but all reasoning on such subjects is superfluous.

Hollins is situated in the middle of a small but very pretty estate, almost entirely bounded by a rocky and picturesque trout-stream, and so pleasantly varied by hill and dale, wood, meadow, and pasture, that it appears much larger than it really is. In my boyhood it seemed an immensity. My cousins and I used to roam about it and play at Robin Hood and his merry men, with great satisfaction to ourselves. We fished and bathed in one of the pools, where our ships delivered real broadsides of lead from their little cannons. These boyish recollections, and an early passion for landscape beauty, made Hollins seem a kind of earthly Paradise to me, and the idea of going to live there, instead of in a row of houses in a manufacturing town, filled me with the most delightful anticipations. My uncle put workmen in the house to prepare it, and on every opportunity I walked there to see what they were doing. Even at that age I knew much more about architecture than my elders, being perfectly familiar with the details of the old halls, and so I was constantly losing temper at what seemed to me the evident stupidity of the masons. There was an old master-mason, who did not like me and my criticisms, and he swore at me freely enough, in an explicit Lancashire manner. One day, simply by the eye, I perceived that he was four inches out in a measurement, and told him of it, when he swore frightfully. He then took his two-foot rule, and finding himself in the wrong, swore more frightfully than ever. This was my first experience in the thankless business of art-criticism, and it was the beginning of a false position, in which I often found myself in youth, from knowing more about some subjects than is usual with boys.

The small estate on which Hollins is situated is divided from Towneley Park by a road and a wall, and on the opposite

side its boundary, for most of the distance, is the rocky stream that has been already mentioned. The stream had a great influence on my whole life, by giving me a taste for the beauty of wild streams in Scotland and elsewhere. It is called the Brun, and gives its name to Burnley. The rocks are a sandstone sufficiently warm in colour to give a very pleasant contrast to the green foliage, and the forms of them are so broken that in sunshine there are plenty of fine accidental lights and shadows. It was one of my greatest pleasures to follow the course of this stream, with a leaping-pole, up to the moors, where it flowed through a wide and desolate valley or hollow in the hills. As the aspect of a stream is continually changing with the seasons and the quantity of water, it is always new. The only regret I have about my residence near the Brun, is that I did not learn at the right time to make the most of it in the way of artistic study, but I did as much, perhaps, as was to be expected from a boy who was receiving a literary and not an artistic education.

The defect of the Brun was the absence of pools big enough for swimming and boating, but it gave a tantalizing desire for these pleasures, and I was as aquatic as my opportunities would allow. In June 1850 my first catamaran was launched on a fish-pond. I built it myself with an outlay of one pound for the materials. It was composed of two floats, or tubes, consisting of a light framework of deal covered with water-proofed canvas. These were kept apart in the water, but joined above by a light open framework that served as a deck, and on which the passengers sat. The thing would carry five people, and was propelled by short oars. Being extremely light, it was easily drawn on a road, and was provided with small wheels for that purpose. This boyish attempt would not have been mentioned had it not been the first of a long series of practical experiments in the construction of catamarans which have continued down to the date of the present writing, and of which the reader will hear more

in the sequel. I promise to endeavour not to weary him with the subject.

It is astonishing how very far-reaching in their effects are the tastes and habits that we acquire in early life! The sort of existence that I am leading here at Pré Charmoy, near Autun, in this year 1886, bears a wonderfully close resemblance to my existence at Hollins in 1850. I am living, as I was then, on a pretty estate with woods, meadows, pastures, and a beautiful stream, with hills visible from it in all directions. There is a fish-pond too, about a mile from the house, and I am even now trying catamaran experiments on this pond, as I did on the other in Lancashire. My occupations are exactly the same, and to complete the resemblance it so happens that just now I am reading Latin. The chief difference is that writing has become lucrative and professional, whereas in those earlier days it was a study only.

It is very difficult for me to believe that thirty-six years separate me from a time so like the present in many ways—like and yet unlike,—for I was then in Lancashire and am now in France, but this is a fact that I only realize when I think about it. The real exile for me would be to live in a large town.

CHAPTER XII

1850

Interest in the Middle Ages—Indifference to the Greeks and Romans—Love for Sir Walter Scott's writings—Interest in heraldry and illuminations—Passion for hawking—Old books in the school library at Burnley—Mr. Edward Alexander of Halifax—Attempts in literary composition—Contributions to the *Historic Times*—"Rome in 1849"—"Observations on Heraldry."

THE last chapter ended by saying that my occupations in early life were the same as they are at present, but I now remember one or two points of difference. In those days I lived, mentally, a great deal in the Middle Ages. This was owing to the influence of Sir Walter Scott, certainly of all authors the one who has most influenced me, and it was also due in some measure to a romantic interest in the history of my own family, and of the other families in the north of England with which mine had been connected in the past. For the Greeks and Romans I cared very little, they seemed too remote from my own country and race, and the English present, in which my lot was cast, seemed too dull and unpicturesque, too prosaic and commonplace. My imagination being saturated with Scott, I had naturally the same taste as my master. I soon learned all about heraldry, and in my leisure time drew and coloured all the coats-of-arms that had been borne by the Hamertons in their numerous alliances, as well as the arms of other families from which

our own was descended. I wrote black-letter characters on parchment and made pedigrees, and became so much of a mediævalist that there was considerable risk of my stopping short in the amateur practice of such arts as wood-carving, illumination, and painting on glass. The same taste for the Middle Ages led me to imitate our forefathers in more active pursuits, amongst others I had such a passion for hawking that at one time I became incapable of opening my lips about anything else. My guardian said it was "hawk, hawk, hawking from morning till night." Not that I ever possessed a living falcon of any species whatever. My uncle resigned to me a corner of the outbuildings, on the ground-floor of which was a loose-box for my horse, and above it a room that I set apart for the falcons when they should arrive, but in spite of many promises from gamekeepers and naturalists and others, no birds ever came! The hoods and jesses were ready, very prettily adorned with red morocco leather and gold thread; the mews were ready too with partitions in trellis-work of my own making; everything was ready except the peregrines!

I knew the coats-of-arms of all the families in the neighbourhood, and of course that of the Towneleys, who had a chapel in Burnley Church for the interment of their dead, adorned with many hatchments. Those hatchments had a double interest for me, as heraldry in the first place, and also because the Towneleys had a peregrine falcon for their crest! I envied them that crest, and would willingly have exchanged for it our own "greyhound couchant, sable."

Burnley School possesses a library which is rich in old tomes that few people ever read. In my youth these volumes were kept in a room entirely surrounded with dark oak wainscot, that opened on the shelves where these old books reposed. I read some of them, more or less, but have totally forgotten them all except a black-letter Chaucer. That volume delighted me, and I have read in it many an hour.

It is much to be regretted that I had not the same affectionate curiosity about the Greek and Latin classics, but it was something to have a taste for the literature of one's own country.

My uncle's brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Alexander, of Halifax, was a lawyer of literary and antiquarian tastes, and a great lover of books, not to read only, but to have around him in a well-ordered library. He was extremely kind to me, and now, when I know better how very rare such kindness is in the world, I feel perhaps even more grateful for it than I did then.

Mr. Alexander was the father of the young Alexander who was my school-fellow at Doncaster, and I am hardly exaggerating his affection for me when I say that he had a paternal feeling towards myself. He put his library entirely at my disposal, and gave me a room in his house at Heath Field, near Halifax, whenever I felt inclined to avail myself of it, and had liberty to go there.

His library had cost him several thousand pounds, and was rich in archæological books. Mrs. Alexander was a charming lady, always exquisitely gentle in her way, and gifted with a quiet firmness which enabled her to match very effectually the somewhat irascible disposition of my friend, who had the irritability as well as the kindness of heart which, I have since observed, are often found together in Frenchmen. With all his goodness he was by no means an indulgent judge; he could not endure the slightest failure or forgetfulness in good manners, and most of his young relations were afraid of him. I only offended him once, and that but slightly. He was walking in his own garden with my uncle, when I had to do something that required the use of both hands, and I was encumbered with a book. I dared not lay the book on the ground, as I should have done if it had been my own, so I asked my uncle to hold it. I could see an expression on Mr. Alexander's face

which said clearly enough that I had taken a liberty in requesting this little service from a senior, and it only occurred to me as an afterthought that I might have put my hat on the ground and laid the book on the hat. This little incident shows one side of my dear friend's nature, but it was not at all a bad thing for me to be occasionally under the influence of one who was at the same time kind and severe. In early life he had been a dandy, and a local poet had called him—

"Elegant Extracts, the Halifax fop."[1]

In his maturity all that remained of early dandyism was an intolerance of every kind of slovenliness. He rigorously exacted order in his library; I might use any of his books, but must put them all back in their places. Perhaps my present strong love of order may be due in a great measure to Mr. Alexander's teaching and example. Amongst the friends of my youth there are very few whom I look back to with such grateful affection.

Like most boys who have become authors, I made attempts in literary composition independently of those which were directly encouraged by my master. In this way I wrote a number of articles that were accepted by the *Historic Times*, a London illustrated journal of those days which was started under the patronage of the Church of England, but had not a great success. My first articles

[1] *Elegant Extracts* was the title of a book of miscellaneous reading which had an extensive sale in those days. The couplet related to a public ball—

"Elegant Extracts, the Halifax fop,
With note-book in hand, took coach for the hop."

Mr. Alexander sometimes alluded in a pleasant way to his early foppishness, and told some amusing anecdotes, one of which I remember. He and a young friend having adopted some startling new fashion before anybody else in Halifax, were going to church very proud of themselves, when they heard a girl laughing at them, on which her companion rebuked her, saying, "You shouldn't laugh, you might be struck so"! She thought the dandies were two misshapen idiots.

were on the Universities, of which I knew nothing except by hearsay, and on "Civilization, Ancient and Modern," which was rather a vast subject for a boy whose reading had been so limited. However, the editor of the *Historic Times* had not the least suspicion of my age, so I favoured him with a long series of articles on Rome in 1849, forming altogether as complete a history of the city for that year as could have been written by one who had never seen it, who did not know Italian, and who had not access to any other sources of information than those which are accessible to everybody in the newspapers.

Under these circumstances, it may seem absurd to have undertaken such a task, but the reader may be reminded that learned historians undertake to tell us what happened long ago from much less ample material. I got no money for these articles (there were twelve of them), and no publisher would reprint them because there was no personal observation in them which publishers always expect in a narrative of contemporary events. The work had, however, been a good exercise for me in the digesting and setting in literary order of a mass of confused material.

My passion for heraldry and hawking led to the production of a little book on heraldry which was an imitation of Sir John Sebright's *Observations on Hawking*, a treatise that seemed to me simple, and clearly arranged.

My little book had no literary value, and the publisher said that only thirty-nine copies were sold; however, on being asked to produce the remainder of the edition, he said he was unable to do so, as the copies had been "mislaid." The printing and binding having been done at my expense, I compelled the publisher to reprint the book, but this brought me no pecuniary benefit, as the demand, such as it was, had been satisfied by the first edition.

To this day I do not feel certain in my own mind whether the publisher was dishonest or not. It would be quite

natural that a book on heraldry should have a very small sale, but on the other hand it is inconceivable that more than four hundred copies of a book should have been simply lost.[1]

It was a very good thing for me that the printing of this treatise on heraldry was a cause of loss and disappointment, for if it had been successful I might easily have wasted my life in archæology, and corrected pedigrees—those long lists of dead people of whom nobody knows anything but their names, and the estates they were lucky enough to possess.

The reader will see that up to this point my tastes had been conservative and aristocratic. Then there came a revolution which was the most important intellectual crisis of my life, and which deserves a chapter to itself.

[1] There is a third possibility: the sale may have been exactly what the publisher stated, but he may have had no belief in the success of the work, and have printed only 100 copies whilst charging me for 500.

CHAPTER XIII

1850

Political and religious opinions of my relations—The Rev. James Bardsley—Protestant controversy with Rome—German neology—The inspiration of the Scriptures—Inquiry into foundation for the doctrine—I cease to be a Protestant—An alternative presents itself—A provisional condition of prolonged inquiry—Our medical adviser—His remarkable character—His opinions.

ALL my relations were Tories of the most strongly Conservative type, and earnestly believing members of the Church of England, more inclined to the Evangelical than to the High Church party. In my early youth I naturally took the religion and political colour of the people about me.

There was at Burnley in those days a curate who has since become a well-known clergyman in Manchester, Mr. James Bardsley. He was a man of very strong convictions of an extreme Evangelical kind, and nature had endowed him with all the gifts of eloquence necessary to propagate his opinions from the pulpit.[1] He was really eloquent, and he possessed in a singular degree the wonderful power of enchaining the attention of his audience. We always listened with interest to what Mr. Bardsley was saying at the moment, and with the feeling of awakened anticipation, as he invariably conveyed the impression that something still more interesting was to follow. His power as a preacher was so great that his longest sermons were not felt to be an infliction; one might feel tired after

[1] Since then he has become Canon and Archdeacon.

they were over, but not during their delivery. His power was best displayed in attack, and he was very aggressive, especially against the doctrines of the Church of Rome, which he declared to be "one huge Lie."

Of course a boy of my age believed his own religion to be absolutely true, and others to be false in exact proportion to their divergence from it, as this is the way with young people when they really believe. It was my habit to take an intensely strong interest in anything that interested me at all, and as religion had a supreme interest for me I read all about the Protestant controversy with Rome under Mr. Bardsley's guidance, in books of controversial theology recommended by him. My guardian, with her usual good sense, did not quite approve of this controversial spirit; she was content to be a good Christian in her own way and let the poor Roman Catholics alone, but I was too ardent in what seemed to me the cause of truth to see with indifference the menacing revival of Romanism.

A large new Roman Catholic church was erected in Burnley, and opened with an imposing ceremony. There was at that time a belief that the power of the Pope might one day be re-established in our country, and the great results of the Reformation either wholly sacrificed or placed in the greatest jeopardy. Protestants were called upon to defend these conquests, and in order to qualify themselves for this great duty it was necessary that they should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the great controversy between the pure Church to which it was their own happiness to belong, and that corrupt association which called itself Catholicism. I had rather a bold and combative disposition and was by no means unwilling to take a share in the battle.

All went well for a time. The spirit of inquiry is not considered an evil spirit so long as it only leads to agreement with established doctrines, and as an advanced form of Protestantism was preached in Burnley Church, I was at

liberty to think boldly enough, provided I did not go beyond that particular stage of thought. Not having as yet any disposition to go beyond, I did not at all realize what a very small degree of intellectual liberty my teachers were really disposed to allow me.

One occasion I remember distinctly. Mr. Bardsley was at Hollins, where he spent the evening with us, and in the course of conversation, as he was leaning on the chimney-piece, he spoke about German Neology, which I had never heard of before, so I asked what it was, and he described it as a dreadful doctrine which attributed no more inspiration to sacred than to profane writers. The ladies were shocked and scandalized by the bare mention of such a doctrine, but the effect on me was very different. The next day, in my private meditations, I began to wonder what were the evidences by which it was determined that some writers were inspired and infallible, and what critics had settled the question. The orthodox reader will say that in a perplexity of this kind I had nothing to do but carry my difficulty to a clergyman. This is exactly what I did, and the clergyman was Mr. Bardsley himself.

He was full of kindness to me, and took the trouble to write a long paper on the subject, which must have cost him fully two days' work, a paper in which he gave a full account of the Canon of Scripture from the Evangelical point of view. The effect on me was most discouraging, for the result amounted merely to this, that certain Councils of the Church had recognized the Divine inspiration of certain books, just as certain authoritative critics might recognize the profane inspiration of poets. After reading the paper with the utmost care I felt so embarrassed about it that (with the awkwardness of youth) I did not even write to thank the amiable author who had taken so much trouble to help me, and I only thanked him briefly on meeting him at a friend's house, where it was impossible to avoid the interchange of a few words.

This autobiography is not intended to be a book of

controversy, so I shall carefully avoid the details of religious changes, and give only results. I do not think that anything in my life was ever more decisive than the receipt of that long communication from Mr. Bardsley. The day before receiving it I was in doubt, but the day after I felt perfectly satisfied that the Divine inspiration of the books known to Englishmen as the "Scriptures" rested simply on the opinion of different bodies of theologians who had held meetings which were called Councils. The only difference between these Councils and those of the Church of Rome was, that these were represented as having taken place earlier, before the Church was so much divided, but it did not seem at all evident that the members of the earlier Councils were men of a higher stamp, intellectually, than those who composed the distinctly Roman Catholic Councils, nor was there any evidence that the Holy Spirit had been with those earlier Councils, though it afterwards withdrew itself from the later.

The Protestant reader will perhaps kindly bear with me whilst I give the reasons why I ceased to be a Protestant, after having been so earnest and zealous in that form of the Christian faith. It appeared to me—I do not say it *is*, but it appeared to me, and appears to me still—that Protestantism is an uncritical belief in the decisions of the Church down to a date which I do not pretend to fix exactly, and an equally uncritical scepticism, a scepticism of the most unreceptive kind, with regard to all opinions professed and all events said to have taken place in the more recent centuries of ecclesiastical history. The Church of Rome, on the other hand, seemed nearer in temper to the temper of the past, and was more decidedly a continuation, though evidently at the same time an amplification, of the early Christian habits of thinking and believing.

With this altered view of the subject the alternative that presented itself to me was that which presented itself to the brothers Newman, and if I had found it necessary to my

happiness to belong to a visible Church of some kind, and if devotional feelings had been stronger than the desire for mental independence, I should have joined the Church of Rome.

There were, indeed, two or three strong temptations to that course. My family had been a Catholic family in the past, and had sacrificed much for the Church of Rome when she was labouring under oppression; for a Hamerton to return to her would therefore have been quite in accordance with those romantic sentiments about distant ancestors which were at that time very strong in me. Besides this, I had all the feeling for the august ceremonial of the Catholic Church which is found in the writer who most influenced me, Sir Walter Scott; and there was already a certain consciousness of artistic necessities and congruities which made me dimly aware that if you admit the glories of ecclesiastical architecture, it is only the asceticism of Puritan rebellion against art that can deny magnificence to ritual. I had occasionally, though rarely, been present at High Mass, and had felt a certain elevating influence, and if I had said to myself, "Religion is only a poem by which the soul is raised to the contemplation of the Eternal Mysteries," then I could have dreamed vaguely in this contemplation better, perhaps, in the Roman Catholic Church than in any other. But my English and Protestant education was against a religion of dreaming. An English Protestant may have his poetical side, may be capable of feeling poetry that is frankly avowed to be such—may read Tennyson's *Eve of St. Agnes* or Scott's *Hymn to the Virgin*, with almost complete imaginative sympathy; but he expects to believe his religion as firmly as he believes in the existence of the British Islands. Such at least was the matter-of-fact temper that belonged to Protestantism in those days. In more recent times a more hazy religion has become fashionable.

My decision, therefore, for some time was to remain in a provisional condition of prolonged inquiry. I read a great deal on both sides, and constantly prayed for light, following regularly the external services of the Church of England. Here the subject may be left for the present.

The reader is to imagine me as a youth who no longer believed in the special inspiration of the Scriptures, or in their infallibility, but who was still a Christian as thousands of "liberal" Church people in the present day are Christians.

Before resuming my religious history, I ought to mention an influence which was supposed by my friends to have been powerful over me, but which in reality had slightly affected the current of my thinking. Our medical adviser was a surgeon rather advanced in years, and whose private fortune made him independent of professional success. As time went on, he allowed himself to be more and more replaced by his assistant, Mr. Uttley, one of the most remarkable characters I ever met with. In those days, in a northern provincial town, it required immense courage to avow religious heterodoxy of any advanced kind, yet Mr. Uttley said with the utmost simplicity that he was an atheist, and the religious world called him "Uttley the Atheist," a title which he accepted as naturally as if it implied no contempt or antagonism whatever. He was by no means devoid of physical courage also, for I remember that at one time he rode an ugly brute that had a most dangerous habit of bolting, and he would not permit me to mount her. He was excessively temperate in his habits, never drinking anything stronger than water, except, perhaps, a cup of tea (I am not sure about the tea), and never eating more than he believed to be necessary to health. He maintained the doctrine that hunger remains for a time after the stomach has had enough, and that if you go on eating to satiety you are intemperate. He disliked, and, I believe, despised the habit of stuffing on festive occasions, which used

to be common in the wealthier middle classes. I confess that Mr. Uttley's fearless honesty and steady abstemiousness impressed me with the admiration that one cannot but feel for the great virtues, by whomsoever practised ; but Mr. Uttley had a third virtue, which is so rare in England as to be almost unintelligible to the majority—he looked with the most serene indifference on social struggles, on the arts by which people rise in the world. Perfectly contented with his own station in life, and a man of remarkably few wants, he lived on from year to year without ambition, finding his chief interest in the pursuit of his profession, and his greatest pleasure in his books. He so little attempted to make a proselyte of me that, when at a later period I told him of a certain change of views, concerning which more will be said in the sequel, he was unaffectedly surprised by it, and said that he had never supposed me to be other than what I appeared to the world in general, an ordinary member of the Church of England. My intimate knowledge of Mr. Uttley's remarkable character must have had, nevertheless, a certain influence in this way, that it enabled me to estimate the vulgar attacks on infidels at their true worth ; and though my own theistic beliefs were very strong, I knew from this example that an atheist was not necessarily a monster.

The only occasions that I remember in youth when Mr. Uttley might have influenced me were these two. Being curious to know about opinions from those who really held them, and being already convinced that we cannot really know them from the misrepresentations of their enemies, I once asked Mr. Uttley what atheism really was, and why it recommended itself to him. He replied that atheism was, in his view, the acceptance of the smaller of two difficulties, both of which were still very great. The smaller difficulty for him was to believe in the self-existence of the universe ; the greater was to believe in a single Being, without a beginning, who could

create millions of solar systems; and as one or the other must be self-existent, the difficulty about self-existence was common to both cases. The well-known argument from design did not convince him, as he believed in a continual process of natural adjustment of creatures to their environment, a theory resembling that of Darwin, but not yet so complete. I listened to Mr. Uttley's account of his views with much interest; but they had no influence on my own, as it seemed to me much easier to refer everything to an intelligent Creator, than to believe in the self-existence of all the intricate organizations that we see. Still, I was not indignant, as the reader may think I ought to have been. It seemed to me quite natural that thoughtful men should hold different opinions on a subject of such infinite difficulty.

The other occasion was, when in the vigour of youthful Protestantism I happened to say something against the Church of Rome. Mr. Uttley very quietly and kindly told me that I was unjust towards that Church, and I asked him where the injustice lay. "It lies in this," he replied, "that you despise the dogmas of the Church of Rome as resting only on the authority of priests, whereas the case of that Church is not exceptional or peculiar, as *all* dogmas rest ultimately on the authority of priests." To this I naturally answered that Scriptural authority was higher; but Mr. Uttley answered —"The Roman Catholics themselves appeal to Scriptural authority as the Protestants do; but it is still the priests who have decided which books are sacred, and how they are to be interpreted." His conversation was not longer than my report of it, and it occurred when I met Mr. Uttley accidentally in the street; but though short, it was of some importance, as I happened at that time to be exercised in my mind about what Mr. Bardsley had told us concerning "German Neology." Subsequent observation has led me to believe that Mr. Uttley attributed more originating authority to priests than really

belongs to them. It seems to me now that they take up and consecrate popular beliefs that may be of use, and that they drop and discard, either tacitly or openly, those beliefs which are no longer popular. Both processes have been going on for some years very visibly in the Church of Rome, and the second of the two is plainly in operation in the Church of England.

CHAPTER XIV

1851

First visit to London in 1851—My first impression of the place—Nostalgia of the country—Westminster—The Royal Academy—Resolution never to go to London again—Reason why this resolution was afterwards broken.

In the year 1851 I went to London for the first time to see the Great Exhibition. Our little party consisted only of my guardian, my aunt, and myself.

My first impression of London was exactly what it has ever since remained. It seemed to me the most disagreeable place I had ever seen, and I wondered how anybody could live there who was not absolutely compelled to do so. At that time I did not understand the only valid reason for living in London, which is the satisfaction of meeting with intelligent people who know something about what interests you, and do not consider you eccentric because you take an interest in something that is not precisely and exclusively money-making.

My aunts knew nobody in London except one or two ladies of rank superior to their own, on whom we made formal calls, which was a sort of human intercourse that I heartily detested, as I detest it to this day.

Our lodgings were in Baker Street, which after our pure air, open scenery, and complete liberty at Hollins, seemed to me like a prison. The lodgings were not particularly clean—the carpets, especially, seemed as if they had never been taken

up. The air was heavy, the water was bad (our water at Hollins was clearer than glass, and if you poured a goblet of it beady bubbles clung to the sides), there was no view except up street and down street, and the noise was perpetual. A Londoner would take these inconveniences as a matter of course and be insensible to them, but to me they were so unpleasant that I suffered from nostalgia of the country all the time.

The reader may advantageously be spared my boyish impressions of the Great Exhibition and the other sights of London. Of course we fatigued our brains, as country people always do, by seeing too many things in a limited time, and as we had no special purpose in view we got, I fear, very little instruction from our wanderings amidst the bewildering products of human industry. I remember being profoundly impressed by Westminster Abbey, though I would gladly have seen all the modern monuments calcined in a lime-kiln, and Westminster Hall affected me even more, possibly because one of our ancestors, Sir Stephen Hamerton, had been condemned to death there for high treason in the time of Henry VIII. I was also deeply impressed by the grim old Tower of London, and only regretted that I did not know which cell the unlucky Sir Stephen had occupied during his hopeless imprisonment there.

The rooms of the Royal Academy left a more durable recollection than the contents of the great building in Hyde Park. Those are quite old times for us now in the history of English art. Sir Frederick Leighton was a young student who had not yet begun to exhibit; I think he was working in Frankfort then. Millais was already known as the painter of strange and vivid pictures of small size, which attracted attention, and put the public into a state of much embarrassment. There were three of these strange pictures that year, an illustration of Tennyson, "She only said, 'My life is dreary,'" the "Return of the Dove to the Ark," and the

"Woodman's Daughter." I distinctly remember the exact sensation with which my young eyes saw these works, so distinctly that I now positively feel those early sensations over again in thinking about them. All was so fresh, so new! This modern art was such a novelty to one who had not seen many modern pictures, and my own powers of enjoying art were so entirely unspoiled by the effect of habit, that I was like a young bird in its first spring-time in the woods. I much preferred the beautiful bright pictures in the Academy, with their greens and blues like Nature, to the snuffy old canvases (as they seemed to me) in the National Gallery.

The oddest result for a boy's first visit to London, was a quiet mental resolution of which I said nothing to anybody. What I thought and resolved inwardly may be accurately expressed in these words—"Every Englishman who can afford it ought to see London *once*, as a patriotic duty, and I am not sorry to have been there to have got the duty performed; but no power on earth shall ever induce me to go to that supremely disagreeable place again!"

Of course the intelligent reader considers this boyish resolution impossible and absurd, as it is entirely contrary to prevalent ideas; but a man may lead a very complete life in Lancashire, and even in counties less rich in various interest, without ever going to London at all. A man's own fields may afford him as good exercise as Hyde Park, and his well-chosen little library as good reading as the British Museum. It was the Fine Arts that brought me to London afterwards; the worst of the Fine Arts being that they concentrate themselves so much in great capitals.

CHAPTER XV

1851—1852

The love of reading a hindrance to classical studies—Dr. Butler becomes anxious about my success at Oxford—An insuperable obstacle—My indifference to degrees—Irksome hypocrisy—I am nearly sent to a tutor at Brighton—I go to a tutor in Yorkshire—His disagreeable disposition—Incident about riding—Disastrous effect of my tutor's intellectual influence upon me—My private reading—My tutor's ignorance of modern authors—His ignorance of the fine arts—His religious intolerance—I declare my inability to sign the Thirty-nine Articles.

THE various mental activities hinted at in the preceding chapters had naturally a retarding effect upon my classical studies, which I had never greatly taken to. It seemed then, and it seems to me still, that for one who does not intend to make a living by teaching them, the dead languages, like all other pursuits, are only worth a limited amount of labour. It may appear paradoxical at first, but it is true, that one reason why I did not like Latin and Greek was because I was extremely fond of reading. The case is this: If you are fond of reading and have an evening at your disposal, you will wish to read, will you not? But *construing* is not reading, it is quite a different mental operation. When you *read* you think of the scenes and events the author narrates, or you follow his reasoning, but when you *construe* you think of cases and tenses, and remember grammatical rules. I could read English and French, but Latin and Greek were only to be construed *à coups de dictionnaire.*

The case may be illustrated by reference to an amusement. A man who is indifferent to rowing cares very little what sort of boat he is in, and toils contentedly as peasants do in their heavy boats, but a lover of rowing wants a craft that he can move. This desire is quite independent of the merits of the craft itself, considered without reference to the man. A sailing yacht may be a beautiful vessel, but an Oxford oarsman would not desire to pull one of her cumbersome sweeps.

I was at that time a private pupil of Dr. Butler's, and was getting on at such a very moderate pace that he began to be anxious about his responsibility. My guardian and he had decided together that I was to be sent to Oxford, and it was even settled to which college, Balliol; and my dear guardian expected me to come out in honours, and be a Fellow of my college and a clergyman. That was her plan, and a very good scheme of life it was, but it had one defect, that of being entirely inapplicable to the human being for whom it was intended. I looked forward to Oxford with anything but pleasure, and, indeed, considered that there was an insuperable obstacle to my going there. In those days most of the good things in life were kept as much as possible for members of the Church of England, and it was necessary to sign the Thirty-nine Articles on entering the University. This I could not do conscientiously, and would not do against the grain of my conviction. I looked upon this obstacle as insuperable; but if I had been as indifferent on such questions as young men generally are, there would still have remained a difficulty in my own nature, which is a rooted dislike to everything which is done for social advancement. I might possibly have desired to be a scholar, but cannot imagine myself desiring a degree. However, I might have taken the trouble to get a degree, simply to please my guardian, if there had not been that obstacle about the Thirty-nine Articles.

From this time during a year or two there was a sort of game of cross-purposes between me and my guardian, as I had not yet ventured to declare openly my severance from the Church of England, and my consequent inability to go to one of her universities. The enormous weight of social and family pressure that is brought to bear on a youth with reference to these matters must be my excuse for a year or two of hypocrisy that was extremely irksome to me, but besides this I have a still better excuse in a sincere unwillingness to give pain to my dear guardian, and in the dread lest the declaration of my heresy might even be dangerous to one whom I knew to be suffering from heart-disease. I therefore lived on as a young member of the Church of England who was studying for Oxford, when in fact I considered myself no longer a member of that Church, and had inwardly renounced all intention of going to either of the Universities, which she still kept closed against the Dissenters.

The inward determination not to go to Oxford or Cambridge had a bad effect on my classical studies, as I had no other object in view whilst pursuing them than the intellectual benefit to be derived from the studies themselves, and I had not any very great faith in that benefit. The most intelligent men I knew did not happen to be classical scholars, and some men of my acquaintance who *were* classical scholars, seemed to me quite impervious to ideas concerning science and the fine arts. Even now, after a much larger experience, I do not perceive that classical scholarship opens men's minds to scientific and artistic ideas, or even that scholarship gives much appreciation of literary art and excellence. Still, it is better to have it than to be without it. There is such a thing as a scholarly temper,—a patient, careful, exact, and studious temper,—which is valuable in all the pursuits of life.

Mr. Butler had been for some time my private tutor—which means that I prepared my work at Hollins in the morning, and went to read with Mr. Butler in the afternoon.

The plan was pleasant enough for me, but it was not advantageous, because what I most wanted was guidance during my hours of study—such guidance as I had at Doncaster. However, I read and wrote Latin and Greek every day, and learned French at the same time, as Mr. Butler had a taste for modern languages. This went on until he became rather alarmed about my success at Oxford (which for reasons known to the reader troubled me very little), and told my guardian that she ought to send me to some tutor who could bestow upon me more continuous attention. I was as near as possible to being sent to a tutor at Brighton—a reverend gentleman with aristocratic connections—but he missed having me by the very bait which he held out to attract my guardian. He boasted in a letter of the young lords he had educated, and said he had one or two still in the house with him. We had a near neighbour and old friend, who was herself very nearly connected with two of the greatest families in the peerage, and as she happened to call upon us when my guardian received the letter, it was handed to her, and she said—"That bit about the young lords is not a recommendation; the chances are that P. G. would find them proud and disagreeable." As for me, the whole project presented nothing that was pleasant. I disliked the south of England, and had not the slightest desire to make the acquaintance of the young noblemen. It was therefore rather a relief that the Brighton project was abandoned.

It happened then that my dear guardian did the only one foolish and wrong thing she ever did in her whole life. She sent me to a clergyman in Yorkshire, who had been a tutor at Oxford, and was considered to be a good "coach" —so far he may seem to have been the right man—but he was unfortunately exactly the man to inspire me with a complete disgust for my studies. He had no consideration whatever for the feelings of other people, least of all for those of a pupil. He treated me with open contempt, and

was always trying to humiliate me, till at last I let him understand that I would endure it no longer. One day he ordered me to clean his harness, with a peremptoriness that he would scarcely have used to a groom, so I answered, "No, sir, I shall not clean your harness; that is not my work." He then asked whether I considered myself a gentleman. I said "yes," and he retorted that it would be a good thing to thrash the gentility out of me, on which I told him that if he ventured to attempt any such thing I should certainly defend myself. I was a well-grown youth, and could have beaten my tutor easily. One day he attempted to scrape my face with a piece of shark's skin, so I seized both his wrists and held them for some time, telling him that the jest, if it was a jest, was not acceptable.

As my tutor was very handsomely paid for the small amount of trouble he took with me, my guardian had inserted in the agreement a clause by which he was either to keep my horse in his stable, or else let me have the use of one of his own. He preferred, for economy's sake, to mount me, so in accordance with our agreement I innocently rode out a little in the early mornings, long before the hour fixed for our Greek reading together. As my tutor rose late, he was not aware of this for some time; but at length, by accident, he found it out, and then an incident occurred which exactly paints the charming amenity of the man.

His stable-boy had brought the horse to the gate, and I was just mounting when my tutor opened his bedroom window, and called out, "Take that horse back to the stable immediately!" I said to the servant, who hesitated, that it was his duty to obey his master's orders, and dismounted; then I went to my lodgings in the village, and wrote a note to my tutor, in which I said that I expected him to keep his agreement, and in accordance with it I should ride out that day. I then left the note at the house, saddled the animal myself, and rode a long distance. From

that time our relations were those of constrained formality, which on the whole I much preferred. My tutor assumed an air of injured innocence, and treated me with a clumsy imitation of politeness which was intended to wound me, but which I found extremely convenient, as the greater the distance between us the less intercourse there would be. However, after that demonstration of my rights, I kept a horse of my own—a much finer animal—at a farmer's.

The intellectual influence of my present tutor was disastrous, by the reaction it produced. He was a fanatical admirer of the ancient authors who wrote in Latin and Greek, and was constantly expressing his contempt for modern literature, of which he was extremely ignorant. I was fond of reading, and had English books in my lodgings which were my refuge and solace after the pedantic lectures I had to undergo. My love for Scott was still very lively (as indeed it is to this day), but I had now extended my horizon and added Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and other modern authors to my list. My tutor had all the hatred for Byron which distinguished the clergy in the poet's life-time, and he was constantly saying the most unjust things against him; as, for example, that the *Bride of Abydos* was not original, but was copied from the Greek of Moschus. This clerical hatred for Byron quite prevented my tutor from acquiring any knowledge of the poet; but he had seen a copy of his works at my lodgings, and this served as a text for the most violent diatribes. As for Shelley, he knew no more about him than that he had been accused of atheism. He had heard of Moore, whom he called "Tommy." I believe he had never heard of Keats or Tennyson; certainly he was quite unacquainted with their poems. He had a feeble, incipient knowledge of French, and occasionally read a page of Molière, with an unimaginable pronunciation, but he knew nothing really of any modern literature. On the other hand, his knowledge of

the Greek and Latin classics was more intimate than that possessed by any other teacher I had ever known. He was a thorough, old-fashioned scholar, with all the pride of exact erudition, and a corresponding contempt for everybody who did not possess it. I do not at this moment remember that he ever referred to a dictionary. I only remember that he examined my Liddell and Scott to see whether those modern lexicographers had done their work in a way to merit his approval, and that he thought their book might be useful to me. He had some knowledge of astronomy, and was building a reflecting telescope which he never completed; but I remember that he was often occupied in polishing the reflectors whilst I was reading, and that his hand went on rubbing with a bit of soft leather, and a red powder, when he would deliver the clearest disquisitions on the employment of words by Greek authors, most of which I was not sufficiently advanced to profit by. His manner with me was impatient, and often rude and contemptuous. What irritated him especially in me was the strange inequality of my learning, for I was rather strong on some points, and equally weak on others; whilst he himself had an irresistible regularity of knowledge, at least in Latin and Greek.

We did absolutely nothing else but Latin and Greek during my stay with this tutor, and I suppose I must have made some progress, but there was no *feeling* of progress. In comparison with the completeness of my master's terrible erudition it seemed that my small acquirements were nothing, and never could be more than nothing. On the other hand, the extreme narrowness of his literary tastes led me to place a higher value on my own increasing knowledge of modern literature, and conclusively proved to me, once for all, that a classical education does not necessarily give a just or accurate judgment. "If a man," I said to myself, "can be a thorough classical scholar as my tutor is, and at the same time so narrow and ignorant, it is clear that a classical

training does not possess the virtue of opening the mind which is ascribed to it."

Besides his narrowness with regard to modern literature of all kinds, my tutor had the usual characteristic of the classical scholars of his generation, a complete ignorance and misunderstanding of the fine arts. All that he knew on that subject was that a certain picture by Titian was shameful because there was a naked woman in it; and I believe he had heard that Claude was a famous landscape painter, but he had no conception whatever of the aims and purposes of art. One of his accusations against me was that, from vanity, I had painted a portrait of myself. As a matter of fact, the little picture was a portrait of Lord Byron, done from an engraving; but any artist may, without vanity, make use of his own face as a model.

In religion my tutor was most intolerant. He could not endure either Roman Catholics or Dissenters of any kind, and considered no terms harsh enough for infidels. He told, with approbation, the story of some bigot like himself, who, when an unbeliever came into his house, had loudly ordered the servant to lock up the silver spoons. He possessed and read with approbation one of those intolerant books of the eighteenth century entitled, *A Short Method with Deists*, in which the poor Deists were crushed beneath the pitiless heel of the dominant State Church. It happened one day, by a strange chance, that an antiquary brought a Unitarian minister, who also took an interest in archæology, to visit the church where my tutor officiated, in which there were some old things, and as they stayed in the church till our early dinner-time, my tutor could hardly do otherwise than offer them a little hospitality. When the guests had gone (I hope they enjoyed the conversation, which seemed to me artificial and constrained) my tutor said to me—"That man, that Unitarian, will go to hell! All who do not believe in the Atonement will go to hell!"

I said nothing, but thought that the mild antiquary who sat with us at table might deserve a less terrible fate. My tutor troubled me less, perhaps, about theology than might have been expected. He intended to inflict much more theology upon me than I really had to undergo, thanks to his indolence, and the craft and subtlety with which I managed to substitute other work for it. Still, it was a trial to me to have to look acquiescent, or at least submissive and respectful, whilst he said the most unjust and intolerant things about those who differed from him, and with whom I often secretly agreed. And of course I had to listen to his sermons every Sunday, and to go through the outward seemings of conformity that my master had power enough to exact from me. Beyond the weekly services in the church he fulfilled scarcely any of the duties of a parish clergyman. He rose about eleven in the morning, and spent his time either in mechanical pursuits or in desultory reading, often of the Greek and Latin classics. In fact, my tutor's mind was so imbued with the dead languages that he was unable to write his own, but had constant recourse to Greek and Latin to make his meaning clear.

A year spent with this clergyman, with whom I had not two ideas in common, produced an effect upon me exactly opposite to that which had been intended. My feelings towards the ancient classics had grown into positive repugnance, when I saw the moderns so unjustly sacrificed to them, and my love for the moderns had increased to the point of partisanship. My tutor's injustice towards Dissenters and unbelievers had also, by a natural reaction, aroused in me a profound sympathy for these maligned and despised people, and I would willingly have joined some dissenting body myself if I could have found one that had exactly my own opinions, but it seemed useless to leave the Church of England for another community if I were no more in accordance with the new than with the old. The fact

that my master had been a tutor at Oxford and was always boasting about his university career—he openly expressed his contempt for men who "had never seen the smoke of a university"—made me sick of the very name of the place, and to this day I have never visited it. In a word, my tutor made me dislike the very things that it was his business to make me like, and if I had ever felt the least desire for a degree he would have cured me of it, as it was impossible to desire honours that were accessible to so narrow a mind as his, a mind fit for nothing but pedagogy, and really unable to appreciate either literature or art.

At the end of a year, therefore, I said plainly to my guardian that I was doing no good, and that it was useless to prepare me any further for Oxford, as I could not conscientiously put my name to the Thirty-nine Articles.

If, in those days, any human being in our class of society in England had been able to conceive of such a thing as education not in clerical hands, I might have gone on with my classical studies under the direction of a layman, but education and the clergy were looked upon as inseparable, even by myself. My education, therefore, came momentarily to a stand-still, though it happened a little later that a sense of its imperfection made me take it up again with fresh energy on my own account, and I am still working at it, in various directions, at the mature age of fifty-two.

CHAPTER XVI

1852

Choice of a profession—Love of literature and art—Decision to make trial of both—An equestrian tour—Windermere—Derwentwater—I take lessons from Mr. J. P. Pettitt—Ulleswater—My horse Turf—Greenock, a discovery—My unsettled cousin—Glasgow—Loch Lomond—Inverary—Loch Awe—Inishail—Innistrynich—Oban—A sailing excursion—Mull and Ulva—Solitary reading.

THE question of a profession now required an immediate decision. My guardian's choice for me had formerly been the Church, but that was not exactly suited to my ways of thinking. The most natural profession for a young man in my position would have been the law, but my father had expressly desired that I should not adopt it, as he was sick of it for himself, and wished to spare me its anxieties. The cotton trade required a larger disposable capital than I possessed, to start with any chance of success.

My own desires were equally balanced between two pursuits for which I had a great liking, and hoped that there might be some natural aptitude. One of these was literature, and the other painting. A very moderate success in either of these pursuits would, it seemed to me, be more conducive to happiness than a greater success in some less congenial occupation. My fortune was enough for a bachelor, and I did not intend to marry, at least for a long time.

There was no thought of ambition in connection with the desire to follow one of these two pursuits, beyond that of the

workman who desires to do well. I mean I had no social ambition in connection with them. It seemed to me that the liberty of thought which I valued above everything was incompatible, in England, with any desire to rise in the world, as unbelievers lay under a ban, and had no chance of social advancement without renouncing their opinions. This was an additional reason why I should seek happiness in my studies, as a worldly success was denied to me.

The reader may perhaps think that I had not much, in the way of social advancement, to renounce, but in fact I had a position remarkably full of possibilities that a man of the world could have used to great advantage. I had independent means, enough to enable me, as a bachelor, to live like a gentleman ; I belonged to one of the oldest and best-descended families in the English untitled aristocracy, had a retentive memory, a strong voice, and could speak in public without embarrassment. A man of the world, in my position, would have found his upward course straight before him. He would simply have made use of the Church as an instrument (it is one of the most valuable instruments for the worldly), have given himself the advantages of Oxford, married for money, offered his services to the Conservative party, and gone into Parliament.[1]

It would have been much easier to do all that than to make a reputation either in literature or painting—easier, I mean, for a man starting in life with so many good cards in his hand as I had.

I have been sometimes represented as an unsuccessful painter who took to writing because he had failed as an artist. It is, of course, easy to state the matter so, but the exact truth is that a very moderate success in either literature

[1] The reader may wonder why the *Conservative* party is specially mentioned. It is mentioned simply because all my relations and nearly all my influential friends (who could have pushed me) belonged to it. The Conservative party is also the one that gives the best social promotion to those who serve it. There have been many little Beaconsfields.

or art would have been equally acceptable to me, so that there has been no other failure in my life than the usual one of not being able to catch two hares at the same time. Very few dogs have ever been able to do that.

I decided to try to be a painter and to try to be an author, and see what came of both attempts. My guardian always thought I should end by being an author, and though she had no prejudice against painting, she looked upon it as a pursuit likely to be very tedious, at times, to those who practise it, in which she was quite right. It is generally a hard struggle, requiring infinite patience, even in the clever and successful.

One of the first things I did was to go on horseback to the English Lake district in the summer of 1852, with the intention of continuing the journey, still on horseback, into the mountainous regions of Scotland. Unfortunately this project could not be executed with the horse I then possessed, the most dangerous, sulky, resolute, and cunning brute I ever mounted. I rode him as far as Keswick, where a horse-breaker tried him and said his temper was incurable, recommending me to have him shot. The advice was excellent, but I could not find it in my heart to destroy such a fine-looking animal, so I left him in grass at Penrith, and went on to Scotland by the usual means of travelling, a change that I regret to this day.

I had materials with me for painting studies in oil, and painted at Windermere and Derwentwater. It was an inexpressible pleasure to see these lakes, and a mental torment not to be able to paint them better.

My first sight of Windermere (or of any natural lake, for I had hitherto seen nothing but fish-ponds and reservoirs) was enjoyed under peculiarly impressive circumstances. I had been riding alone or walking by the side of my horse during the night, and arrived at the lake shore by the guidance of a star. I wrote down my first impression next day, and have kept the words.

"I could not find the way to the little harbour of Bowness, and so went on for a considerable distance till I came to a gate which, as I knew, from the position of the north star, would lead directly to the lake across the fields. There was a small and scarcely traceable footpath, and a board to warn trespassers. However, I fastened the horse to the gate and proceeded. I soon arrived at the shore, and was overawed by a scene of overpowering magnificence. The day was just dawning. The water mirrored the isles, except where the mist floated on its surface and wreathed round their bases. The trees were massed by it into domes and towers that seemed to float on the cloudy lake as if by enchantment. The stars were growing pale in the yellowing east; the distant hills were coldly blue, till far away lake and hill and sky melted into cloud.

"Opposite, I saw the dark form of an island rising between me and the other shores, strongly relieved against the mist which crept along the base of the opposite mountain and almost clambered to its dark summit. The reflection of the dark upper part of the mountain (which rose clear of the mist) fell on the lake in such a manner as to enclose that of the island. In another direction an island was gradually throwing off its white robe of mist, and the light showed through the interstices of the foliage that I had taken for a crag.

"I had a pistol with me, and tried the echo, though it seemed wrong to disturb a silence so sublime. I fired, and had time to regret that there was no echo before a peal of musketry came from the nearer hills and then a fainter peal from the distance, followed by an audible rejoinder."

This is the kind of travel for the enjoyment of natural beauty. One should be either quite alone, or have a single companion of the same tastes, and one should be above all commonplace considerations about hours. Samuel Palmer often walked the whole night alone, for the pleasure of observing the beautiful changes between sunset and sunrise.

In the evening there was a fine red sunset followed by moonlight, so I took a boat and rowed out in the moonlight

alone. This first experience of lake scenery was an enchantment, and it had a great influence on my future life by giving me a passion for lakes, or by increasing the passion that (in some inexplicable way) I had felt for them from childhood. One of the earliest poems I had attempted to compose began with the stanza—

> "A cold and chilly mist
> Broodeth o'er Winandermere,
> And the heaven-descended cloud hath kissed
> The still lake drear."

I had already tried to paint lake scenery, in copying a picture, and my favourite illustrations in the Abbotsford edition of Scott's works were the lochs that I was now to see for the first time.

After a night at Ambleside I saw Rydal Water in sunshine and calm, with faint breezes playing on its surface, and rode on to Keswick through the Vale of St. John. The only way in which it was possible to ride the brute I possessed was in putting him behind a carriage, which he followed as if he had been tied to it. In this manner I reached Keswick, after apologizing to a family party for dogging their carriage so closely. As soon as the vehicle came to a stop opposite the hotel, my horse, Turf, threw out his heels vigorously in the crowd. Luckily he hurt nobody, but the bystanders told me that one of his shoes had been within six inches of a young lady's face. A vicious horse is a perpetual anxiety. Turf kicked in the stable as well as out of it, and hit a groom on the forehead a few days later. The man would probably have been killed without the leather of his cap.

Finding an artist at Keswick, Mr. J. P. Pettitt, I asked his advice and became his pupil for a few days. I climbed Skiddaw during the night with one of Mr. Pettitt's sons, who was a geologist and a landscape-painter also. When we got to the top of the mountain we were enveloped in a

thick mist which remained till we descended, but I lay down in my waterproof on the lee side of the cairn, and slept in happy oblivion of discomfort.

Mr. Pettitt's lessons were of some use to me, but as all my serious education hitherto had been classical, I was not sufficiently advanced in practical art to prepare me for colour, and I ought to have been making studies of light and shade in sepia.

There was nothing more difficult in those days than for a young gentleman to become an artist, because no human being would believe that he could be serious in such an intention. As I had a fine-looking horse in the stable at the hotel, Pettitt of course took me for an amateur, and only attempted to communicate the superficial dexterity that amateurs usually desire. It was my misfortune to be constantly attempting what was far too difficult for me in art, and not to find any one ready and willing to put me on the right path. I was very well able, already, to make studies in sepia that would have been valuable material for future reference, whereas my oil studies were perfectly worthless, and much more inconvenient and embarrassing.

I was enchanted with the Lake district, seeing Windermere, Derwentwater, and Ulleswater, besides several minor lakes, but although I delighted in all inland waters and the Lake district was so near to my own home, I never revisited it. The reason was that, after seeing the grander Highlands of Scotland, I became spoiled for the English lakes. There was another reason, the absence of human interest on the English lakes except of a quite modern kind, there being no old castles on shore or island. Lyulph's Tower, on Ulleswater, though immortalized by Wordsworth, is nothing but a modern hunting-box. Nevertheless, I have often regretted that I did not become more familiar with Wordsworth's country in my youth.

The mention of Lyulph's Tower reminds me that when

I landed there after a hard pull of seven miles against a strong wind, I was kindly invited to take part in a merry picnic that was just being held there by some farmers of the neighbourhood. A very pretty girl asked me to dance, and I afterwards played the fiddle. The scene with the dancers in the foreground on the greensward, and the lake and mountains in the distance, was one of the most poetical I ever beheld.

Turf had been ridden from Keswick to Penrith by the horse-breaker already mentioned, and with infinite difficulty. I would have left him in the breaker's hands, but he refused to mount him again, saying that he had done enough for his credit, and so had I for mine. By his advice I took the same resolution, and as nobody in Penrith would ride the brute, he was left to grow still wilder in a green field whilst I went on to Scotland by the train.

I had a cousin at Greenock who was learning to be a marine constructing engineer. He was a young man of remarkable ability, who afterwards distinguished himself in his profession, and might no doubt have made a large fortune if his habits had not been imprudent and unsettled. At that time he was tied to Greenock by an engagement with one of the great firms where he was articled. He had rooms in a quiet street, and offered me hospitality. One day I came in unexpectedly and found a baby in my bed, when the door opened suddenly, and a very pretty girl with dark eyes came and took the baby away with an apology. I immediately said to myself—"My cousin has been privately married, that pair of dark eyes has cost him his liberty, and that child is an infantine relation of mine!" This discovery remained a long time a secret in my own breast, and I affected a complete absence of suspicion during the rest of my stay at Greenock, but it was afterwards fully confirmed. My cousin had, in fact, married at the early age of nineteen, when he was still an articled pupil with Messrs. Caird, and living on

an allowance from his father, whom he dared not ask for an increase. He was therefore obliged to eke out his means by teaching mechanical drawing in the evenings, but though his marriage had been an imprudence it was not a folly. He had, in fact, shown excellent judgment in the choice of a wife. The dark eyes were not all. Behind them there was a soul full of the most cheerful courage, the sweetest affection, the most faithful devotion. For thirty-seven years my cousin's wife followed him everywhere, and bore his roving propensity with wonderful good humour. What that propensity was, the reader may partly realize when I tell him that in those *thirty*-seven years my cousin went through *eighty*-seven removals, some of them across the greatest distances that are to be found upon the planet. The only reason why he did not remove to all the different planets one after another was the absence of a road to them. This tendency of my cousin Orme had been predicted by a French phrenologist at Manchester when he was a boy. The phrenologist had said, after examining his "bumps," that Orme would settle in a place for a short time and appear satisfied at first, as if it were for good, but that very soon afterwards he would go elsewhere and repeat the process. I never met with any other human being who had such an unsettled disposition. The consequence was that he often quitted places where he was extremely prosperous, and people who not only appreciated his extraordinary talents, but were ready to reward them handsomely, in order to go he knew not whither, and undertake he knew not what.

I left Greenock by an early steamer for Glasgow, and remember this one detail of the voyage. The morning air was brisk and keen, so I was not sorry to breakfast when the meal was announced, and did ample justice to it with a young and vigorous appetite. Having eaten my third poached egg, and feeling still ready for the more substantial dishes that awaited me, I suddenly recollected that I had

already disposed of an ample Scotch breakfast at my cousin's. Can anything more conclusively prove the wonderful virtue of early hours and the healthy northern air?

After visiting Glasgow and the Falls of Clyde in drenching rain, I saw Loch Lomond, which was my first experience of a Highland lake, and therefore memorable for me. The gradual approach, on the steamer, towards the mountains at the upper end of the lake was a revelation of Highland scenery. The day happened to be one of rapidly changing effects. A rugged hill with its bosses and crags was one minute in brilliant light, to be in shade the next, as the massive clouds flew over it, and the colours varied from pale blue to dark purple and brown and green, with that wonderful freshness of tint and vigour of opposition that belong to the wilder landscapes of the north. From that day my affections were conquered; as the steamer approached nearer and nearer to the colossal gates of the mountains, and the deep waters of the lake narrowed in the contracting glen, I felt in my heart a sort of exultation like the delight of a young horse in the first sense of freedom in the boundless pasture.

The next sunrise I saw from the top of Ben Lomond, but will spare the reader the description. It was a delight beyond words for an enthusiastic young reader of Scott to look upon Loch Katrine at last. Thousands of tourists have been drawn to the same scenes by their interest in the same poet, yet few of them, I fancy, had in the same degree with myself the three passions for literature, for nature, and for art. If little has come of these passions, it was certainly not from any want of intensity in *them*, but in consequence of certain critical influences that will be explained later. I will only say in this place, that if the passion for art had been strongest of the three the productive result would have been greater.

From Tarbet on Loch Lomond I went to Inverary, and

the first thing I did there was to hire a sailing-boat and go beating to windward on Loch Fyne. I made a sketch of the ruined castle of Dundera, which stands between the road and the loch on a pretty rocky promontory. For some time I had a strong fancy for this castle, and wanted to rent it on lease and restore three or four rooms in it for my own use. The choice would have been in some respects wiser than that I afterwards made, as Dundera has such easy access to Inverary by a perfectly level and good road on the water's edge, and by the water itself; but the scenery of Loch Fyne is not as attractive as that of Loch Awe, and there is always a certain inevitable dreariness about a salt-water loch which, to my feeling, would make it depressing for long residence.

I had travelled from Tarbet with a rather elderly couple who were very kind to me, and afterwards invited me to their house in Yorkshire. The lady was connected with Sir James Ross, the Arctic discoverer, and her husband had been a friend of Theodore Hook, of whom he told me many amusing anecdotes. They were both most amiable, cheerful people, and we formed a merry party of three when first I saw Loch Awe, as the carriage descended the road from Inverary to Cladich on the way to Dalmally. As I kept a journal of this tour, I find easily the account of my first boating on Loch Awe. It was in the month of August when we had come to a halt at Cladich—

"In the afternoon I made a sketch of the bridge taken from the ravine. It occupied me four hours, as the scene was of the most elaborate character. We dined at four o'clock, and then strolled to the lake, which was at some distance. Two boats were lying in a small stream which emptied itself into the lake, so I pressed one of them into my service, and was soon out upon the water. The boat was old, badly built, and rickety. The starboard oar was cracked, and the port oar had been broken in two and mended with bands of iron.

The bottom was several inches deep in water, the thwarts were not securely fastened, nor were they at right angles to the keel. Out in the loch the waves were high, and the crazy craft rolled and pitched like a beer-barrel, the water in her washing from side to side. However, I reached the island called "Inishail." It was a striking scene. Around me were the tombs of many generations. In the far distance the dark ruin of Kilchurn was reduced almost to insignificance by its background of rugged hills towering into the clouds.

"Night was coming on quickly as I rowed back to the mouth of the little river. On reaching the inn I found that the people were getting anxious about me."

This first row on Loch Awe has a pathetic interest for me to this day. It was like one's first meeting with a friend who was destined to become very dear and to exercise a powerful influence on the whole current of one's life.

As my first impression of London had been, "This is a place an Englishman ought to see once, but I will never come to it again," so my first impression about Loch Awe was a profound sort of melancholy happiness in the place and a longing to revisit it. I never afterwards quitted Loch Awe without the same longing to return, and I have never seen any place in the world that inspired in me that nostalgia in anything like an equal degree.

There is an affinity between persons and places, but the Loch Awe that won my affection exists no longer. What delighted me was the complete unity of character that prevailed there, the lonely magnificent mountains, the vast expanse of water only crossed occasionally by some poor open boat, the melancholy ruins on island or peninsula, the wilderness, the sadness, the pervading sense of solitude, a solitude peopled only with traditions of a romantic past. It was almost as lonely as some distant lake in the wilds of Canada that the Indian crosses in his canoe, yet its ruined

castles gave a poetry that no American waters can ever possess. Such was Loch Awe that I loved with the melancholy affection of youth before the experience of life had taught me a more active and practical philosophy than the indulgence in the sweet sadness of these reveries. But Loch Awe of to-day and of the future is as modern and practical as the sea-lochs that open upon the Clyde. On my first visit in 1852 there was neither steamer nor sailing-boat, now there are fourteen steamers on the lake, four of them public, and the railway trains pass round the skirts of Cruachan and rush through the Brandir Pass. There is a big hotel, they tell me, just opposite Kilchurn, from which place, by express train, you can get to Edinburgh in four hours.

The day after our arrival at Loch Awe turned out to be most beautiful (a fine day in the Highlands seems, by contrast, far more beautiful than elsewhere), and I shall never forget the enchantment of the head of Loch Awe as our carriage slowly descended the hilly road from Cladich towards Dalmally, stopping frequently for me to look and sketch. When we got near the island, or peninsula, of Innistrynich, with its dark green oaks and pasture-land of a brighter green in the sunshine, and grey rocks coming down into the calm, dark water, it seemed to my northern taste the realization of an earthly paradise. I have lived upon it since, and unwillingly left it, and to this day I have the most passionate affection for it, and often dream about it painfully or pleasurably, the most painful dream of all being that it has been spoiled by the present owner, which happily is quite the contrary of the truth.

I went to Oban on the top of the coach in the most brilliant weather that ever is or can be, alternate sunshine and rain, with white clouds of a dazzling brightness. Under this enchantment, the barren land of Lorne seemed beautiful, and one forgot its poverty. For the first time, I saw the waters of Loch Etive, then a pale blue, stretching far inland,

and the distant hills of Morven were, or seemed to be, of the purest azure.

When my new friends had left me at Oban, I hired a sailing-boat and two men for a voyage amongst the Western Isles, but as she was an open boat, the men did not like the idea of risking our lives in her on the exposed waters of the Atlantic, so the voyage was confined to the Sound of Mull, and I crossed the island to its western shore on foot. That voyage left permanent recollections of grand effects and wild scenery of the kind afterwards described by William Black in his *Macleod of Dare*. As we sailed across the Sound in the evening from Oban to Auchincraig, the sky was full of torn rain-clouds flying swiftly and catching the lurid hues from the sunset, whilst the distant mountains and cliffs of Mull were of that dark purple which seems melancholy and funereal in landscape, though it is one of the richest colours in the world. It was dangerous weather for sailing, being very squally, and in the year 1852 I knew nothing about the management of sailing-boats, but the men were not imprudent, and after coasting under the cliffs of Mull we landed at Auchincraig, where at that time there was a miserable inn. The next day we had a glorious sail up the Sound to the Bay of Aros, stopping only to see Duart Castle. In walking across the island to Loch na Keal, we passed through a most picturesque camp, that would have delighted Landseer. There were hundreds of horses and innumerable dogs of the picturesque northern breeds. It was the half-yearly market of Mull.

I shall never forget my first sight of Ulva, as we sat on the shore of Mull waiting for the ferry-boat. Ulva lay, a great dark mass, under the crimson west, reflected in a glassy sea. We had already seen Staffa and Iona, pale in the distant Atlantic. Then the boat fetched us, and we floated as in a poet's dream, till the worst of inns brought one back to a sense of reality.

The boatman who accompanied me, whose name was Andrew, amused himself by telling lies to the credulous inhabitants of Ulva, and one of his inventions was that I was going to purchase the island. The other boatman, Donald, slept in the boat at Salan, wrapped up in a sail. The return voyage to Oban is thus described in my journal—

"A fine young man asked me for a seat in the boat, which I granted on condition that he would perform his share of the work. A favourable wind carried us well over fifteen miles, half our distance, and the rest had to be rowed. The sun set in crimson, and the crescent moon arose behind the blue hills of Mull, over the dark tower of Duart. The scene was shortly a festival of lights with stars in the sky and the water brilliantly phosphorescent, so that the oar seemed to drip with fire. Lastly, when we entered the smooth bright bay of Oban, a crescent of lights shone around it, reflected in columns of flame upon the surface."

These were my chief experiences of the West Highlands during that first tour, and they left what I believe to be an indelible impression, for to this day I remember quite distinctly under what kind of effect each of these scenes presented itself. The artistic results of the tour consisted of sketches in oil and pencil, quite without value except to remind me of the scenes passed through, and of the most decidedly amateur character. I also wrote a journal, interesting to me now for the minute details it contains, which bring the past back to me very vividly, but utterly without literary merit. The wonder is how a youth with so little manifest talent as may be found in these sketches and journal could indulge in any artistic or literary ambition. My impression is that the dull year of heavy work that I had gone through with the Yorkshire tutor had done positive harm to me. Besides this, I was living, intellectually, in great solitude. My guardian was very kind, and she was

a woman of sterling good sense, but she knew nothing about the fine arts, nor could she afford me much guidance in my reading, her own reading being limited to the Bible, and to some English and French classics. My uncles were both extremely reserved men who did not encourage my questions, so I was left for a while to get on without other intellectual assistance than that afforded by books. My eldest uncle, the owner of Hollins, said one day to my guardian, "Buy him the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it will prevent him from asking so many questions;" so she made the purchase, which gave me a large pasture, at least for facts, and as for good literature, my little library was beginning to be well stocked. I made no attempt at that time to keep up my Latin and Greek, nor did I work seriously at painting, but read, drew, and wrote very much as it happened, not subjecting myself to any rigorous discipline, yet never remaining unoccupied.

CHAPTER XVII

1853

A journal—Self-training—Attempts in periodical literature—The time given to versification well spent—Practical studies in art—Beginning of Mr. Ruskin's influence—Difficulty in finding a master in landscape-painting—Establishment of the militia—I accept a commission—Our first training—Our colonel and our adjutant—The Grand Llama—Paying off the men.

On January 1, 1853, I began to keep a journal, and continued it, with some intermissions, till June 1855. The journal is long and minute in detail, and affords me a very clear retrospect of my life in those years; but it will be needless to trouble the reader with quotations from it.

The title-page of the diary is a clear indication of my pursuits. It is called an "Account of time spent in Literature, Art, Music, and Gymnastics." The reader may observe that Literature comes before Art, so that if I am now an author rather than an artist, the reason may be found in early studies and inclination. Music and gymnastics were, in my view, only a part of general culture, yet of considerable importance in their way.

As a scheme of self-training, this seems sufficiently comprehensive, and to this day I feel the good effects of it. My reading was not badly chosen, the drawing gave some initiation into art, and exercise developed physical activity, not yet altogether lost in mature age.

Still, the experienced reader will see at a glance that this

was not the training of a young painter who, in a craft of such great technical difficulty and in an age of such intense competition, must give himself up more completely to his own special pursuit.

On the first page of this diary I find an entry about an article for the *Westminster Review*. I offered two or three papers to the *Westminster*, which were declined, and then I wrote to the editor asking if he would be so good as to explain, for my own benefit and guidance, what were the reasons for their rejection. His answer came, and was both kind and judicious. "An article," he told me, "ought to be an organic whole, with a pre-arranged order and proportion amongst its parts. There ought to be a beginning, a middle, and an end." This was a very good and much-needed lesson, for at that time I had no notion of a synthetic *ordonnance* of parts. There was, no doubt, another reason, which the editor omitted out of consideration for the feelings of a literary aspirant, who was too young and too insufficiently informed to write anything that could interest readers of the *Westminster*.

I worked rather hard at writing English verse, and do not at the present time regret a single hour of that labour. My general habit was to write a poem, sometimes of considerable length, and then destroy it; but I kept some of these compositions, which were afterwards published in a volume. Verse-writing was good for me at that time for a particular reason. I did not understand the art of prose composition, which is much less obvious than that of poetry; but being already aware that verse-writing was an art, approached it in the right spirit, which is that of ungrudging labour and incessant care. The value or non-value of the result has nothing to do with the matter; the essential point is that verse was to me a discipline coming just at a time of life when I had much need of a discipline. Besides, the mind of a young man is not ripe enough in reflection or rich enough in knowledge to

supply substantial and well-nourished prose; but the freshness and keenness of his feelings may often give life enough to a few stanzas, if not to a longer poem.

It may be objected to this advocacy of verse, that as the poet's gift is excessively rare, the probability is that a youth who writes verse attacks an art that he can never master. No doubt the highest degree of the poetic gift is most rare, and so, according to Christine Nillson, are the gifts needed to make a *prima donna*, yet many a girl practises singing without hoping to be a Nillson; and there are many poets in the world whose verses have melody and charm though their brows may never be "cooled with laurel." The objection to verse as a trifling occupation comes really from that general disinclination to read verse which excuses itself by the rarity of genius. Rossetti, who had genius in his own person, was always ready to appreciate good poetical work that had no fame to recommend it.[1]

In the way of art at this time I painted three portraits and some landscapes that were merely studies. It is needless to enumerate these attempts, all of no value, and generally destroyed afterwards.

An important event occurred on March 22, 1853. Being in Manchester, I bought the first volume of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. In this way I came under the influence of Mr. Ruskin, and remained under it, more or less, for several years. It was a good influence in two ways, first in literature, as anything that Mr. Ruskin has to say is sure to be well expressed, and after that it was a good influence in directing my attention to certain qualities and beauties in nature; but in art this influence was not merely evil, it was disastrous. I was, however, at that time just the young man predestined to

[1] Since the above was written I have met with an address delivered by Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist, in which he recommends the continuous practice of versification as a discipline in the use of language most valuable to writers of prose.

fall under it, being very fond of reading, and having a strong passion for natural beauty. In the course of the year 1853 I corresponded with Mr. Ruskin about my studies, and I have no doubt of the perfect sincerity of his advice and the kindness of intention with which it was given; but it tended directly to encourage the idea that art could be learned from nature, and that is an immense mistake. Nature does not teach art, or anything resembling it; she only provides materials. Art is a product of the human mind, the slow growth of centuries. If you reject this and go to nature, you have to begin all over again, the objection being that one human life is not long enough for that.

As it is possible that some critic may say that Mr. Ruskin's influence was not so much opposed to the tradition of art as I am representing it to be, and considering that I shall be dead when this is published, I quote the following passage from a memorandum found amongst the papers of Mr. Leitch, the water-colour painter, and printed in his biography—

"I knew a young man of talent, ardent and energetic, and anxious to be a landscape-painter, who went to Mr. Ruskin and asked his advice as to what he should do, what school he should follow, how he should practise, and what master he should put himself under. I was told that the answer he got was to this effect: 'Have nothing to do with schools: put yourself under no master. Both the one and the other are useless. As soon as you can draw a tree, or a tower, or a rock, in an ordinary drawing-master way, that is sufficient. Take your materials then out to nature, and paint in *her* school. It is the only school I know of where you can't go wrong.'"

I had asked Mr. Ruskin to recommend me some landscape-painter in London with whom I could study for six months. His answer was: "There is no artist in London capable of teaching you and at the same time willing to give lessons. All those who teach, teach mere tricks with the brush, not

true art, far less true nature." He then recommended me to "go to William Turner, of Oxford, not for six months, but for six weeks." I was prevented from following this advice by a technical difficulty. Turner of Oxford was a water-colour painter. I had learned water-colour with two masters, but had never liked it or felt the slightest impulse to continue it. One man is naturally constituted for one process, another for another. There is something in my idiosyncrasy repugnant to the practice of water-colour and favourable to oil, and this in spite of the greater convenience of water-colour, and the facility with which it may be left off and instantaneously resumed. In after-life I learned water-colour a third time with a very able artist, and now I am able to paint studies in that medium from nature which are truthful enough, and people seem to like them; but hitherto I have had no enjoyment whatever in the work. The reader will please understand that this implies no want of appreciation of the art when it is skilfully practised by others. There are certain instruments of music that one may listen to with pleasure without having the slightest desire to perform upon them.[1]

This being so, the reader will understand how I felt about going to William Turner of Oxford. Hour for hour, I would as willingly have read Greek as practise water-colour washes. Not to trouble Mr. Ruskin, however, any further with my affairs, I tried to induce several well-known oil-painters to accept me as a pupil, but always met with the same answer, that they "did not teach." It was rather a matter of pride in those days for a successful painter to decline to give lessons; it proved him to be above the grade of a drawing-master.

On March 29, 1853, a little event occurred which was

[1] My estimate of the rank of water-colour amongst the fine arts has steadily risen as the true technical relations of the graphic arts have become clearer to me. Water-colour is quite as great an art as fresco, whilst it is incomparably more convenient.

one of the numerous causes that turned me aside from the steady practice of art. One of our friends called about the impending establishment of the militia, and offered to use his influence with Colonel Towneley to get a commission for me in the 5th Royal Lancashire, the regiment that was to have its head-quarters at Burnley. My guardian much wished me to accept, and I did so to please her, as I had not been able to please her by going to Oxford. There was nothing in a military life, even for a short time every year, that had the slightest attraction for me. The notion of rendering a patriotic service did not occur to me, for nobody in those days looked upon the militia seriously. We were only laughed at for our pains, and we had a great deal of trouble and hard work in getting the regiment, including ourselves, into something distantly resembling military order. Before we were called up for training I got some initiation with a line regiment.

Our colonel was the representative of a very old Catholic family, the Towneleys of Towneley. This family had been skilful enough to avoid shipwreck during the contests that attended the establishment of Protestantism in England. It had survived in increasing wealth and prosperity, and had now reached the calm haven of a civilized age, with tolerant and liberal institutions. Everything promised a long continuance. The head of the family had no male heir, but his brother John, who was a major in our regiment, had one son, a cousin of Roger Tichborne, and on this son the hopes of continuance rested. Those hopes have not been realized. The young man died in his youth; his father and his uncle also died; the property is divided amongst three heiresses, and now for the first time, since surnames were invented there is no longer a Towneley of Towneley.

The colonel was a man of the kindest disposition and the most gentle manners, without much confidence in himself. For all regimental matters he trusted the adjutant, Captain Fenton, an officer who had seen much active service in India.

Fenton had by nature the gifts of a ruler of men. When not on duty he was as gentle as a lady, a pleasant and amiable talker, but on the parade-ground he ruled us all like a Napoleon. He had lost one eye, people always believed in battle, but in fact the loss had occurred in a tennis-court since his return from India. The other eye seemed to have gained, in consequence, a supernatural degree of penetration. It looked you through! One day, on the parade-ground, that eye glared at me in such a manner that I was quite intimidated, and said what I had to say in rather a low tone of voice. "Speak up, sir! can't you?" thundered the adjutant. "Mister Hamerton, I tell you to speak up!"

Fenton had an extremely pretty little bay horse, that had been in a circus, so when he rode past the companies on parade, and the band struck up, the horse used to begin dancing, keeping time beautifully, and indeed danced all the way from company to company. This used to put Fenton out of temper, and as soon as ever military usages permitted it, he would stop the band with a gesture, even in the middle of a tune, in fact, no matter at what moment. To such of us as had a musical disposition, this was perhaps as difficult to bear as the dancing of Fenton's horse could be to him.[1]

During our first training there were not billets enough in Burnley to lodge all our men, so one company had to be sent to Padiham, and mine was selected. I was a lieutenant, and had neither captain nor ensign, being quite alone as a commissioned officer, but we possessed an excellent old sergeant, who had seen active service, and, of course, he taught me what to do. My "mess" consisted of a solitary dinner in the inn at Padiham, sufficient, but not luxurious. My guardian had wished me to go into the militia to live rather more with young gentlemen, and my only society was that of the old sergeant, who punctiliously observed the difference of rank.

[1] We had a major who did not much like the band, and, when he could stop it, he would say, "Tell that band to *hold its tongue*."

On account of the distance from Padiham to Burnley (rather more than three miles) we were excused the early parade but went through the two others. The consequence was, that at the end of the training, although we had marched more than the other companies, we had had only two-thirds of their drill, and when the grand inspection by a general took place, it was thought advisable to hide my company and another, that was also weak in drill, though for a different reason. Luckily, there was a sort of dell in the parade-ground, and we were ordered to march down into it. There we stood patiently in line during the whole time of the review, and the inspecting general never looked at us, which was what the colonel desired. Being destitute of military ambition, I was quite contented to remain down in the hollow. The most modest and obscure positions are sometimes the most agreeable.

We had a major who had been a colonel in the Guards. It was whispered that he did not know very much about drill, having probably forgotten his acquirements. One day, however, he commanded the regiment, and I ventured to ask him a question. He answered, with a good-humoured smile, that the commanding officer was like the Grand Llama of Thibet, he could not be approached directly, but only through the adjutant. My belief was, and is, that my question puzzled him, for he was far too good-natured not to have answered it at once if he had been able. I told the story to my brother officers, who were amused by the comparison with the Grand Llama, and we sometimes called the major by that high-sounding title afterwards.

As a perfectly inexperienced young officer, without anybody but an old, over-worked, and used-up sergeant to help him, and a number of drunken Irishmen in the company to vex and trouble him by day and by night, I had as much to do during the first training as could be expected of a youth in my situation. The last day of the training I committed the blunder of advancing small sums of money to a number of

men, who, of course, immediately got drunk. My ignorance of popular manners and customs had made me unable to realize the lamentable fact that if you pay five shillings to a man in the improvident class he will at once invest it in five shillings' worth of intoxication. I was still in Padiham at two in the afternoon, finishing accounts, and I had to be in Burnley with my men in time to get them off by the evening trains. When we started, many of them were so drunk that they could not walk, and I requisitioned a number of empty carts, and so got the drunken portion of the company to head-quarters. Then there came the final settlement of more than eighty separate accounts. Without the adjutant, Fenton, I should never have got through it. He was a methodical man, who understood the business. He got a quantity of small change, piled it in separate heaps upon a table, had each man brought up before him, and said authoritatively, "So much is owing to you—there it is!" In this way we got through the payments, and the drunken men were lodged in prison for the night.

I was glad to get back to my quiet literary and artistic occupations, and my country home. We had been so busy during our first training, and I had been so much separated from the other officers by my duty at Padiham, that so far as society was concerned, I might almost as well have been on the top of Pendle Hill. Besides that, Englishmen are slow to associate—they are shy, and they look at each other a long time before getting really acquainted.

CHAPTER XVIII

1853

A project for studying in Paris—Reading—A healthy life—Quinsy—My most intimate friend.

If there is any good in an autobiography it ought to be as an example or a warning to others, so at the risk of seeming to moralize, which, however, is far from my intention, I will say something in this place about my manner of life in those days.

First with regard to art, it was not my fault if all the painters I had applied to said that they did not take pupils. There was a young gentleman in our neighbourhood who, though a rich man's son, worked seriously at painting, and put himself every year under the direction of a French artist in Paris, where he studied in an atelier. I had an idea of joining him, but my guardian (who with all her sweetness of disposition could be authoritative when she liked) put a stop to the project by saying that she refused her consent to any plan involving absence from England before the expiration of my minority. She had the usual English idea that Paris is a more immoral place than London. Perhaps it may be, but great capitals such as Paris, London, and Vienna have this in common, that you may be moral in them, or immoral, as you like, and if we are to avoid a town because immorality is practised there, we must avoid all the great and most of the smaller centres of intelligence.

For the present I worked from nature, but not with sufficient energy or regularity. I had not found my path, and was always dissatisfied with my studies. In literature my reading was abundant, and included the best English poets and essayists. I had entirely given up reading Latin and Greek at that time, and was not just then studying any modern language in their place. Young men both over-estimate and under-estimate their own gifts—they do not know themselves, as indeed how should they? I had an impression that nature had not endowed me with a gift for languages. This impression was not only erroneous but the exact contrary of the truth, for I am a born linguist.

My life in general was healthy and active. It included a great deal of walking exercise, sometimes five hours in a day. This, with bathing, kept me in fair health, though I never had what is called robust health, that which allows its possessor to commit great imprudences with impunity. I was once near losing life altogether by an odd result from a small accident. My horse, which was a heavy and large animal, put his foot accidentally on mine. The accident did not prevent me from riding out on the moors, but when I got there the pain became so violent that I held my foot in a cold rivulet. During the night the pain returned, and then I foolishly plunged the foot into a cold bath. The result was that the inflammation flew to the throat, and I had a quinsy which nearly carried me off. I remember asking for everything by writing on a slate, and the intense longing I had for lemonade.

My most intimate friend in those days was a young solicitor in Burnley, a man of remarkable ability and naturally polished manners. His professional duties did not leave him very much time for reading, but he had a mind far above the common Philistinism that cannot appreciate literature. I must have wearied him sadly sometimes by reading my own verses, always a most foolish thing to do, and at this

day quite remote from my notions of an author's dignity. Handsley was wisely indifferent to literary fame, and never wrote anything himself except his letters, which were those of a clear-headed man of business. He took upon himself great labours and great responsibilities, which ripened his faculties at a very early age, and he bore them with uncommon firmness and prudence. I never met with his superior in the practical sense that seizes upon opportunities, and in the energy which arrives in time. "Opportunity is kind," said George Eliot, "but only to the industrious." Handsley was always one of those to whom Opportunity is kind. If his career had been in Parliament, I am convinced that he would have risen high. His merits were exactly those that are most valued in an English Cabinet Minister. At the present time he has under his management some of the largest collieries in Lancashire, and has been for many years one of the most influential men in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XIX

1853

London again—Accurate habits in employment of time—Studies with Mr. Pettitt—Some account of my new master—His method of technical teaching—Simplicity of his philosophy of art—Incidents of his life—Rapid progress under Pettitt's direction.

On August 8, 1853, the writer of this book, who had promised and vowed never to visit London again, went there to see the Royal Academy Exhibition, and of course found it closed. If any one could have seen me before the closed doors, knowing that I had come all the way from Lancashire in the expectation of finding them open, he might have derived some innocent mirth from my disappointment.

The Royal Academy being no longer accessible, I turned into the National Gallery, and at once began to take notes in a pocket-book. This seems to have been my habit at that time. I took notes about everything—about painting, architecture, and even the Royal Mews. The notes are copious and wordy. Though destitute of literary merit they certainly serve their purpose, for they recall things vividly enough, even in detail. Nothing of any importance is omitted.

Although notes of that kind are unreadable, they are very useful afterwards for reference, and my time could scarcely have been better spent. I find I gave five hundred words to the description of Turner's "Building of Carthage," and other pictures are treated with equal liberality. I carried the same laborious system of note-making even into exhibitions.

In later life one learns the art of doing such work more briefly.

Having purchased a few prints for study I returned to Lancashire and resumed my strict division of time. Four hours a day were given to practical drawing, but not invariably the entry is sometimes three or two only. When art lost an hour, literature gained it, either in study or practical writing. I was curiously accurate in my accounts of time, and knew to half-an-hour what was spent on this pursuit or that. Here is an extract in evidence of this tendency—

"Thursday, August 13, 1853. Determined to-day to study the copper Albert Dürer 80 hours, having given 83 to the wood-cuts. I have already given the copper 10½ hours, so that I have 69½ to devote to it yet. I shall also give 40 hours to Kreutzer's violin studies, and have already practised them 24, which leaves 16. I shall now commence a course of poetical reading, beginning with 50 hours of Chaucer, and as I gave him 1½ last night it leaves me exactly 48½."

This is carrying exactness to excess, and it is not given as an example to be followed, but it had the advantage of letting me know how my time expenditure was running. In this way it became clear that if I intended to be an artist the time given to practical work was insufficient. As no painter of eminence would take a pupil I bethought me of Mr. Pettitt, who had given me lessons at Keswick. He consented to take me, but said that he had left the north of England for London. In the Lake district he had been earning a small income; in London he earned twice as much, but his expenses increased in proportion. The change, however, was a disappointment to me, as it would have been more profitable to study from nature under my master's direction, than to copy pictures in a London studio.

My new London life began at the end of December

1853. It has always been, in my case, an effort little short of heroic to go and stay in a town at all. My dislike to towns increases in exact mathematical proportion to their size. The notion of going to London to study landscape-painting seemed against nature. The negotiations with Mr. Pettitt had been begun with the hope of a return to Derwentwater.

However, one dark and drizzly evening in December I found myself seeking the number my new master had given me, in Percy Street. He was not there, that was his studio only; the house was in the suburbs. We met on the following morning in the studio, where stood an enormous picture of Nebuchadnezzar and the Golden Image. This was conceived on the principles of John Martin, with prodigious perspectives of impossible architecture, and the price was a thousand pounds. The labour involved was endless, but the whole enterprise was vain and futile from beginning to end. Pettitt could work honestly and laboriously from nature, indeed he never stinted labour in anything, but such a large undertaking as this piece of mingled archæology and art was alike beyond his knowledge and outside the range of his imagination. He was not to blame, except for an error of judgment. The demand for his work was feeble and uncertain, so he thought it necessary to attract attention by a sensation picture. To finish the history of this work without recurring to it, I have only to add that it proved in all ways, financially and otherwise, a failure.

Mr. Pettitt was a most devoted student of nature, and his best pictures had the character of faithful studies. He would sit down in some rocky dell by the side of a stream in Wales, and paint rocks and trees month after month with indefatigable perseverance; but he had no education, either literary or artistic, and very little imaginative power. His only safety was in that work from nature, and he would have stuck to it most resolutely had there been any regularity in the encouragement he received, but his income, like that of

all painters who are not celebrated, was very uncertain, and he could not quietly settle down to the tranquil studies that he loved. Anxiety had made him imprudent, it had driven him to try for notoriety. The Nebuchadnezzar picture, and other mistakes of a like magnitude, were the struggles of a disquieted mind. Pettitt had a very large family to maintain, and did nothing but paint, paint from morning till night, except for half-an-hour after his light lunch, when he read the *Times*. As the great picture did not advance very rapidly, he worked by gaslight after the short London winter day, and often pursued his terrible task till the early hours of the morning, when exhausted nature could resist no longer, and he fell asleep on a little iron bed in the studio. There were days when he told me he had worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four. All this was a perfectly gratuitous expenditure of time and health that could not possibly lead to any advantage whatever.

Pettitt was a very kind and attentive teacher, and his method was this. He would begin a picture in my presence, give me two white canvases exactly the same size, and then tell me to copy his hour's work twice over. Whilst he painted I watched; whilst I painted he did not look over me but went on with his own work. He was always ready to answer any question and to help me over any difficulty. In this way he soon initiated me into the processes of oil-painting so far as I required any initiation, for most of them were familiar to me already. Unfortunately, Pettitt had no conception of art. This needs a short explanation, as the reader may allowably ask how a man without any conception of art could be even a moderately successful artist?

The answer is that men like Mr. Pettitt regard painting simply as a representation of nature, and their pictures are really nothing but large and laborious studies. Pettitt was a most sincere lover of nature, but that was all; he knew little or nothing of those necessities and conditions that make art

a different thing from nature. The tendency of his teaching was, therefore, to lead me to nature instead of leading me to art, and this was a great misfortune for me, as my instincts were only too much in the same direction already. I could get nature in the country, and that in endless abundance; what I needed at that time was some guidance into the realm of art.

Pettitt taught me to draw in a hard, clear, scientific manner. He himself knew a little geology, and one of his sons was a well-informed geologist. I copied studies of cliffs that were entirely conceived and executed in the scientific spirit.

The ideas of artistic synthesis, of seeing a subject as a whole, of subordination of parts, of concentration of vision, of obtaining results by opposition in form, light and shade, and colour, all those ideas were foreign to my master's simple philosophy of art. In his view the artist had nothing to do but sit down to a natural subject and copy with the utmost diligence what was before him, first one part and then another till the whole was done. My master, therefore, only confirmed me in my own tendencies, which were to turn my back on art and go to nature as the sole authority. Mr. Ruskin's influence had impelled me in the same direction. Every one is the product of his time and of his teachers. It is not my fault if the essentially artistic elements in art were hidden from me in my youth. Had I perceived them at that time they would only have seemed a kind of dishonesty.

If Mr. Pettitt had written an autobiography it would have been extremely interesting. He was the twenty-fifth child of his father, and five were born after him. He began by being apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, but did not take to the work, and was put into a printing-office. Then he served an apprenticeship to a japanner, and married very early on incredibly small earnings, which, however, he increased by his rapidity in work and his incessant industry. Before the expiration of his apprenticeship he had a shop of his own,

and sold japanned tea-trays and bellows. When he was able to rent a house, he made all the furniture with his own hands, and took a pride in having it very good, either solid mahogany or veneered. He saved money in the japanning business, and then on these savings undertook to teach himself painting. His earliest works were sold for anything they would fetch. Whilst I was in London he recognized one of them, a small picture that he immediately bought back for sixpence. There had been a fall in its market value, alas! for the original price was ninepence. Pettitt had a fancy for collecting his early daubs, as they confirmed his sense of progress. Having acquired some knowledge of painting, he engaged himself on weekly wages as a decorator of steamboat panels. His employers wanted quantity rather than finish, but Pettitt liked to finish as well as he could, and recommended his fellow-workmen to study from nature. This led to his dismissal.

During the time of his poverty, Pettitt made an excursion into France, and being at Paris with a companion as penniless as himself, he had to devise means for reaching England without money. The pair had nothing of any value but a flute, and the flute had silver keys, so it was a precious article. With the proceeds in their pockets the friends tramped to Boulogne on foot, and there they arrived in the last stage of poverty. They cleaned themselves as well as they could before showing their faces at the hotel they had patronized when richer, and there they stayed for some days in the hope of a remittance from an uncle. That relative was of opinion that a little hardship would surely bring the travellers back to England, and so he sent them nothing. What was to be done? They avowed the whole case to the hotel-keeper, who not only made no attempt to detain them, but filled their empty purses. The story concludes prettily, for the obdurate uncle relented on their arrival, and at once repaid the Frenchman.

Pettitt long preceded Mr. Louis Stevenson in the idea of travelling in France with a donkey. He, too, explored some mountainous districts in the centre or south of France with a donkey to carry his luggage, and the two companions slept out at nights, as Mr. Stevenson did afterwards. At last Pettitt met with an old woman whose lot seemed to him particularly hard. She had to walk from a hill-village down to the valley every day, nearly twenty miles going and returning, so Pettitt made her a present of his donkey, and she prayed for him most fervently.

Another of my master's pedestrian rambles extended for fifteen hundred miles along the coast of Great Britain. During this excursion he accumulated a vast quantity of sketches, truthful memoranda almost as accurate as the photographs which have now superseded studies of that kind.

Pettitt had made astonishing progress considering the humble position he started from; but unfortunately for me he was not a man of culture, even in art. One of his friends, a journalist, who often called at the studio, and who saw a little deeper than most people, said to me one day that the art of painting, as practised by many fairly successful men (and he referred tacitly to my master), might be most accurately described as "a high-class industry."

For my part I worked very steadily when in London, and made rapid progress. It was not quite in the right direction, unfortunately.

No reader of these pages will be able to imagine what a sacrifice that stay in London was for me. The studio was never cleaned, and very badly ventilated. My master did not perceive this amidst the clouds of his own tobacco smoke, but for me, who had come from perfect cleanliness and the pure air of our northern hills, it was almost unbearable.

CHAPTER XX

1853-4

Acquaintance with R. W. Mackay—His learning and accomplishments—His principal pursuit—His qualities as a writer—Value of the artistic element in literature—C. R. Leslie, R.A.—Robinson the line-engraver—The Constable family—Mistaken admiration for minute detail—Projected journey to Egypt—Mr. Ruskin—Bonomi—Samuel Sharpe—Tennyson.

My lodgings were at Maida Hill, and I soon became personally acquainted with a writer whom I knew already by correspondence, Mr. R. W. Mackay, author of *The Progress of the Intellect.*

Mr. Mackay was for many years a kind friend of mine. An incident occurred long afterwards which put an end to this friendship. I made some reference to him in a review that was not intended to be unkind or depreciatory in any way, as I always felt a deep respect for Mr. Mackay, but unhappily he saw it in another light, and so it ended our intercourse. In 1853, and for long afterwards, there was nothing to foreshadow a rupture of this kind, and I am still able to write of my old friend as if he had always remained so.

Mr. Mackay was primarily a scholar and secondarily an artist. He had been educated at Cambridge, and being gifted with an extraordinary memory, he accumulated learning in very abundant stores. As to his memory, it is said that he once accepted a challenge to recite a thousand lines of Virgil, and did it without error. He had a good practical

knowledge of French and German. He possessed a large collection of water-colour sketches made during his travels in Italy and elsewhere, work of a kind that an amateur might judiciously practise, as there was no false finish about them. They recalled scenes that had interested him either by their natural beauty, which he appreciated, or by association with classical literature.

I hardly like to use the word "gentleman," because it is employed in so many different senses, but I never knew anybody who realized my conception of that ideal more perfectly than Mr. Mackay. In him, as Prince Leopold said of another, all culture and all refinement met. He was extremely simple in all his ways, and averse to every kind of vanity and ostentation. He had a sufficient fortune for a refined life, and did not care for any kind of wasteful extravagance. All belonging to him was simple and in good taste. He did not see very much society; that which he did see included several men and women of distinguished ability.

Mr. Mackay's chief pursuit was one to which I would never have devoted laborious years—theology on the negative side. His idea was that the liberation of thought could only be accomplished by going painfully over the whole theological ground and *explaining* every belief and phase of belief historically and rationally. My opinion was, and is, that all this trouble is superfluous. The true liberation must come from the enlargement of the mind by wider and more accurate views of the natural universe. As this takes place, the mediæval beliefs must drop away of themselves, and we now see that this process is actually in operation. So far from devoting a life to the refutation of theological error, I would not bestow upon such an unnecessary and thankless toil the labour of a week or a day.

The habit of study and reflection had done Mr. Mackay some harm in one respect; it had withdrawn him too much from commonplace reality. He always seemed to be moving

in a dream, and to recall himself to the actual world by an effort. This is a result of excessive culture that I have observed in other cases. My conclusion is that all the culture in the world, all the learning, all the literary skill and taste put together, are not so well worth having as the keen and clear sense of present reality that common folks have by nature.

Mr. Mackay was a laborious and careful writer, and he had a good style of its kind, though it was more remarkable for strength and soundness than for vivacity and ease. It was too much of one texture to be attractive, and so he never became a popular author. Of course the heterodoxy of Mr. Mackay's opinions was one great cause of his failure to catch the public ear in England, but even that difficulty can be got over by a great literary artist. He tried to do his best, as to literary form, but he never condescended to write for the market in any way, and used to maintain that if a book was to be profitable it *must* be written for the market.

I do not quite agree with this opinion. I should say, rather, that literature resembles painting in being one of the fine arts, and that when a book, like a picture, is a fine work of art, it has a great chance of being a commercial success. Renan's books have been very successful literary speculations, because Renan is a first-rate artist. Mackay would have been a better artist in literature if he had not been so much overpowered by the immense masses of his materials.

Amongst the new friends I gained at Mr. Mackay's house was C. R. Leslie, the painter. I was charmed with him from the first, and retain to this day the liveliest recollection of his exquisitely urbane manners, and even of the tones of his voice. Leslie was a man of unquestionable genius, but entirely free from the tendency to despise other people which so often accompanies genius. On first meeting with him I took him for a clergyman, and told him of it later. He felt rather

flattered than otherwise by the mistake, and I have no doubt that his modest nature would at once refer to points on which the average clergyman would probably be his superior. Some artists are lost in admiration of their own works, so that the way to please them is to praise what they have done themselves, but the way to please Leslie was to praise what Constable had done. His admiration for Constable was quite as strong a passion as Mr. Ruskin's admiration of Turner, though it did not express itself in such perfervid language. I might at that time have become Constable's pupil, indirectly. Leslie would have educated me in the art of that master. I had nothing to do but work by myself, copying studies and pictures by Constable in a studio of my own within a short distance of Leslie's house, and he would have come to me often to advise. Robinson, the eminent line-engraver, strongly urged me to put myself under Leslie's direction, and this, I believe, was the Academician's kind indirect way of offering it. On the other hand, I did not wish to hurt Pettitt by leaving him, and Constable's choice of quiet rural subjects was to me, at that time, uninteresting. I disliked tame scenery, not having as yet the artistic perceptions which are needed for the appreciation of it.

Leslie introduced me to Constable's family, who were very kind, and they showed me all the sketches of his that remained in their possession. My love for precise and definite drawing made me unable to see the real merits of those studies, though I was not much mistaken in thinking that drawing of the quality I then cared for was not to be found in them. Constable was essentially what the French understand by the word *paysagiste*, that is, an artist who studies the every-day aspects of common nature broadly. He would have done me much good at that time, if I had felt interested in him, but the lover of the Western Highlands could not bring himself to care for the fields and hedgerows about Flatford. Pettitt,

at any rate, loved our Lake district and Wales. Again, though I had a hearty and just admiration for Leslie's unrivalled power of painting expression in the faces of ladies and gentlemen in drawing-rooms, I had never seen any landscape by him except tame backgrounds, which seemed to me quite secondary, as they were.

I had at that time a mistaken belief (derived originally from Mr. Ruskin and confirmed by Mr. Pettitt) that there was something essentially meritorious in bestowing great labour on a work of art. It is well for an artist to be habitually industrious, because that increases his skill, but it is a matter of indifference whether this or that picture has cost much or little labour, provided that the artist has clearly expressed what he desired. Mr. Robinson, the line-engraver, gave me a good lesson on this subject. We were looking at a drawing by Millais in Indian ink which was penned all over in minute hatchings. I was full of admiration for the industry of the artist, but Robinson thought it labour thrown away. I met Mr. Ruskin personally one evening, and we examined a water-colour by John Lewis which was on a table-desk. The drawing was fortunately glazed, for as Mr. Ruskin was holding the candle over it the composite dropped on the glass. He pointed out the minute beauties of a camel's eye, which was painted so carefully that even the hairs of the eyelash were given, and the reflections on the mirror of the eye. This praise of minute detail was at that time only too much in accordance with my own taste. I had an intense admiration for such feats of skilled industry as the wonderful lattices that Lewis used to paint with the eastern sunshine streaming through them on a variety of different surfaces. I met John Lewis himself. He was a fine-looking man with a beard which at that time was of the purest silvery white. I afterwards had the advantage of a little correspondence with Lewis. He wrote well, and expressed his opinions about art-work very clearly in his letters. They amounted

chiefly to this—Work always as much from nature as possible, and give all the care you can.

At that time I had a settled scheme for going to travel and work in Egypt, and it would have been better for me than Scotland on account of the greater sameness of the effects. I mentioned this project to Mr. Ruskin, who said that he avoided travelling in countries where he could not be sure of ordinary comforts, such as a white table-cloth and a clean knife and fork; still, he would put up with a great deal of inconvenience to be near a mountain. Talking of Turner's paintings in comparison with his water-colours, he said he would rather have half the drawings than all the oil pictures. He compared a drawing of Nemi with an oil picture that we could see at the same time, two works almost of the same date, and gave reasons for preferring the water-colour.

My Egyptian scheme brought me into relations with Bonomi, who at that time was a famous traveller. Bartlett, the artist-traveller, whose works had been very widely spread abroad by engraving, told me that when he was ill of a fever at Baalbec he was nursed by a sheik who wore a beard and rode an Arab horse. This sheik spoke English, and was, in fact, Bonomi, who had adopted the manners of the wandering Arabs, and would have remained amongst them if his English friends had not persuaded him to return.

Bonomi was one of the liveliest little men I ever met. I feel almost guilty of a fraud with regard to him, for his amiability towards me was due in great part to his belief of my statement that I was going to Egypt, yet I never went there, and shall certainly not go now. My only excuse is that I sincerely believed the same statement myself. He said that the effects of colour and light in Egypt at morning and evening were perfectly inconceivable. He recommended me to travel, not on the Nile itself, but on the bank with camels, as that gave a greatly superior view, both of the country and the river.

Mr. Samuel Sharpe was a charming, straightforward old gentleman, who said what he thought, without any feeble concession to other people's opinions. He did not share the prevalent enthusiasm for Turner, which was of course in great part factitious, as many of the people who praised Turner so warmly then had laughed at his pictures a few years before. Mr. Sharpe thought that Turner was an unsafe guide for a young landscape-painter to imitate. It is remarkable, as a matter of fact, how little practical influence Turner has had upon the progress of landscape art. Another and a stronger proof of the independence of Mr. Sharpe's judgment was his opinion about England and Russia. He did not think it necessary to oppose Russia's progress towards Constantinople by force, but thought there was room enough for the two empires without collision. If Mr. Sharpe's opinion had prevailed, there would have been no Crimean War, but he and those who thought with him were very much isolated at that time.

I met at his house a cousin of Miss Martineau, who told us some good stories, especially about Tennyson. On this a brother of our host said that he was once travelling when he met with a party of tourists, among whom he recognized the Laureate. "Who *is* that gentleman?" said they. "He has been the life and soul of our party, and we cannot get a clue to his name, for he has baffled us in every way, tearing it off his luggage and out of the book he was reading." Mr. Sharpe betrayed the secret, not much to the Laureate's satisfaction. When travelling in Scotland some time afterwards I myself met with Tennyson, so a tourist kindly explained who he was, in these words—"That's Alfred Tennyson, *the American poet.*"

Such is fame!

CHAPTER XXI

1854

A visit to Rogers—His home—Geniality in poets—Talfourd—Sir Walter Scott—Leslie's picture, "The Rape of the Lock"—George Leslie—Robert Leslie—His nautical instincts—Watkiss Lloyd—Landseer—Harding—Richard Doyle.

MR. LESLIE took me one afternoon to see old Mr. Rogers, the poet. When we arrived he was out for a drive, so we quietly examined the works of art in the house until his return.

The interest of that house was quite peculiar to itself. Even the arrangement of the furniture had been unaltered for years, and as the rooms, just as we saw them, had been visited by most people of note during nearly two generations, they had an interest from association with famous names that could not be rivalled, at that time, by any other rooms in London. The dining-room, for example, was exactly in the same state as when Byron dined there, and would eat nothing but a biscuit. Leslie said—"I have seen Mrs. Siddons sitting on the corner of that sofa near the fire, and Walter Scott walk up to her and shake hands." Leslie mentioned many other celebrities, but none of them were so interesting to me as the authors of *Waverley* and *Childe Harold.*

Many of the material objects about us had a history of their own. A stand that carried an antique vase had been carved by Chantrey when a young unknown furniture-carver, and so had the sideboard, as Chantrey reminded Mr. Rogers

long afterwards, when he was received as a guest in the same room. The fender, chimney-piece, and ceiling had been designed by Flaxman, the panels of a cabinet had been painted by Stothard.

We went up-stairs to see some pictures in Rogers' bedroom, in itself a very simple, homely place, with the old man's flannels warming before the fire. The picture in that room which pleased me most was a subject borrowed from Raphael, by Leslie, a lady teaching her boy to read, but it was treated freely by Leslie from other models. The boy was his son George (the future Academician) when young; he had already begun to be good-looking.

As we were examining this picture, Mr. Rogers returned from his drive and received us in the dining-room. He said—"Mr. Hamerton, I think I've seen you before," but I said he was mistaken, so he held out his hand and went on—"Well then, I'm very glad to see you now, especially so well introduced. Have you been all over the house? You have the honour of knowing a very distinguished artist. Look at that picture on the sideboard of the poor babes in the Tower! Don't you like it? I think it is beautiful, beautiful. Nobody ought to be able to look at such a picture without shedding tears. See the light on the heads—oh! it is beautiful!" Then he began to ramble a little, but soon came back to realities and invited Leslie to dine the next day and meet two distinguished friends. "I'd rather have you by yourself," he added, "you and I could do very well without the others."

This was the Rogers of 1854, senile, as was natural at the age of ninety-one years and eight months, yet still retaining much of the old Rogers, hospitable, sometimes caustic, sometimes pathetic, and always a true lover and appreciator of the fine arts. Leslie declared him to be the only amateur who had knowledge enough to form a good collection without assistance.

I dined with Leslie the same day, and the talk turned upon the poets. Leslie said that the virtue of geniality was of great value to a poet, and that if Byron had possessed the geniality of Goldsmith, he would have been as great a poet as Shakespeare, but that his misanthropy spoiled all his views of life. In saying this, Leslie probably underestimated the literary value of ill-nature. Much of Byron's intensity and force is due to the energy of malevolence. The success of Ruskin's earlier writings was due in part to the same cause. In periodical literature, it was pure *méchanceté* that first made the *Saturday Review* successful.

Talking of Talfourd (who had lately died on the bench) Leslie said that he was a high liver, and that led him to give an account of Sir Walter Scott's way of life. At dinner he would eat heartily of many dishes and drink a variety of wines. At dessert he drank port, and last of all a servant brought him a small wooden bowl full of neat whisky which he drank off. He then either wrote or talked till midnight, and refreshed himself with a few glasses of porter before going to bed. Leslie did not mean to imply that Scott was intemperate for a man of a robust constitution who took a great deal of exercise, but only that, like Talfourd, he was a high liver. It is remarkable, in connection with the subject of Scott's own habits, that eating and drinking are so often and so minutely described in his novels. His heroes and heroines always have hearty appetites, except when they are laid up with illness.

A few days after our visit to Rogers, I went to see Leslie's picture of "The Rape of the Lock," and met Robinson, the engraver, on my way. He told me to expect the finest modern picture I had ever seen. It was certainly one of the most perfect works of its class. The action and expression of the sixteen figures were as lively as in a Hogarth, with more refinement. Leslie was completely in sympathy with Queen Anne's time, and reproduced it with

unfailing zest and knowledge. He had been very careful about details. The interior at Hampton Court had been painted on the spot, and all the still life in the picture, even to a fan, had been studied with equal accuracy. Mrs. Leslie's mother sat looking at the picture, and making the liveliest comments on the subject and the actors. She would get up without hesitation to see something more nearly, and turn round with perfect balance of body to make her remarks to the company. She appeared to me then to be about sixty, but the age of her daughter made that impossible. *Her real age was ninety-three!* It seemed incredible that she was older than Mr. Rogers. Her grandchildren were playfully sarcastic at times, to draw her out in argument.

"We know, grandmamma, that you are a dandy yourself so no wonder that you admire the dresses in the picture."

"Yes, yes, I *do* like people to be dressed as well as possible—as well, I mean, as they can really afford. I like them to wear the very best materials as tastefully as they can." Whilst she was looking at the picture, Mr. Leslie sat down by her side and read the passage from *The Rape of the Lock* that his painting illustrated. It was a very interesting scene—the master with his children about him, and his wife and her old mother all looking at his last and greatest work, whilst he was reading Pope's perfect verses so beautifully.

I have scarcely mentioned Leslie's sons yet. George, the future Academician, was an intimate friend of mine in those days. He was a clever talker, and he had the advantage—often precious to a taciturn companion like me—of never allowing the conversation to flag for a single instant. I think I never knew any one of the male sex, with the exception of Francis Palgrave, who could keep up such an abundant stream of talk as George Leslie. This led some of his friends to think that he would never have any practical success in art but he afterwards proved them to be in the wrong. He

had a frank, straightforward, boyish nature, with a fund of humour, and a healthy disposition to be easily pleased. His philosophy of life, under an appearance of careless gaiety, was, perhaps, in reality deeper than that of my learned friend Mr. Mackay, for whilst the elderly scholar was labouring painfully and thanklessly to elucidate the past, the young artist was enjoying the present in his own way, and looking forward hopefully to the future. The buoyancy of spirits that George Leslie had in those days is an excellent gift for a young artist, because it carries him merrily over the difficulties of his craft. His brother Robert was older and graver. He painted landscape and marine subjects; but though his pictures have been regularly accepted at the Academy he has had no popular success. This may be attributed in great part to his habit of living away from London. Robert Leslie has all his life had very strong nautical instincts, and very likely knows more about shipping than any other artist. My belief is that one reason why he has not been a very successful painter is that he knows too much about nature, and lives too much in the presence of nature, which is always overwhelming and discouraging. After I knew him in London, Robert Leslie indulged his nautical instincts in sailing and yacht-building, as well as in painting marine pictures. Aided only by a single workman, he constructed a vessel of thirty-six tons. With this and other yachts he has made himself familiar with the southern coasts of England, and has frequently crossed the Atlantic both on steamers and sailing-vessels. Now that we are both getting elderly men I heartily regret not to have seen more of Robert Leslie; but so it is in life—so it has been particularly in *my* life—we are separated by distance from those who might have been our most intimate and most valued friends.[1]

[1] Robert Leslie had a literary gift, and wrote some clever papers, which have been collected and published under the title of *A Sea Painter's Log*.

Another friend gained during my first stay in London was Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, who has given up many of the best years of his life to intellectual pursuits. He has been much devoted to ancient Greek literature and history, and has studied Greek art with unflagging interest at the same time, so that he possesses an advantage over most scholars in knowing both sides of the Hellenic intellect. He has a manly, frank, and generous nature, with cheerful, open manners. Watkiss Lloyd is one of several superior men amongst my acquaintances who have not achieved popularity as authors. The reason in his case may be that as he has never been obliged to write for money, he has never cared to study the conditions of success. I told him once, when we were talking on this subject, that in my opinion it was most necessary to have a clear and definite idea of the kind of public one is addressing, and that we ought to write to an especial public, as St. Paul wrote to the Ephesians. Failure may be caused by having confused ideas about our public, or by writing only for ourselves, as if our works were destined to remain in manuscript like a private journal. A man may write what is clear for himself, when it will require to be read twice or three times by another. Besides this reason, I am inclined to believe that the constant study of ancient Greek is not a good preparation for popular English authorship. The scholar and the successful writer are two distinct persons. They may be occasionally combined in one by accident, but if the reader will run over in his mind the names of popular modern authors he will find very few distinguished scholars amongst them.

However this may be, Watkiss Lloyd is something better than a popular author ; he is an intellectual man, truly a lover of knowledge and of wisdom. Without shutting his eyes to the evils that are in the world, he does not forget the good. On one occasion, after a terrible malady that had occurred to one dear to him, I said that undeserved diseases seemed to me clear evidence of imperfection in the universe. He

answered, that as we receive many benefits from the existing order of things that we have not merited in any way, so we may accept those evils that we have not merited either. This struck me as a better reason for resignation than the common assertion that we are wicked enough to deserve the most frightful inflictions. We do not really believe that our wickedness deserves cancer or leprosy.

I never wished to push myself into the society of celebrated persons for the purpose of getting acquainted with them, but I plead guilty to that degree of curiosity which likes to see them in the flesh. I knew Landseer by sight, and probably rather astonished him once in a London street by taking my hat off as if he had been Prince Albert. He used to pass an evening from time to time at Leslie's house, and I met him there. He then seemed a very jovial, merry English humorist, with a natural talent for satire and mimicry, but there was another side to his nature. If he enjoyed himself heartily when in company, he often suffered from deep depression when alone. I remember seeing him by himself when he looked the image of profound melancholy. At that time I had warmer admiration for his art than I have now, and the general public looked upon him as the greatest artist in England. No doubt he was very observant, and had a wonderful memory for animals and their ways, as well as some invention; he had also unsurpassable technical skill, of a superficial kind, in painting.

Harding was another very clever artist whom I met at Leslie's. I had correspondence with him a little as a teacher, and had studied his works. He had taught many amateurs, including Mr. Ruskin and a clever friend of mine in the North. I admired his skill, but disliked his extreme artificiality of style, and the more I went to nature the more objectionable did it appear to me. The kind of success which is attained by forcing nature into drawing-masters' set forms never tempted me in the least. Harding was at one time

probably the most successful drawing-master in England. The word "clever" characterizes him exactly. He was clever in the art of substituting himself for nature, clever in the wonderful facility with which he used several graphic arts technically very different from each other, and clever especially in that supreme tact of the successful drawing-master by which he makes the amateur seem to get forward rapidly. He had immense confidence in himself, and in his own theories and principles.

Another well-known artist whom I met at Leslie's was Richard Doyle. He had great gifts of wit and invention, with a curiously small fund of science—genius without the knowledge that might have given strength to genius. It is impossible, however, to feel any regret on this account, for if Doyle's drawings had been thoroughly learned they would have lost their *naïveté*. He was intelligent enough to make even his lack of science an element of success, for he turned it into a pretended simplicity. His own face was mobile and expressive, and it was evident that he passed quickly from one idea to another without uttering more than a small percentage of his thoughts.

I remember dancing "Sir Roger de Coverley" when Landseer and Richard Doyle were of the set. They were both extremely amusing, but with this difference: that whereas Landseer evidently laid himself out to be funny in gesture and action, the fun in Doyle's case lay entirely in the play of his physiognomy. Leslie, too, had a most expressive face—not handsome (I mean, of course, the elder Leslie, his son George is handsome), but most interesting, and full of meaning.

CHAPTER XXII

1854

Miss Marian Evans—John Chapman, the publisher—My friend William Shaw—His brother Richard—Mead, the tragedian—Mrs. Rowan and her daughter—A vexatious incident—I suffer from nostalgia for the country.

MR. MACKAY took me to one of the evening receptions that were given at that time by Mr. John Chapman the publisher. On our way he spoke of Miss Marian Evans, then only known to a few as a translator from the German, and to still fewer as a contributor of articles to the *Westminster Review*, a periodical that she partly directed. Neither the translations nor the articles revealed anything beyond good ordinary literary abilities. Mr. Mackay told me, however, that this Miss Evans was a very accomplished lady, and played remarkably well on the piano.

She was at Mr. Chapman's little conversazione, and performed for us. I remember being well pleased with the music, and thinking that she was one of the best amateurs I had heard, but I cannot remember what she played, nor anything about her talk, which would probably be a series of little private conversations with people that she already knew.

Mr. John Chapman was young at that time, and a very fine-looking man. He had entered upon the most unprofitable line of business that he could have chosen in the England of those days, the trade in philosophic free-thinking literature

of the highest class. The number of buyers was, of course, exceedingly limited, both by the thoughtful character of the works published, and by the unpopularity of the opinions expressed in them. The marvel is that such a speciality in publishing could be made to support itself at all. As a matter of fact, some of the wealthier free-thinkers published their works, or those of others, at their own expense, and some helped to maintain the *Westminster Review*. Things have altered wonderfully since then. At the present day the literature of free inquiry is presented to the world by the richest and most eminent publishing firms, and free-thinkers have access to the most influential and the most widely disseminated periodicals.

Some readers of this autobiography may still look upon John Chapman's speciality with horror, but such a feeling would be unjust. The books he published were generally high in tone, and they certainly never condescended to the use of unbecoming language in dealing with matters held sacred by the majority of the English people. The only object of that modest propaganda was to win for Englishmen the right to think for themselves, and also to express their thoughts. That battle has been won, and, for my part, I feel nothing but respect for those who had courage to confront the stern intolerance of the past.

My society in London was not entirely confined to the pursuers of literature and art. I had a few other friends, especially one old school-fellow, William Shaw, afterwards an able London solicitor. His mind was an odd compound of manly sense in everything connected with his profession, and boyishness in other ways. He always retained that boyishness, which was probably an excellent thing for him as a relaxation from serious cares. He took little interest in the fine arts, but at a later period he had the wonderful goodness to give house-room to some of my unpopular and unsalable pictures, and went so far, in the way of

friendship, that he actually hung them in his dining-room! He was very fond of recalling reminiscences of our childhood, especially what he characterized as "the great Fulledge railway swindle." When we were little boys we undertook the construction of a miniature railway on his father's land, and issued shares to pay for the rolling plant and the rails. We got together rather a handsome sum in this way from various good-natured friends, and after the expiration of some weeks could show them a rather long embankment. Then we got tired of spade work, and the enterprise languished. Finally the works came to a standstill, and I believe we spent the shareholders' money on something else, for assuredly they never saw it again. After beginning so hopefully in the art of getting up bubble companies, it is perhaps to be regretted that we did not continue, as we might have been eminent financiers by this time. My friend was very active in his youth. I have seen him run by the side of a galloping horse in a field holding by the mane, and vault on the animal's back, after which it went on faster than ever and leapt a little brook or a hedge. An odd incident occurs to my recollection just now. My friend had a susceptible heart, and a ravishing beauty was staying at a certain country house, so he drove over to call there that he might see her. I went with him, and we had a dog-cart with a very lively horse. The drive was in the form of a great circle before the front door, so he tried to turn to the left, but the horse had decided for the right, and between them they effected a compromise by taking a straight cut over the lawn and flower-beds, which presented a deplorable appearance afterwards. Any one else would have felt a little confused after such an accident, but Shaw relied upon the good-nature of the ladies, who always forgave him everything in consideration for his winning ways and his handsome face.

William Shaw's brother, Richard, was the first member

of Parliament who represented Burnley. I met him in London in 1854, and remember a description he gave of an old gentleman who was then living permanently at the Tavistock Hotel. That old gentleman was a perfect mystery, no one knew where he came from; he never either wrote or received a letter, he had no settled occupation but read all the papers, and used to swear aloud quite dreadfully when he found any fact or opinion that displeased him. He compensated for this bad language by shouting "Bravo! bravo! Go it, my boy!" when he found an article to his mind. He once rambled twice round Covent Garden market without being able to find his way out, and on discovering that he had got back to the Tavistock, attributed all his difficulties to the waiter, and scolded him most furiously. The mystery about him, and his odd manners, would have been an attraction for Dickens.

Amongst other acquaintances that I made in London was Mead the tragedian of Drury Lane Theatre. I recollect admiring his "Iago" very much. His countenance, which was agreeable and bland in private life, could be made to express all the evil passions with astonishing power. He was rather a skilful painter, having occasionally been able to sell a picture for twenty pounds. When he had a little time to spare, Mead would come and work on Pettitt's great picture of the Golden Image. He once drew my portrait, and I drew his. My guardian was not quite pleased that I should know an actor, but Mead attracted me by the superior tone of his conversation. It was the first time in my life that I had met with an accomplished talker; I had known plenty of talkers who were only fluent, but Mead had always something interesting to say, and he invariably said it with easy finish and good taste. In a word, he was a master of spoken English, and did not fear to make use of his power, not having the usual English false shame which prevents our countrymen from saying things quite perfectly. Mead had

tender feelings. Once after reading in a newspaper the account of some battle of no great importance, as we consider such events from a distance, he suddenly realized, in imagination, the effect of the news on the relatives of the killed and wounded, and burst into tears. Mead was good enough to accept on one or two occasions the simple kind of hospitality that I could offer him at my lodgings, and I find notes in the diary recording the happy swiftness of the hours I spent with him.

I never made the slightest attempt to enter what is specially called "London Society," though I had some friends or acquaintances who belonged to it. My time was entirely taken up with work and visits to a few houses. I am astonished on looking back to those days by the extreme kindness of people who were much older than myself, and for whom my society could have no other attraction than the opportunity it offered for the exercise of their own goodness. I had one merit, that of being an excellent listener, which has been a great advantage to me through life. A distinguished Frenchman once said to me, "You are the best listener I ever met," but he had been accustomed to his own countrymen, who are not generally patient or attentive for more than a few seconds at a time, and who have the habit of interruption.

It is possible, too, that my manners may have been good, for my dear guardian, so kind and mild about most things, could not tolerate anything like boorishness, and never hesitated to correct me. Another effect of her influence upon me was that I liked the society of well-bred ladies, and felt quite at ease in it. There was a most intelligent Danish family of ladies, Mrs. Rowan and her daughters, who received me very kindly. They spoke English wonderfully, with something like a slight Cumberland accent, and I believe their German was as good as their English. Mrs. Rowan had been a friend of Thorwaldsen the sculptor, and

possessed three hundred and fifty of his original drawings, which I did not see, as she had lent them to Prince Albert. A singular and most vexatious incident is associated in my memory with those drawings, and I am sure Mrs. Rowan could never think of them without remembering it. She had (too kindly) lent them to an artist, who returned them, indeed, but not without having exercised his own talents in improving them as drawing-masters do to the work of their youthful pupils. The reader may imagine the depth of Mrs. Rowan's gratitude. Her daughter, Frederica, whose name afterwards became generally known, was one of the most cultivated and agreeable women I ever met. Her nature had been a little saddened by family misfortunes (the Rowans had been a very wealthy family in Denmark), but her quiet gravity was of a noble kind, and if she took life seriously she had sufficient reasons for doing so.

My studies under Mr. Pettitt went on very regularly all this time, and I made great *apparent* progress, although, as will be seen later, it was not progress in the right direction. One little incident may be mentioned in proof that I could at least imitate closely. The reader is already aware that my master's system of teaching consisted in bringing a picture slowly forward in my presence, whilst I was to copy what had been done. One day, when the picture had got well forward, Mr. Pettitt took up my copy by mistake and put it on his own easel. After he had worked upon it for a quarter of an hour I thanked him for the improvement. He said he had been quite unconscious of the difference, and told me to work on his own canvas to repay him for his labour on mine. Critics will please understand that I know how little this proves as well as they do. It proves nothing beyond a talent for imitation and the possession of some manual skill. I have sometimes thought in later life that if instead of going so much to nature I had mimicked

some particular painter I might have obtained recognition as an artist.

Notwithstanding so much that was agreeable in my London life, it was still a hard trial of resolution for me to work in a close, ill-ventilated, and gloomy studio without any view from its window, and in the beginning of April I returned to the country. From that day to this I have never lived in London, which has probably been a misfortune to me, both as artist and writer. I have been there frequently on business, but have never stayed a day or an hour longer than the time necessary to get through what was most pressing. It is curious, but perfectly true, that I have never in my life felt the slightest desire to purchase or rent any house whatever in London, and there is not a house in all "the wilderness of brick" that I would accept as a free gift if it were coupled with the condition that I should live in it.

CHAPTER XXIII

1854

Some of my relations emigrate to New Zealand—Difficulties of a poor gentleman—My uncle's reasons for emigration—His departure—Family separations—Our love for Hollins.

In the month of April 1854, an event occurred which was of great importance in our family.

My eldest uncle, Holden Hamerton, emigrated to New Zealand with all his children, and a son and daughter of my uncle Hinde accompanied them. This suddenly reduced our circle by eleven persons, without counting a young family belonging to my cousin Orme.

My uncle, who was at that time a solicitor in Halifax, had reached a very critical period in the life of a *père de famille*. His children were grown up and expensive, and he had tried various ways of economizing without any definite result. Amongst others, he had given up Hopwood Hall, his mansion in Halifax, and had converted the stabling at Hollins into a residence for his wife and the children who remained with her. The stables were large enough to make a spacious dwelling. I remember the regret I felt on seeing the workmen pull down the handsome oak stalls, and remove the beautiful pavement, which was in blocks of smooth stone carefully bevelled at the angles. My unfortunate uncle lived like a bachelor in a small house in Halifax to be near his office, and only came to Hollins for the Sunday.

It is, of course, very easy to criticize a comparatively poor

gentleman with a large family who is trying not to be ruined. It is easy to say that he ought to live strictly within his income whatever it may be, but to do that strictly would require an iron resolution. He must cut short all indulgences, annihilate all elegancies, set his face against all the customs of his class. His attitude towards his wife and children must be one of stern refusal steadily and implacably maintained. If he relaxes—and all the influences around him tend to make him relax—the old habits of customary expense will re-establish themselves in a few weeks. He must cut his family off from all society, and with regard to himself he must do what is far more difficult—cut himself off from all domestic affection, behave like a heartless miser, and, at the very time when he most needs a little solace and peace in his own home, constitute himself the executor of the pitiless laws that govern the human universe.

My uncle was not equal to all this. He could make hard sacrifices for himself, and, in fact, did reduce his own comforts to those of a poor bachelor, but he could not find in his heart to refuse everything to his family, so that although they made no pretension now to anything like an aristocratic position, my uncle still found himself to be living rather beyond his means, and the expense of establishing his sons and daughters in England being now imminent, and avoidable only in one way, he spent days, and I fear also nights, of anxiety in arriving at a determination.

A journey to Scotland settled the matter. My uncle visited his eldest son Orme, who was then at Greenock, and he discovered, as I had done, that my cousin was married. Of course I had kept his secret, having found it out by accident when a guest under his roof. The young man offered to accompany his father to New Zealand, and my uncle, who loved his eldest son, thought that this would be some compensation for leaving England. He did not know that Orme's irresistible instinct for changing his residence would make the

New Zealand expedition no more than a temporary excursion for him.

Another reason for emigrating to New Zealand was this. My uncle's second son, Lewis, had abandoned the profession of the law and gone to Australia by himself, where he was now a shepherd in the bush. He would rejoin his father, and they would be a re-united family. All of them would be together in New Zealand except one, my cousin Edward, who lay in the family vault in Burnley Church. I had feelings of the strongest fraternal affection for Edward, and if the reader cares to see his likeness, he has only to look at the engraved portraits of Shelley, especially the one in Moxon's double-column edition of 1847. The likeness there is so striking that, for me, it supplies the place of any other.

Edward died at the age of seventeen. He had a gentle and sweet nature; but although he resembled Shelley so closely in outward appearance, he was without any poetical tendency. His gifts were arithmetical and mathematical, and whenever he had a quarter of an hour to spare he was sure to take a piece of paper and cover it all over with figures. His early death certainly spared him much trouble that he was hardly qualified to meet. He had that dislike to physical exercise which often accompanies delicate health, though there was no appearance of weakness till the beginning of his fatal illness.

I well remember my uncle's last visit to his sisters. He did not say that it was his last, but left some clean linen in the house, saying he would want it when he came again. In this way there was a little make-belief of hope, but I doubt if my aunts were really deceived, and I did not quite know what to think. My uncle seemed flushed and excited, and contradicted me rather sharply because I happened to be in error about something of no importance. It was a hard moment for him, as he loved his sisters, and had the deepest attachment to Hollins, where he was born, and where he had passed the

happiest days of his life. His last visit has remained so distinct in my memory that I can even now see clearly his great stalwart figure in the chair on the right-hand side of the fireplace. Then he left us and passed the window, and since that day he never was seen again at his old place. I can imagine what it must have been to him to turn round at the avenue gate, and look back on the gables of Hollins, knowing it to be for the last time.

His wife and the rest of his family went away without inflicting upon themselves and us the pain of a farewell. I was present, however, at Featherstone when my cousin Hinde left for New Zealand. One of his sisters accompanied him out of pure sisterly devotion. She thought he would be lonely out in the colony, so she would go and stay with him till he married. He did not marry, and she never returned.

The colonial strength of England is founded upon these family separations, but they are terrible when they occur, especially when the parents are left behind in the old country. To us who remained this wholesale emigration in our family produced the effect of a great and sudden mortality. For my part I have received exactly one letter from the New Zealand Hamertons since they left. It was a very interesting letter, interesting enough to make me regret "there was but one."

My uncle's property sold well, and on leaving England he had still a balance of ten thousand pounds in his pocket, which was more than most emigrants set out with, but he built a good house on the estate he purchased, and it was ruined in the war. His wife was a woman of great courage and wonderful constitutional cheerfulness, both severely tested by three months of incessant sea-sickness on the outward voyage. They met with one terrible storm, during which the captain did not hope to save the vessel, and my uncle and aunt sat together in their cabin clasping each other's hands, and calmly awaiting death.

After their departure my guardian and her sister remained

at Hollins as tenants of the new proprietor. We still clung to the old place, but it did not seem the same to us. On the night of the sale by auction my aunt said to me, sadly, as we took our candlesticks to go to bed: "It is strange to think that we positively do not know under whose roof we are going to sleep to-night." The change was felt most painfully by her. My guardian had a more resigned way of accepting the evils of life; she had a kind of Christian pessimism that looked upon terrestrial existence as not "worth living" in itself, and a little less or more of trouble and sorrow in this world seemed to her scarcely worth considering, being only a part of the general unsatisfactoriness of things. Her sister had intense local attachments, and the most intense of them all was for this place, her birth-place, where she had passed her youth. This attachment was increased in her case by a strong, deep, and poetic sentiment that I hardly like to call aristocratic, because that word will have other associations (of pride in expensive living) for most readers. My aunt had the true sentiment of ancestry, and it was painful to her to see a place go out of a family. I have the same sentiment, though with less intensity, and there were other reasons that made me love Hollins very much. At that time the natural beauty that surrounded it was quite unspoilt. We were near to the streams and the moors that I delighted in, and the idea of being obliged to leave, as we might be at any time by the new proprietor, was painful to a degree that only lovers of nature will understand.

Even now, in my fifty-fourth year, I very often dream about Hollins, about the old garden there, and the fields and woods, and the rocky stream. Sometimes the place is sadly and stupidly altered in my dream, and I am irritated; at other times it is improved and enriched, and the very landscape is idealized into a nobler and more perfect beauty.

I need only add to this account of my uncle's emigration, that when he landed on the shores of New Zealand in much

perplexity as to where he should go to find a temporary lodging, a colonist met him, and said that he had been told by the Masonic authorities to receive him fraternally. This he did by taking the whole family under his roof and entertaining them as if they had been old friends, thereby giving my uncle ample time to make his own arrangements. In a later chapter of this autobiography I intend to give a short account of what happened to the emigrants afterwards.

CHAPTER XXIV

1854

Resignation of commission in the militia—Work from nature—Spenser, the poet—Hurstwood—Loch Awe re-visited—A customer—I determine to learn French well—A tour in Wales—Swimming—Coolness on account of my religious beliefs—My guardian—Evil effects of religious bigotry—Refuge in work—My drawing-master—Our excursion in Craven.

AFTER returning to the country I went through another militia training, and soon afterwards resigned my commission. According to my present views of things I should probably not have done so, as it would be a satisfaction to me now to feel myself of some definite use to my country, even in the humble capacity of a militia officer, but in those days the militia was not taken seriously by the nation, so the officers did not take it seriously either, and, after a brief trial, a great many of them resigned. The recognized motive for going into the militia was a social motive, and as I never had any social ambition it mattered nothing to me that there were a few men of rank in the regiment. I had not any real companions in it, for I was much younger than most of my brother officers, and it is likely enough that the society of an inexperienced youth could offer no attraction to them. My love of my chosen studies was accompanied by a complete indifference to amusements, so that the cards and billiards after mess were not an attraction for me, and my ignorance of field sports has always made me feel rather a "muff" and a "duffer" in the society of country gentlemen.

The colonel was always kind to me, and as I looked older than my age, he quite forgot how young I was, and procured for me a captain's commission. As a matter of fact, I believe that a minor cannot hold a militia captaincy, because it requires a property qualification. Somehow, the colonel was afterwards reminded of my age, and then thought he had made a mistake; however, my resignation rectified it. In fairness to myself it may be added that my military work was always done in a manner that gained the approval of our real master, the adjutant.

One cause that certainly influenced me in leaving the regiment, was the necessity for appearing to be either a member of the Church of England or a member of the Church of Rome. As I belonged to neither, I felt it a hardship to be compelled to march to church every Sunday, and go through the forms of the service. It will, of course, seem absurd to any man of the world that such a trifle should have any weight whatever. Nobody endowed with what men of the world call "common-sense" ever hesitates about going through forms and ceremonies, when he can maintain or increase his worldly position by doing so. As for me, I make no claim to superior virtue, but cannot help feeling an invincible repugnance to these shams. My own line had been chosen when I refused to go to Oxford and sign the Thirty-nine Articles; the forced conformity in the militia was a deflection of the compass, but it has pointed straight ever since, and may it point straight to the end!

When free again, I set to work from nature, applying what Pettitt had taught me. I drew and painted studies of rocks with great fidelity, and as rocks are hard things, and my work was as hard as possible, there can be no doubt that, so far, it was like nature. Pettitt had strengthened the positive and scientific tendency that there is in me, so that I was quite ardent in the pursuit of the rigid and measurable truths, neither knowing nor caring anything about those more

subtle and less manifest truths that the cultivated artist loves. However, I painted away diligently enough from nature, giving two long sittings each day, and writing only in the evenings. My readings at this time were chiefly in Shakespeare and Spenser.

I may have been attracted to Spenser partly by the belief, greatly encouraged by the local antiquaries, that the famous Elizabethan poet lived for some time with relations of his at Hurstwood, a hamlet by the side of the same stream that passes by Hollins and a mile or two above it. The old houses at Hurstwood remained as they were in Spenser's time, and the particular one is known where his reputed family lived.[1] As you ascend the stream beyond Hurstwood, you approach the open moors, which were always a delight to me. The love of the stream and the hills beyond frequently led me to pass the little hamlet where Spenser is said to have lived, and in this way he seemed to belong to our own landscape, since he must have wandered by the same river, and looked upon the same hills. So as a boy whose daily wanderings were by the Avon might naturally think of Shakespeare more frequently than another, my thoughts turned often to the author of the *Faerie Queene*. I never read that poem steadily and fairly through, but I strayed about in it, which is the right way of reading it.

My own pursuit of poetry at that time led me to think of a poem founded on the legends of Loch Awe. To penetrate my mind more completely with the genius of the place, I went there in the summer of 1854, and worked at the poem, besides drawing some illustrations, of which a few were afterwards engraved. Notwithstanding a great liking for

[1] The presumptive evidence in favour of the theory that Spenser stayed at Hurstwood is very strong, and of various kinds. The reader who takes any interest in the subject is referred to the *Transactions of the Burnley Literary and Scientific Club*, vol. iv., 1886, where he will find a wood-cut of the house that once belonged to the Spensers of Hurstwood.

Loch Awe, my stay there was not particularly agreeable. I lived, of course, at the inns, which were not very good, and having no companion, not even a servant, I felt rather dull and lonely, especially on the wet days. A well-known London banker was staying at the inn of Cladich at the same time with me, so we became acquainted, and he wished to purchase one of my studies, but as I intended to keep them all, I declined. This was very foolish, as it would have been easy to do another of the same subject for myself, and the mere fact of selling would have been a practical encouragement, especially as that purchase would probably have been followed by others. The very smallest beginnings are of importance. It is much for a young artist to get a few pounds fairly offered by a customer who knows nothing about him except his work, and is actuated by no motives of friendship.

Another visitor at the same inn exercised upon me an influence of a very different kind. He had a young daughter with him, and to keep the girl in practice he constantly spoke French to her. I had studied the language more than most English boys do, and yet I found myself totally unable to follow those French conversations. This plagued me with an irritating sense of ignorance, so I looked back on my education generally, and found it unsatisfactory. Being conscious that my classical attainments were not very valuable, I determined to acquire some substantial knowledge of modern languages, and to begin by learning French over again, so as to write and speak it easily. This resolution remained in my mind as irrevocably settled, and was afterwards completely carried out.

As I shall have a good deal to say about Loch Awe in future pages of this book, I omit all description of it here. Many of the days spent there in 1854 were rainy, and I sat alone writing my poem in a little bedroom on the ground-floor of the inn at Cladich. Of all literary work versification is the most absorbing, and if it is good for nothing else,

it has at least the merit of getting one well through a rainy day.

On my return from Scotland, I accompanied my guardian and her sister on a tour in Wales. We re-visited Rhyl and some other places that I had seen with my father, including Caernarvon. This tour was of no importance in itself, but as from Scotland I had brought the resolution that made me seriously study French, so from Caernarvon I brought a resolution to master the art of swimming. Being in the water one morning, I suddenly found that I could swim after a fashion, and this led to more serious efforts. Our stream at home was delightful for mere bathing, but the rocks were an impediment to active exercise. I afterwards became an accomplished swimmer, and could do various tricks in the water, such as reading aloud from a book held in both hands, or swimming in clothes and heavy boots, with one hand out of the water carrying a paddle and drawing a canoe after me. I have often carried one of my little boys on my shoulders, but they are now better swimmers than myself, and the eldest has saved several men from drowning. It is an immense comfort, if nothing else, to be perfectly at home in the water, and it has increased my pleasure in boating a hundredfold.

There is nothing further of importance to be noted for the year 1854, except that I began to perceive a certain coolness, or what the French call *éloignement*, in our friends, which I attributed to my religious opinions. I never obtruded my opinions on any one, but did not conceal them beneath the usual conventional observances, so that our neighbours became aware that I did not think in a strictly orthodox manner, though they were, in fact, completely ignorant of the true nature of my beliefs. I remember one interesting test of my changed position in society. There was a certain great country house where I had been on the most intimate terms from childhood, where the boys called me by my

Christian name, as I called them by theirs, and where my guardian and I were from time to time invited to dine, and sometimes to spend a day or two. When our militia regiment was in training, the owner of this house invited the officers to a grand dinner, and I, an old intimate friend, was omitted. It was impossible that this omission could have been accidental, and it was impossible not to perceive it. I afterwards learned that my religious views were regarded with disapproval in that house, and there, of course, the matter rested. At the same time, or soon afterwards, I noticed that invitations from certain other houses also came to an end, a matter of little consequence to me personally, but I thought that it might indirectly be injurious to my guardian and her sister, and began to feel that I had become a sort of social disgrace and impediment for them.

It was probably about this time that my guardian bought for me some religious books, in which heterodox opinions were represented as being invariably the result of wickedness. I said it was a pity that religious writers could not learn to be more just, as heterodoxy might be due to simple intellectual differences. My guardian answered that she could perceive no injustice whatever in the statement that I complained of. This was infinitely painful to me, as coming from the person I most loved and esteemed in all the world. Another incident embittered my existence for some time. I had an intimate friend in Burnley, and my guardian said that she regretted this intimacy, not for any harm that my friend was likely to do me, but because with my "lamentable opinions" I might corrupt his mind. My answer to attacks of this kind has always been simple silence; when they came from other people I treated them with unfeigned indifference, but when they came from that one dear person, whose affection I valued more than all honours and all fame, they cut me to the quick, and then I knew by cruel experience what a dreadful evil religious bigotry is. For what had I

ever said or done to deserve censure? I had as good a right to my opinions as other people had to theirs, yet I kept them within my own breast, and avoided even the shadow of offence. My only crime was the negative one of nonconformity. Even in my latter years, the same old spirit of intolerance pursues me. The nearest relation I have left in England said to my wife that she hoped my books had not an extensive sale, so that their evil influence might be as narrowly restricted as possible. As for her, she would not even look into them.[1]

My refuge in those days was that best of all refuges—occupation. I was constantly at work on my different pursuits, and led a very healthy life at Hollins. The greatest objection to it was an evil that I have had to put up with in several different places, and that is intellectual isolation, especially on the side of art. I had nobody to speak to on that subject, except my old drawing-master, Mr. Henry Palmer. He had inevitably fallen into the usual routine of futile teaching, which is the fault of an uneducated public opinion, and of which the drawing-masters themselves are the first victims, so I did not take lessons from him; but he felt a warm and earnest interest in the fine arts, and we talked about old masters and modern masters for hours together in my study at Hollins, and in our walks. We once made a delightful sketching excursion together into the district of Craven, and I remember that at Bolton Abbey we met with a wonderful German who could sit in the presence of nature and coolly make trees according to a mechanical recipe. He might just as well have drawn the scenery of the Wharfe in the heart of Berlin.

[1] In writing this autobiography I often suddenly remember some forgotten incident of past times. Here is one that has just occurred to me. When walking out in 1853, I met a boy who shouted after me, "You're the fellow that thinks we are all like rats!" He had probably heard my opinions discussed in his family circle—how justly and how intelligently his exclamation shows.

CHAPTER XXV

1855

Publication of *The Isles of Loch Awe and other Poems*—Their sale—Advice to poetic aspirants—Mistake in illustrating my book of verse—Its subsequent history—Want of art in the book—Too much reality—Abandonment of verse—A critic in *Fraser*—Visit to Paris in 1855—Captain Turnbull—Ball at the Hôtel de Ville—Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel.

My volume *The Isles of Loch Awe and other Poems* appeared the day I came of age, September 10, 1855. It was published at my own expense, in an edition of two thousand copies, of which exactly eleven were sold in the real literary market. The town of Burnley took thirty-six copies, from a friendly interest in the author, and deserves my deepest gratitude—not that the thirty-six copies quite paid the expenses of publication!

Perhaps some poetic aspirant may read these pages, and if he does, he may accept a word of advice.

The difficulty in publishing poems is to get them fully and fairly read and considered by some publisher of real eminence in the trade. It is difficult to appreciate poetry in manuscript, and there is such a natural tendency to refuse anything in the form of metre, that it is well to smooth the way for it as much as possible. I would, therefore, if I had to begin again, get my poems put into type, and a private edition of one hundred copies should be printed. A few of these being sent to the leading publishers, I should very soon ascertain whether any one of them was inclined to bring

out the work. If they all declined, my loss would be the smallest possible, and I should possess a few copies of a rare book. If one publisher accepted, I should get an appeal to the public, which is all that a young author wants.[1]

I committed a great error in illustrating my book of verse. The illustrations only set up a conflict of interest with the poetry, and did no good whatever to the sale, whilst they vastly increased the cost of publication. Poetry is an independent art, and if it cannot stand on its own merits, the reason must be that it is destitute of vitality.

The subsequent history of this volume of poems is worth telling to those who take an interest in books. It was published at six shillings, and as the sale had been extremely small, I reduced the price to half-a-crown. The reduction brought on a sale of about three hundred copies, and there it stopped. I then disposed of the entire remainder to a wholesale buyer of "remainders" for the modest sum of sixpence per copy. Since I have become known as a writer of prose, many people have sought out this book of verse, with the wonderful and unforeseen result that it has resumed its original price. I myself have purchased copies for five shillings each that I had sold for sixpence (not a profitable species of commerce), and I have been told that the book is now worth six shillings, exactly my original estimate of its possible value to an enlightened and discriminating public.

Emerson wrote that the English had many poetical writers, but no poet, and this at a time when Tennyson was already famous. The same spirit of exclusion, in a minor degree, will deny the existence of all poets except three, or perhaps four, in a generation. It would be presumptuous to hope to be one of the three, but I do not think it was

[1] A single copy clearly printed by the type-writing machine would now be almost as good for the purpose as a small privately-printed edition.

presumptuous in me to hope for some readers for my verse. As this autobiography approached that early publication, I read the volume over again, with a fresh eye, after an interval of many years, exactly as if it had been written by somebody else. There is poetry in the verse, and there is prose also, my fault having been, at that time, that I was unable to discriminate between the two. I had not the craft and art to make the most of such poetical ideas as were really my own. These defects are natural enough in a very young writer who could not possibly have much literary skill. Amongst other marks of its absence, or deficiency, must be reckoned the facility with which I allowed the mere matter-of-fact to get into my verse, not being clearly aware that the matter-of-fact is death to poetic art, and that nothing whatever is admissible into poetry without being first idealized. Another cause of inferiority was that my emotions were too real. The consequence of reality in emotion is very curious, being exactly the contrary of what one would naturally expect. Real emotion expresses itself simply and briefly, and often quite feebly and inadequately.[1] The result, of course, is that the reader's feelings are not played upon sufficiently to excite them. Feigned, or artistic emotion, on the contrary, leaves the poetic artist in the fullest possession of all his means of influence, and he works upon the reader's feelings by slow or by sudden effects at his own choice.[2]

The failure of *The Isles of Loch Awe* occasioned me rather a heavy loss, which had the effect of making me

[1] Amongst the uneducated genuine emotion is often voluble, but poets usually belong to the educated classes.

[2] Two diametrically opposite opinions on this subject are held by actors, some of whom think that in their profession emotion ought to be real, others that it ought to be feigned. I know nothing about acting, but have always found in literature and art, and even in the intercourse of life, that my own real emotions expressed themselves very inadequately.

economical for two or three years, during which I did not even keep a horse. I also came to the conclusion that nobody wanted my verses, and (not having either the inspiration of Shelley and Keats, or the dogged determination of Wordsworth) I gave up writing verse altogether, and that with a suddenness and completeness that astonishes me now. Young men are extreme in their hopes and in their discouragements. I had expected to sell two thousand copies of a book of poetry by a totally unknown writer, and because I did not immediately succeed in the hopeless attempt I must needs break with literature altogether! It did not occur to me to pursue the art of prose composition, which is quite as interesting as that of verse, and ten times more rewarding in every sense.

My book had been, on the whole, very kindly received by the reviews, and a very odd incident occurred in connection with a well-known periodical. At that time *Fraser's Magazine* was one of the great authorities, and a contributor to it was so pleased with my poems, that he determined to write an important article upon them. One of his friends knew of this intention, and told me. He revealed to the contributor, accidentally, that he had given me this piece of information, on which the contributor at once replied that since the author of the volume had been made aware that it was to be reviewed, it was evident that his knowledge of the fact had made it impossible to write the article. Does the reader perceive the impossibility? I confess that it is invisible for me. However, by this trifling incident, my book missed a most important review which, at that time, might have classed it amongst the noticeable publications of the period!

My commercial non-success in poetry threw me back more decidedly upon painting, and this in combination with the resolution to learn French well, of which something has been already said, made me go to Paris in the autumn

of 1855. I was at that time so utterly ignorant of modern languages, as they are spoken, that in the train between Calais and Paris I could not be certain, until I was told by an Englishman who was more of a linguist than myself, which of my fellow-travellers were speaking French, and which Italian. I made such good use of my time in Paris, that when returning to England on the same railway, after the short interval of three months, I spoke French fluently (though not correctly) for the greater part of the way, and did not miss a syllable that was said to me.

I had no knowledge of Paris and its hotels, so let myself be guided by a fellow-traveller. We went to the Hôtel du Louvre, then so new that it smelt of plaster and paint. In those days, big, splendid hotels were almost unknown in Europe. The vast dining-hall, with its palatial decoration, impressed my inexperience very strongly. During my stay in the Hôtel du Louvre, I made the acquaintance of some English officers. One was a splendid-looking man of about twenty-eight, physically the finest Englishman I was ever personally acquainted with, and another was a much older and more experienced officer on leave of absence from India, where he ruled over a considerable territory. His name was Turnbull, and I have been told since by another Indian officer, that Captain Turnbull was the original of Colonel Newcome. Certainly he was one of the kindest, most amiable, and most unpretending gentlemen I ever met. These two officers were invited to the ball at the Hôtel de Ville that was given by the Parisian municipality to the Emperor and King Victor Emmanuel, and it happened that the young military Adonis had not his uniform with him, whilst the idea of going to the ball without it, and appearing only like a commonplace civilian, was so vexatious as to be inadmissible. He therefore refused to go, and transferred his card to me, so I went with Captain Turnbull, who had a cocked hat like a general, and was taken for one. Some

French people, by a stretch of imagination, even took him for Prince Albert!

The Hôtel de Ville was very splendid on a night of that kind, and when, long afterwards, I saw it as a blackened ruin, the details of that past splendour all came back to me. The most interesting moment was when the crowd of guests formed in two lines in the great ball-room, and the Emperor and King took their places for a short time on two thrones, after which they slowly walked down the open space. I happened to be standing near a French general, who kindly spoke a few words to me, and just after that, the Emperor came and shook hands with him, asking a friendly question. In this way I saw Louis Napoleon very plainly; but the more interesting of the two souvenirs for me is certainly that of the immortal leader of men who was afterwards the first King of Italy. As for Louis Napoleon, the sight of him in his glory called to mind an anecdote told of him by Major Towneley in our regiment. When an exile in London, he spoke to the major of some project that he would put into execution *quand je serai Empereur*. "Do you really still cherish hopes of that kind?" asked the sceptical Englishman. "They are not merely hopes," answered Louis Napoleon, "but a certainty." He believed firmly in the re-establishment of the Empire, but had no faith whatever in its permanence. This uneasy apprehension of a fall was publicly betrayed afterwards by the unnecessary plebiscitum. In a conversation with a French supporter of the Empire, Louis Napoleon said, "So long as I am necessary my power will remain unshakable, but when my hour comes I shall be broken like glass!" He believed himself to be simply an instrument in the hands of Providence that would be thrown away when no longer of any use.

We who saw the sovereigns of France and Sardinia walking down that ball-room together, little imagined what would be the ultimate consequences of their alliance—the

establishment of the Italian kingdom, then of the German Empire, with the siege of Paris, the Commune, and the total destruction of the building that dazzled us by its splendour, and of the palace where the sovereigns slept that night.

Now they sleep far apart, one in the Pantheon of ancient Rome, in the midst of the Italian people, who hold his name in everlasting honour, the other in an exile's grave in England, with a name upon it that is execrated from Boulogne to Strasburg, and from Calais to Marseilles.

CHAPTER XXVI

1855

Thackeray's family in Paris—Madame Mohl—Her husband's encouraging theory about learning languages—Mr. Scholey—His friend, William Wyld—An Indian in Europe—An Italian adventuress—Important meeting with an American—Its consequences—I go to a French hotel—People at the *table d'hôte*—M. Victor Ouvrard—His claim on the Emperor—M. Gindriez—His family—His eldest daughter.

CAPTAIN TURNBULL knew some English people in the colony at Paris, so he introduced me to two or three houses, and if my object had been to speak English instead of French, I might have gone into the Anglo-Parisian society of that day. One house was interesting to me, that of Thackeray's mother, Mrs. Carmichael Smith. Her second husband, the major, was still living, and she was a vigorous and majestic elderly lady. She talked to me about her son, and his pursuit of art, but I do not remember that she told me anything that the public has not since learned from other sources. I soon discovered that she had very decided views on the subject of religion, and that she looked even upon Unitarians with reprobation, especially as they might be infidels in disguise. My own subsequent experience of the world has led me to perceive that, when infidels wear a cloak, they generally put on a more useful and fashionable one than that of Unitarianism—they assume the religion that can best help them to get on in the world. However, I was not going to argue such a point with a lady who was considerably my

senior, and I was constantly in expectation of being examined about my own religious views, knowing that it would be impossible for me to give satisfactory answers. I therefore decided that it would be better to keep out of Mrs. Carmichael Smith's way, and learned afterwards that she had a reputation for asserting the faith that was in her, and for expressing her disapproval of everybody who believed less. For my part, I confess to a cowardly dread of elderly religious Englishwomen. They have examined me many a time, and I have never come out of the ordeal with satisfaction, either to them or to myself.

Thackeray's three daughters were in Paris at that time. I remember Miss Thackeray quite distinctly. She struck me as a young lady of uncommon sense and penetration, and it was not at all a surprise to me when she afterwards became distinguished in literature. Thackeray himself was in London, so I did not meet him.

I went occasionally in the evening to see that remarkable woman, Madame Mohl. She was the oddest-looking little figure, with her original notions about toilette, to which she was by no means indifferent. In the year 1855 she still considered herself a very young woman, and indeed was so, relatively to the great age she was destined to attain. After I had been about six weeks in Paris, her husband gave me the first bit of really valuable encouragement about speaking French that I had received from any one.

"Can you follow what is said by others?"

"Yes, easily."

"Very well; then you may be free from all anxiety about speaking—you will certainly speak in due time."

An eccentric, but thoroughly manly and honest Englishman, named Scholey, was staying at the Hôtel du Louvre at the same time with Captain Turnbull. He was an old bachelor, and looked upon marriage as a snare, but I learned afterwards that he had been in love at an earlier period of his

existence, and that the engagement had been broken off by the friends of the young lady, because Scholey combined the two great defects of honesty and thinking for himself in religious matters. So long as people prefer sneaks and hypocrites to straightforward manly characters like Scholey, such men are likely to be kept out of polite society. A dishonest man will profess any opinion that you please, or that is likely to please you, so long as it will advance his interest. If, therefore, a lover runs the risk of breaking off a marriage rather than turn hypocrite, it is clear that his sense of honour has borne a crucial test.

> "I had not loved thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more!"

Scholey spoke French fluently, and, as he lived on the edge of England, he often crossed over into France. I deeply regret not to have seen much more of him. One of his acts of kindness, in 1855, was to take me to see his old friend William Wyld, the painter, with whom I soon became acquainted, and who is still one of my best and most attached friends. Wyld lived and worked at that time in the same studio, in the Rue Blanche, where he is still living and working in this present year (1887), an octogenarian with the health and faculties of a man of fifty.

There was, in those days, an Indian staying at the Hôtel du Louvre, who spoke English very well, but not French, so he was working at French diligently with a master. This Indian was always called "the Prince" in the hotel, though he was not a prince at all, and never pretended to be one, but disclaimed the title whenever he had a chance. He lived rather expensively, but without the least ostentation, and had very quiet manners. He progressed well with his French studies, but did not stay long enough to master the language. I was very much interested in him, as a young man is in all that is strange and a little romantic. He talked about India with great apparent frankness, saying, that naturally the

Indians desired national independence, but were too much divided amongst themselves to be likely to attain it in our time. The Mutiny broke out rather more than a year afterwards, and then I remembered these conversations.

"The Prince" had some precious and curious things with him, which he showed me, but his extreme dislike to attracting attention made him dress quite plainly at all times, especially when he went out, which was usually in a small brougham. Now and then an English official from India, or some military officer would call upon him, and sometimes they spoke Arabic or Hindostanee.

There was a lady at the hotel who has always remained in my memory as one of the most extraordinary human beings I ever met. She was an Italian, good-looking, yet neither pretty nor handsome, and, above all, intelligent-looking. She dressed with studiously quiet taste, and used to dine at the *table d'hôte* with the rest of us. Besides her native Italian, she spoke French and English with surprising perfection, and her manners were so modest, so unexceptionable in every way, that no one not in the secret would or could have suspected her real business, which was to secure a succession of temporary husbands in the most respectable manner, and without leaving the hotel. Her linguistic accomplishments gave her a wide field of choice, and representatives of various nations succeeded each other at irregular but never very long intervals. As I shall be dead when this is published, perhaps it may be as well to say that I was not one of the series. The reader may believe this when he remembers that I was very economical for the time being, in consequence of the loss on my book of poems. After a while my French teacher informed me that "the Prince" had been caught by the fair Italian, who established herself quietly somewhere in his suite of rooms. People did not think this very wrong in a Mahometan, but after his departure from Paris I happened to be studying

some old Italian religious pictures in the Louvre, and suddenly became aware that the same lady was looking at a Perugino near me. This time she was with the Prince's successor, a most respectable English gentleman, and so far as absolute correctness of outward appearance went, there was not a more presentable couple in the galleries. It is my opinion that she succeeded more by her good manners and quiet way of dressing than by anything else. She must have been a real lady who had fallen into that way of life in consequence of a reverse of fortune.

After a while I came to the conclusion that I was too much with English people at the Hôtel du Louvre, and an incident occurred which altered the whole course of my future life, and is the reason why I am now writing this book in France. I had been up late one night at the Opera, and the next morning rose an hour later than usual. An American came into the breakfast-room of the hotel and found me taking my chocolate. Had I risen only half-an-hour earlier, I should have got through that cup of chocolate and been already out in the streets before the American came down. To have missed him would have been never to know my wife, never even to see her face, as the reader will perceive in the sequel, and the consequences of not marrying her would have been incalculable. One of them is certain in my own mind. The modest degree of literary reputation that makes this autobiography acceptable from a publisher's point of view has been won slowly and arduously. It has been the result of long and steadfast labour, and there is no merely personal motive that would have ever made me persevere. Consequently, the existence of this volume and any meaning that now belongs to the name on its title-page, are due to my getting up late that morning in the Hôtel du Louvre.

The American and I being alone in the breakfast-room, and shamefully late, were drawn together by the sympathy

created by an identical situation, and began to talk. He gave some reasons for being in Paris, and I gave mine, which was to learn French. We then agreed that to get accustomed to the use of a foreign language the first thing was to surround ourselves with it entirely, and that this could not be done in a cosmopolitan place like the Hôtel du Louvre.

"I have a French friend," the American said, "who could give you the address of some purely French hotel where you would not hear a syllable of English."

After breakfast he kindly took me to see this friend, who was a merchant sitting in a pretty and tidy counting-house all in green and new oak. The merchant spoke English (he had lived in America) and said, "I know exactly what you want, a quiet little French hotel in the Champs Elysées where you can have clean rooms and a well-kept *table d'hôte*." He wrote me the address on a card, and I went to look at the place.

The hotel, which exists no longer, was in the Avenue Montaigne. It suited my tastes precisely, being extremely quiet, as it looked upon a retired garden, and the rooms were perfectly clean. There was only one storey above the ground-floor, and here I took a bedroom and sitting-room looking upon the garden. The house was kept by a widow who had very good manners, and was, in her own person, a pleasant example of the cleanliness that characterized the house. I learned afterwards (not from herself) that she had been a lady reduced to poor circumstances by the loss of her husband, and that her relations being determined that she should do something for her living, had advanced some money on condition that she set up an establishment. Having no experience in hotel-keeping, she soon dissipated the little capital and lived afterwards on a pittance in the strictest retirement.

When I took my rooms the small hotel seemed modestly

prosperous. There were about a dozen people at the *table d'hôte*, but they did not all stay in the house. We had an officer in the army who had brought his young provincial wife to Paris, a beautiful but remarkably unintelligent person, and there were other people who might be taken as fair specimens of the better French *bourgeoisie*. The most interesting person in the hotel was an old white-headed gentleman whose name I may give, Victor Ouvrard, a nephew of the famous Ouvrard who had been a great contractor for military clothes and accoutrements under Napoleon I. Victor Ouvrard was living on a pension given by a wealthy relation, and doing what he could to push a hopeless claim on Napoleon III. for several millions of francs due by the first Emperor to his uncle. I know nothing about the great contractor except the curious fact that he remained in prison for a long time rather than give up a large sum of money to the Government, saying that by the mere sacrifice of his liberty he was earning a handsome income. The nephew was what we call a gentleman, a model of good manners and delicate sentiments. He would have made an excellent character for a novelist, with his constantly expressed regret that he had not a speciality.

"Si j'avais une spécialité!" he would say, as he tapped his snuff-box and looked up wistfully to the ceiling—"si j'avais seulement une spécialité!" He felt himself humiliated by the necessity for accepting his little pension, and still entertained a chimerical hope that if the Emperor did not restore the millions that were due, he might at least bestow upon him enough for independence in his last years. There had been some slight indications of a favourable turn in the Emperor's mind, but they came to nothing. Meanwhile M. Victor Ouvrard lived on with strict economy, brushing his old coats till they were threadbare, and never allowing himself a vehicle in the streets of Paris. He was an excellent walker, and we explored a great part of the town together

on foot. He kindly took patience with my imperfect French, and often gently corrected me. The long conversations I had with M. Ouvrard on all sorts of subjects, in addition to my daily lessons from masters, got me forward with surprising rapidity. I observed a strict rule of abstinence from English, never calling on any English people, with the single exception of Mr. Wyld, the painter, nor reading any English books. When M. Ouvrard was not with me in the streets of Paris, I got up conversations with anybody who would talk to me, merely to get practice, and in my own room I wrote French every day. Besides this, for physical exercise, I became a pupil in a gymnasium, and worked there regularly. One thing seemed strange in the way they treated us. When we were as hot as possible with exercise, at the moment of leaving off and changing our dress, men came to the dressing-rooms to sponge us with ice-cold water. They said it did nothing but good, and certainly I never felt any bad effects from the practice.

The ice-cold water reminds me of a ridiculous incident that occurred in the garden of the Tuileries. M. Ouvrard and I were walking together in the direction of the palace, when we saw a Frenchman going towards it with his eyes fixed on the edifice. He was so entirely absorbed by his architectural studies that he did not notice the basin just in front of him. The stone lip of the basin projects a little on the land side, so that if you catch your foot in it no recovery is possible. This he did, and was thrown violently full length upon the thin ice, which offered little resistance to his weight. The basin is not more than a yard deep, so he got out and made his way along the Rue de Rivoli, his clothes streaming on the causeway. Some spectators laughed, and others smiled, but M. Ouvrard remained perfectly grave, saying that he could not understand how people could be so unfeeling as to laugh at a misfortune, for the man would probably take cold. Perhaps the reader thinks he had no sense of humour.

Yes, he had; he was very facetious and a hearty laugher, but his delicacy of feeling was so refined that he could not laugh at an accident that seemed to call rather for his sympathy.

A French gentleman who was staying at the hotel had a friend who came occasionally to see him, and this friend was an amiable and interesting talker. He had at the same time much natural politeness, and seeing that I wanted to practise conversation he indulged me by patiently listening to my bad French, and giving me his own remarkably pure and masterly French in return. His name I learned was Gindriez, and he was living in Paris by the tolerance of the Emperor. He had been Prefect of the Doubs under the second Republic, and had resigned his prefecture as soon as the orders emanating from the executive Government betrayed the intention of establishing the Empire. As a member of the National Assembly he had voted against the Bonapartists, and was one of the few representatives who were concerting measures against Napoleon when he forestalled them by striking first. After the *coup d'état* M. Gindriez fled to Belgium, but returned to Paris for family reasons, and was permitted to remain on condition that he did not actively set himself in opposition to the Empire. M. Gindriez looked upon his own political career as ended, though he could have made it prosperous enough, and even brilliant, by serving the power of the day. A more flexible instrument had been put into his prefecture, a new legislative body had been elected to give a false appearance of parliamentary government, and an autocratic system had been established which M. Gindriez believed destined to a prolonged duration, though he felt sure that it could not last for ever. Subsequent events have proved the correctness of his judgment. The Empire outlasted the lifetime of M. Gindriez, but it did not establish itself permanently.

It was a peculiarity of mine in early life (which I never thought about at the time, but which has become evident in the course of this autobiography) to prefer the society of

elderly men. In London I had liked to be with Mackay, Robinson the engraver, and Leslie, all grey-headed men, and in Paris I soon acquired a strong liking for M. Ouvrard, M. Gindriez, and Mr. Wyld. They were kind and open, and had experience, therefore they were interesting; my uncles in Lancashire had, no doubt, been kind in their own way, that is, in welcoming me to their houses, but they were both excessively reserved. Being at that time deeply interested in France, I was delighted to find a man like M. Gindriez who could give me endless information. His chief interest in life lay in French politics, art and literature being for him subjects of secondary concern, but by no means of indifference, and the plain truth is that he had a better and clearer conception of art than I myself had in those days, or for long afterwards. There was also for me a personal magnetism in M. Gindriez, which it was not easy to account for then, but which is now quite intelligible to me. He had in the utmost strength and purity the genuine heroic nature. I came to understand this in after years, and believe that it impressed me from the first. It is unnecessary to say more about this remarkable character in this place, because the reader will hear much of him afterwards. It is enough to say that I was attracted by his powers of conversation and his evident tenderness of heart.

When we had become better acquainted, M. Gindriez invited me to spend an evening at his house after dinner, and I went. He was living at that time on a boulevard outside the first wall, which has since been demolished. His *appartement* was simply furnished, and not strikingly different in any way from the usual dwellings of the Parisian middle class. I had now been absent for some weeks from anything like a home, and after living in hotels it was pleasant to find myself at a domestic fireside. M. Gindriez had several children. The eldest was a girl of sixteen, extremely modest and retiring, as a well-bred *jeune fille* generally is in France, and there was another daughter, very pretty and engaging,

but scarcely more than a child ; there were also two boys, the eldest a very taciturn, studious lad, who was at that time at the well-known college of Sainte Barbe. Their mother had been a woman of remarkable beauty, and still retained enough of it to attract the eye of a painter. She had also at times a certain unconscious grace and dignity of pose that the great old Italian masters valued more than it is valued now. M. Gindriez himself had a refined face, but my interest in him was due almost entirely to the charm and ease of his conversation.

In writing an autobiography one ought to give impressions as they were received at the time and not as they may have been modified afterwards. I am still quite able to recall the impression made upon me by the eldest daughter in the beginning of 1856. I did not think her so pretty as her sister, though she had a healthy complexion, with bright eyes and remarkably beautiful teeth, whilst her slight figure was graceful and well formed ; but I well remember being pleased and interested by the little glimpses I could get of her mind and character. It was a new sort of character to me, and even in the tones of her voice there was something that indicated a rare union of strength and tenderness. The tenderness, of course, was not for me, a foreign temporary guest in those days, but I found it out by the girl's way of speaking to her father. I perceived, too, under an exterior of cheerfulness, rising at times to gaiety, a nature that was really serious, as if saddened by a too early experience of trouble.

The truth was, that in consequence of her father's chequered career, this girl of sixteen had passed through a much greater variety of experience than most women have known at thirty. Her mother, too, had for some time suffered almost continuously from ill-health, so that the eldest daughter had been really the active mistress of the house. Her courage and resolution had been put to the test in various ways that I knew nothing about then, but the effects

of an uncommon experience were that deepening of the young nature which made it especially interesting to me. Afterwards I discovered that Eugénie Gindriez had read more, and thought more than other girls of her age. This might have been almost an evil in a quiet life, but hers had not been a quiet life.

We soon became friends in spite of the French conventional idea that a girl should not open her lips, but it did not occur to me that we were likely ever to be anything more than friends. Had the idea occurred, the obstacle of a difference in nationality would have seemed to me absolutely insuperable. I thought of marriage at that time as a possibility, but not of an international marriage. In fact, the difficulties attending upon an international marriage are so considerable, and the subsequent practical inconvenience so troublesome, that only an ardently passionate and imprudent nature could overlook them.

I, for my part, left Paris without being aware that Mademoiselle Gindriez had anything to do with my future destiny; but she, with a woman's perspicacity, knew better. She thought it at least probable, if not certain, that I should return after long years; she waited patiently, and when at last I did return there was no need to tell on what errand.

An incident occurred that might have been a partial revelation to me and a clear one to her. Before my departure from Paris, M. Ouvrard said to me that he had been told I was engaged to "une Française."

"What is her name?"—he mentioned another young lady. Now to this day I remember that when he spoke of a French marriage as a possibility for me I at once saw, mentally, a portrait of Eugénie Gindriez. However, as a French marriage was *not* a possibility, I thought no more of the matter.

CHAPTER XXVII

1856

Specialities in painting—Wyld's practice—Projected voyage on the Loire—Birth of the Prince Imperial—Scepticism about his inheritance of the crown—The Imperial family—I return home—Value of the French language to me.

BEING entirely absorbed in the study of French during my first visit to Paris, I did little in the practice of art. My Lancashire neighbour, who was studying in Paris, worked in Colin's atelier, and I have since regretted that I did not at that time get myself entered there, the more so that it was a decent and quiet place kept under the eye of the master himself, who had long been accustomed to teaching. My friend had certainly made good progress there. I was unfortunately influenced by two erroneous ideas, one of them being that the studies of a figure-painter could be of no use in landscape,[1] and the other that it was wiser to be a specialist, and devote myself to landscape exclusively. It is surprising that the notion of a limited speciality in painting should have taken possession of me then, as in other matters I have never been a narrow specialist, or had any tendency to become one.

The choice of a narrow speciality may be good in the industrial arts, but it is not good in painting, for the reason that a painter may at any time desire to include something in his picture which a specialist could not deal with. To feel as

[1] This idea had been strongly confirmed by Mr. Pettitt.

if the world belonged to him a painter ought to be able to paint everything he sees. There is another sense in which speciality may be good: it may be good to keep to one of the graphic arts in order to effect that intimate union between the man and his instrument which is hardly possible on any other terms.

Wyld would have taught me landscape-painting if I had asked him, and I did at a later period study water-colour with him; but his practice in oil did not suit me, for this reason. It was entirely tentative, he was constantly demolishing his work, so that it was hard to see how a pupil could possibly follow him. The advantage in working under his eye would have been in receiving a great variety of sound artistic ideas; for few painters know more about *art* as distinguished from nature. However, by mere conversation, Wyld has communicated to me a great deal of this knowledge; and with regard to the practical advantages of painting like him they would probably not have ensured me any better commercial success, as his style of painting has now for a long time been completely out of fashion.

My scheme in 1856 was to make a great slow boat voyage on the Loire, with the purpose of collecting a quantity of sketches and studies in illustration of that river; and my ardour in learning to speak French had for an immediate motive the desire to make that voyage without an interpreter. I have often regretted that this scheme was never carried out. I have since done something of the same kind for the Saône, but my situation is now entirely different. I am now obliged to make all my undertakings *pay*, which limits them terribly, and almost entirely prevents me from doing anything on a great scale. For example, these pages are written within a few miles of Loire side; the river that flows near my home is a tributary of the Loire; I have all the material outfit necessary for a great boating expedition, and still keep the strength and the will; but no publisher could prudently undertake the

illustration of a river so long as the Loire and so rich in material, on the scale that I contemplated in 1856.

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with my crude impressions of European painting in the Universal Exhibition of that year. I no more understood French art at that time than a Frenchman newly transplanted to London can understand English art. The two schools require, in fact, different mental adjustments. Our National Gallery had sufficiently prepared me for the Louvre, which I visited very frequently; and there I laid the foundations of a sort of knowledge which became of great use many years afterwards, though for a long time there was nothing to show for it.

No historical event of importance occurred during my stay in Paris, except the birth of the Prince Imperial. I was awakened by the cannon at the Invalides, and having been told that if there were more than twenty-one guns the child would be a boy, I counted till the twenty-second, and then fell asleep again. There existed, even then, the most complete scepticism as to the transmission of the crown. Neither M. Gindriez, nor any other intelligent Frenchman that I met, believed that the newly-born infant had the faintest chance of ever occupying the throne of France. Before the child's birth I had seen his father and mother and all his relations at the closing ceremony of the Universal Exhibition, and thought them, with the exception of the Empress, a common-looking set of people. They walked round the oblong arena in the Palais de l'Industrie exactly as circus people do round the track at the Hippodrome. The most interesting figure was old Jerome—interesting, not for himself, as he was a nonentity, but as the brother of the most famous conqueror since Cæsar.

Being called back to England on a matter of business, I cut short my stay in Paris, and arrived at Hollins without having advanced much as an artist, but with an important linguistic acquirement. The value of French to me from a

professional point of view is quite incalculable. The best French criticism on the fine arts is the most discriminating and the most accurate in the world, at least when it is not turned aside from truth by the national jealousy of England and the consequent antipathy to English art. At the same time, there are qualities of delicacy and precision in French prose which it was good for me to appreciate, even imperfectly.

CHAPTER XXVIII

1856

My first encampment in Lancashire—Value of encamping as a part of educational discipline—Happy days in camp—The natural and the artificial in landscape—Sir James Kay Shuttleworth's Exhibition project—I decline to take an active part in it—His energetic and laborious disposition—Charlotte Brontë—General Scarlett.

THE Loire expedition having been abandoned for the year 1856, and the Nile voyage put off indefinitely, I remained working in the north of England, discouraged, as to literature, by the failure of the book of verse, and without much encouragement for painting either, so the summer of 1856 was not very fruitful in work of any kind.

Towards autumn, however, I took courage again, and determined to paint from nature on the moors. This led to the first attempt at encamping.

It is wonderful what an influence the things we do in early life may have on our future occupations. In 1886, exactly thirty years later, I made the Saône expedition, for which two *absolutely essential* qualifications were an intimate knowledge of the French language, and a practical acquaintance with encamping. The Roman who said that fifteen years made a long space in human life would have appreciated the importance of thirty, yet across all that space of time what I did in 1856 told just as effectually as if it had been done the year before. *Moral* (for any young man who may read this book): it is impossible to say how important the

deeds of twenty-one may turn out to have been when we look back upon them in complete maturity. All we know about them is that they are likely to be recognized in the future as far more important than they seemed when they were in the present.

Encamping is now quite familiar to young Englishmen in connection with boating excursions, and it has even been adopted in American pine forests for the sake of health, but in 1856 only military men and a few travellers knew anything about encampments. I was led into this art or amusement (for it is both) by a very natural transition. Here are the three stages of it.

1. You want to paint from nature in uncertain weather, and you build a hut for shelter.

2. The hut is at some distance from a house, and you do not like to leave it, so you sleep in it.

3. The accommodation is found to be narrow, and it is unpleasant to have one little room for everything, so you add a tent or two outside and keep a man. Hence a complete little encampment.

Everybody considered me extremely eccentric in 1856 because I was led into encamping, but it was an excellent thing for me in various ways. A young man given up to such pursuits as literature and art needs a closer contact with common realities than æsthetic studies can give. The physical work attendant upon encamping, and the constant attention that *must* be given to such pressing necessities as shelter and food, give exactly that contact with reality that educates us in readiness of resource, and they have the incalculable advantage of making one learn the difference between the necessary and the superfluous. I look back upon early camping experiments with satisfaction as an experience of the greatest educational value. Even now, in my sixth decade, I can sleep under canvas and arrange all the details of a camp with indescribable enjoyment and

(what is perhaps better still) I can put up cheerfully with the very humblest accommodation in country inns, provided only that they are tolerably clean.

The arrangements of my hut on the moor near Burnley have been described in detail in *The Painter's Camp*, so it is unnecessary to give a minute account of them in this place. I was entirely alone, except the company of a dog, and had no defence but a revolver. That month of solitude on the wild hills was a singularly happy time, so happy that it is not easy, without some reflection, to account for such a degree of felicity. I was young, and the brisk mountain air exhilarated me. I walked out every day on the heather, which I loved as if my father and mother had been a brace of grouse. Then there was the steady occupation of painting a big foreground study from nature, and the necessary camp work that would have kept morbid ideas at a distance if any such had been likely to trouble me. As for the solitude, and the silence broken only by wind and rain, their effect was not depressing in the least. Towns are depressing to me—even Paris has that effect—but how is it possible to feel otherwise than cheerful when you have leagues of fragrant heather all around you, and blue Yorkshire hills on the high and far horizon?

A noteworthy effect of this month on the moors, was that on returning to Hollins, which was situated amongst trim green pastures and plantations, everything seemed so astonishingly artificial. It came with the force of a discovery. From that day to this the natural and the artificial in landscape have been, for me, as clearly distinguished as a wild boar from a domestic pig. My strong preference was, and still is, for wild nature. The unfortunate effects of this preference, as regards success in landscape-painting, will claim our attention later.

The grand scheme for an Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester in 1857, suggested to Sir James Kay Shuttleworth

the idea of having an Exhibition at Burnley in the same year to illustrate the history of Lancashire. He thought that a certain proportion of the visitors to the Manchester Art Treasures would probably be induced to visit our little known but prosperous and rising town. His scheme was of a very comprehensive character, and included a pictorial illustration of Lancashire. There would have been pictures of Lancashire scenery as well as portraits of men who have distinguished themselves in the history of the county, and whose fame has, in many instances, gone far beyond its borders. All the mechanical inventions that have enriched Lancashire would also have been represented.

Having thought this over in his own mind, Sir James wanted an active lieutenant to aid him in carrying his idea into execution, and as he knew me he asked me to be the practical manager of the Exhibition. I was to travel all over the county, see all the people of importance, and borrow, whenever possible, such of their pictures and other relics as might be considered illustrative of Lancashire history. Sir James had many influential friends, I myself had a few, and it seemed to him that by devoting my time to the scheme heartily I might make it a success. My reward was to be simply a very interesting experience, as I should see almost all the interesting things and people in my native county.

Sir James did his best to entice me, and as he was a very able man with much knowledge of the world, he might possibly have succeeded had I not been more than usually wary. Luckily, I felt the whole weight of my inexperience, and said to myself, "Whatever we do it is *certain* that mistakes will be committed, and very probable that some things will be damaged. All mistakes will be laid to my door. Then the Exhibition itself may be a failure, and it is disagreeable to be conspicuously connected with a failure." I next consulted one or two experienced friends, who said,

"Sir James will have the credit of any success there may be, and you, as a young useful person, comparatively unknown, will get very little, whilst at the same time you will be burdened with heavy anxieties and responsibilities." I therefore firmly declined, and as Sir James could not find any other suitable assistant, his project was never realized.

It seems odd that the existence of this Lancashire Exhibition should have depended on the "yes" or "no" of a lad of twenty-three; yet so it did, for if I had consented the scheme would certainly have been carried into execution, whether successfully or not it is impossible to say. The enterprise would have greatly interested and occupied me, for I have a natural turn for organizing things, being fond of order and details, and I should have learned a great deal and seen many people and many houses; still, the negative decision was the wiser.

Sir James Kay Shuttleworth was certainly one of the remarkable people I have known. At that time he was unpopular in Burnley on account of his separation from his wife, who had been the richest heiress in the neighbourhood, the owner of a fine estate and a grand old hall at Gawthorpe. People thought she had been ill-used. Of this I really know (of my own knowledge) absolutely nothing, and shall print no hearsays.

Sir James himself was an ambitious and very hard-working man, who passed through life with no desire for repose. Public education, in the days before Board Schools, was his especial subject, and he owed his baronetcy to his efforts in that cause. The Tory aristocracy of the neighbourhood disliked him for his liberal principles in politics, and for his brilliant marriage, which came about because the heiress of Gawthorpe took an interest in his own subjects. Perhaps, too, they were not quite pleased with his too active and restless intellect. He made one or two attempts to win a position as a novelist, but, in connection with literature,

future generations will know him chiefly as the kind host of Charlotte Brontë, who visited him at Gawthorpe.

I regret now, that I never met Charlotte Brontë, as she was quite a near neighbour of ours, in fact, I could have ridden or walked over to Haworth at any time. That village is just on the north-east border of the great Boulsworth moors, where my hut was pitched. At the time of my encampment there Charlotte Brontë had been dead about eighteen months. She was hardly a contemporary of mine, as she was born seventeen years before me, and died so prematurely; still, when I think that *Jane Eyre* was written within a very few miles of Hollins,[1] and that for several years, during which I rode or walked every day, Charlotte Brontë was living just on the other side of the moors visible from my home, I am vexed with myself for not having had assurance enough to go to see her. Since those days a hundred ephemeral reputations have risen only to be quenched for ever in the great ocean of the world's oblivion, but the fame of *Jane Eyre* is as brilliant as it was when the book astonished all reading England forty years ago.[2]

Amongst the distinguished people belonging to the neighbourhood of Burnley was General Scarlett, who led the charge of the Heavy Cavalry at Balaclava, a brilliant feat of arms much more satisfactory to military men than the fruitless sacrifice of the Light Brigade, which, however, is incomparably better known. I recollect General Scarlett chiefly because he set me thinking about a very important question in political economy. I happened to be sitting next him at dinner when the talk turned upon wine, and the General said, "The Radicals find fault with the economy of the Queen's household because they say that the wine

[1] I have not access to an ordnance map, but believe that the distance was hardly more than eight miles across the moors. Haworth is only twelve miles from Burnley by road.

[2] I am writing in 1888.

drunk there costs sixteen thousand a year. I don't know what it costs, but that is of no consequence." I then timidly inquired if he did not think it was a waste of money, on which, in a kind way, he explained to me that "if the money were paid and put into circulation it did not signify what it had been spent upon." I knew there was something fallacious in this, but my own ideas were not clear upon the subject, and it did not become me to set up an argument with a distinguished old officer like the General. Of course the right answer is that there is always a responsibility for spending money so as to be of use not only to the tradesman who pockets it, *but to the consumers also.* If the wine gave health and wisdom it would hardly be possible to spend too much upon it.

CHAPTER XXIX

I visit the homes of my forefathers at Hamerton, Wigglesworth, and Hellifield Peel—Attainder and execution of Sir Stephen Hamerton — Return of Hellifield Peel to the family — Sir Richard — The Hamertons distinguished only for marrying heiresses — Another visit to the Peel, when I see my father's cousin—Nearness of Hellifield Peel and Hollins.

In one of these years (the exact date is of no consequence) I visited the old houses in Yorkshire which had belonged to our family in former times. The place we take our name from, Hamerton, belonged to Richard de Hamerton in 1170. I found the old hall still in existence, or a part of it, and though the present building evidently does not date from the twelfth century, it dates from the occupation of my forefathers. At the time of my visit there was some very massive oak wainscot still remaining.

The situation is, to my taste, one of the pleasantest in England. The house is on a hill, from which it looks down on the valley of Slaidburn. Steep green pastures slope to the flat meadows in the lower ground, which are watered by a stream. There are many places of that character in Yorkshire, and they have never lost their old charm for me. I cannot do without a hill, and a stream, and a green field.[1]

[1] Since this was written I have been compelled to do without them by the necessity for living close to an art-centre, a necessity against which I rebelled as long as I could. Even to-day, however, I would joyously give all Paris for such a place as Hollins or Hamerton (as I knew them), with their streams and pastures, and near or distant hills.

My forefathers lived at Hamerton, more or less, from a time of which there is no record down to the reign of Henry VIII., but their principal seat in the time of their greatest prosperity was Wigglesworth Hall. I arrived there in time to see masons demolishing the building. One or two Gothic arched doorways still remained, but were probably destroyed the next week. Just enough of the house was preserved to shelter the occupant of the farm.

For me this unnecessary destruction is always distressing, even in foreign countries. It is excusable in towns, where land is dear; but in the country the site of an old hall is of such trifling value that it might surely be permitted to fall peaceably to ruin.

The family of De Arches, to which Wigglesworth originally belonged, bore for arms *gules, three arches argent.* The coincidence struck me forcibly when I saw the Gothic arches still standing amongst the ruins.

The place came into the possession of our family by the marriage of Adam de Hamerton, in the fourteenth century, with Katharine, heiress of Elias de Knoll of Knolsmere. His father, Reginald de Knoll, had married Beatrix de Arches, heiress of the manor of Wigglesworth. These estates, with others too numerous to mention, remained in our family till they were lost by the attainder of Sir Stephen Hamerton, who joined the insurrection known as "The Pilgrimage of Grace" in the reign of Henry VIII.

During these excursions to old houses I visited Hellifield Peel, still belonging to the chief of our little clan. The Peel is an old border tower, embattled, and with walls of great thickness. It is large enough to make a tolerably spacious, but not very convenient, modern house, and my great-uncle spoiled its external appearance by inserting London sash windows in the grey old fortress wall. On this occasion I did not see the interior, not desiring to claim a relationship that had fallen into abeyance for half-a-century; yet I felt

the most intense curiosity about it, and for more than twenty years afterwards I dreamed from time to time I got inside the Peel, and saw quite a museum of knightly armour[1] and other memorials which, I regret to say, have not been preserved in reality.

Hellifield Peel was built by Laurence Hamerton in 1440. When the second Sir Stephen was executed for high treason and his possessions confiscated, the manor of Hellifield was preserved by a settlement for his mother during her life. After that it was granted by the king to one George Browne, of whom we know nothing positively except that he lived at Calais, and after changing hands several times it came back into the Hamerton family by a fine levied in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The owners then passed the manor to John Hamerton, a nephew of Sir Stephen. The attainted knight left an only son, Henry, who is said to have been interred in York Minster on the day when his father was beheaded in London. Whitaker thought it "not improbable that he died of a broken heart in consequence of the ruin of his family." Henry left no male issue.

The career of Sir Stephen seems to have been doomed to misfortune, for there were influences that might have saved him. He had been in the train of the Earl of Cumberland, the same who afterwards held Skipton Castle against the rebels. Whitaker says "he forsook his patron in the hour of trial." This seems rather a harsh way of judging a Catholic who believed himself to be fighting for God and His spoliated Church against a tyrannical king. I notice that in our own day the French Republican Government cannot take the smallest measure against the religious houses, cannot even require them to obey the ordinary law of the country, but

[1] The first Sir Stephen Hamerton was made a knight banneret in Scotland by Richard, duke of Gloucester, in the reign of Edward IV. He married Isabel, daughter of Sir William Plumpton, of Plumpton, and a letter of his is still extant in the Plumpton correspondence.

there is immediately an outcry in all the English newspapers, yet the measures of the Third Republic have been to those of Henry VIII. what that same Third Republic is to the First. All that can be fairly urged against Sir Stephen Hamerton is that "after having availed himself of the king's pardon, he revolted a second time."

There is nothing else, that I remember, in the history of our family that is likely to have any interest for readers who do not belong to it. Sir Richard Hamerton, of Hamerton, married in 1461 a sister of the bloody Lord Clifford who was slain at Towton Field, and that is the nearest connection that we have ever had with any well-known historical character. Through marriages we are descended, in female lines, from many historical personages,[1] a matter of no interest to the reader, though I acknowledge enough of the ancestral sentiment to have my own interest in them quickened by my descent from them.

Another consequence of belonging to a well-connected old family was that I sometimes, in my youth, met with people who were related to me, and who were aware of it, although the relationship was very distant. I recollect, for instance, that one of the officers in our militia regiment remembered his descent from our family, and though I had never seen him before it was a sort of *lien* between us.

The Hamertons do not seem to have distinguished themselves in anything except marrying heiresses, and in that they were remarkably successful. At first a moderately wealthy family, they became immensely wealthy by the accumulation of heiresses' estates, and after being ruined by confiscation they began the same process over again; but being at the same time either imprudent or careless, or too much burdened with children (my great-grandfather had a dozen brothers and sisters), they have not kept their lands.

[1] Some in the extinct Peerage, and others belonging to royal families of England and France which have since lost their thrones by revolution.

One of my uncles said to me that the Hamertons won property in no other way than by marriage, and that they were almost incapable of retaining it; he himself had the one talent of his race, but was an exception to their incapacity. In justice to our family I may add that we are said to make indulgent husbands and fathers, two characters imcompatible with avarice, and sometimes even with prudence when the circumstances are not easy.

On a later occasion I made a little tour in Craven with a friend who had a tandem, and we stopped at Hellifield, where I sketched the Peel. Whilst I sat at work the then representative of the family, my father's first cousin, came out upon the lawn, but I did not speak to him, nor did he take any notice of me. He was a fine, hale man of about eighty.

The *nearness* of Hellifield to Hollins was brought home to me very strongly on that occasion. It was late afternoon when I finished my sketch, and yet, as we had very good horses, we reached home easily the same evening. So near and yet so far! As I have said already in the third chapter, my grandfather's wife and children never even saw his brother's house, and during my own youth the place had seemed as distant and unreal as one of the old towers that I had read about in northern poetry and romance.

CHAPTER XXX

1857

Expedition to the Highlands in 1857—Kindness of the Marquis of Breadalbane and others—Camp life, its strong and peculiar attraction—My servant—Young Helliwell—Scant supplies in the camp—Nature of the camp—Necessity for wooden floors in a bad climate—Double-hulled boats—Practice of landscape-painting—Changes of effect—Influences that governed my way of study in those days—Attractive character of the Scottish Highlands—Their scenery not well adapted for beginners—My intense love of it.

In the year 1857 I made the expedition to the Highlands which afterwards became well known in consequence of my book about it.

The Marquis of Breadalbane (the first Marquis) granted me in the kindest way permission to pitch my camp wherever I liked on his extensive estate, and at the same time gave me an invitation to Taymouth Castle. The Duke of Argyll gave me leave to encamp on an island in Loch Awe that belonged to him, and Mr. Campbell of Monzie granted leave to encamp on his property on the Cladich side of the lake. I ought to have gone to Taymouth to thank Lord Breadalbane and accept the hospitality he had offered, but it happened that he had not fixed a date, so I avoided Taymouth. This was wrong, but young men are generally either forward or backward. The Marquis afterwards expressed himself, to a third person, as rather hurt that I had not been to see him.

My advice to any young man who reads this book is

always to *show* that he appreciates kindness when it is offered. There is not very much of it in the world, but there is some, and it is not enough merely to feel grateful, we ought to accept kindness with visible satisfaction. One of my regrets now is to have sometimes failed in this, usually out of mere shyness, particularly where great people were concerned.

Here is another instance. When going to Inverary on the steamer, I made the acquaintance of a very pleasant Scotchman who turned out to be the Laird of Lamont, on Loch Fyne side. He took an interest in my artistic projects, and very kindly invited me to go and see him. Nothing would have been easier, I was as free as a fish, and might have sailed down Loch Fyne any day on my own boat, yet I never went.

The book called *A Painter's Camp* gave a sufficient account of my first summer in the Highlands, which was not distinguished by much variety, as I remained almost exclusively at Loch Awe, but the novelty of camp life *by choice* seems to have interested many readers, though they must have been already perfectly familiar with camp life *by necessity* in the practice of armies and the experience of African travellers. The true explanation of my proceedings is the intense and peculiar charm that there is about encamping in a wild and picturesque country. I had tasted this on the Lancashire moors, and I wanted to taste it again. Just now, whilst writing, I have on my table a letter from an English official in Africa, who tells me of his camp life. He says—"The wagon was generally my sleeping quarter. I had two tents and a riding horse, and very seldom slept in a house or put the horse in a stable. *Such a life was ever, and is now, to me the acme of bliss. No man can be said to have really lived who has not camped out in some such way, and I know well that you especially will say Amen! to this sentiment.* Since 1848, I have lived

altogether for about six years in the open, and have never caught a cold. Only, through imprudent uncovering of the head, once in 1855, whilst drawing the topography of a mountain, I was struck down by sunstroke."

The reasons for this intense attraction in camp life are probably complex. One certainly is that it brings us nearer to nature, but a still deeper reason may be that *it revives obscure associations that belong to the memory of the race, and not to that of the individual.* Camping is in the same category with yachting, fishing, and the chase, a thing practised by civilized man for his amusement, because it permits him to resume the habits of less civilized generations. The delight of encamping, for a young man in vigorous health, is the enforced activity in the open air that is inseparably connected with it.

I had only one servant, a young man from the moorland country on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, perfectly well adapted to life in the Highlands. He had excellent health, and was physically a good specimen of our north-English race. It was a pleasure to see his tall straight figure going over the roughest ground with no appearance of hurry, but in fact with such unostentatious swiftness that few sportsmen could follow him. I was myself active enough then, and accustomed to wild places, but he always restrained himself when we did any mountain work together. He afterwards became well known as the "Thursday" of the *Painter's Camp*, but I may give his real name here, which was Young Helliwell. Temperate, hardy, and extremely prudent, not to be caught by any allurements of vulgar pleasure, he lived wisely in youth, and will probably have fewer regrets than most people in his old age.

Young had studied the art of simple cookery at Hollins, so he was able to keep me tolerably well when we happened to have anything to eat, which was not always. There were no provision shops on Lochaweside; Inverary was at some

distance in one direction and Oban in the other, and as I had never given a thought to feeding before, I was an utterly incompetent provider. The consequence was that we fasted like monks, except that our abstinence was not on any regular principle; in fact, sometimes we had so little to eat for days together that we began to feel quite weak. This gave us no anxiety, and we only laughed at it, under-eating being always more conducive to good spirits than its opposite, provided that it is not carried too far.

The camp consisted of three structures, my hut, which was made of wooden panels with plate-glass windows, a tent for Young with a wooden floor, and wooden sides to the height of three feet, lastly, a military bell-tent that served for storing things. My hut was both painting-room and habitation, but it would have been better to have had a separate painting-room on rather a larger scale. Mr. Herkomer afterwards imitated the hut for painting from nature in Wales, and he introduced a clever improvement by erecting his hut on a circular platform with a ring-rail, so that it could be turned at will to any point of the compass. Young's tent was, in fact, also a kind of hut with a square tent for a roof.

In a climate like that of the West Highlands, wooden floors at least are almost indispensable, but a camp so arranged ceases to be a travelling camp unless you have men and horses in your daily service like a Shah of Persia. It may be moved two or three times in a summer.

I have always had a fancy for double-hulled boats (now generally called catamarans), and had two of them on Loch Awe. This eccentricity was perhaps fortunate, as my boats were extremely safe, each hull being decked from stem to stern and divided internally into water-tight compartments. They could therefore ship a sea with perfect impunity, and although often exposed to sudden and violent squalls, we were never in any real danger. One of my catamarans

would beat to windward tolerably well, but she did not tack quickly and occasionally missed stays. However, these defects were of slight importance in a boat not intended for racing, and small enough to be always quite manageable with oars. Since those days I have much improved the construction of catamarans, so that their evolutions are now quicker and more certain. They are absolutely the only sailing-boats that combine lightness with safety and speed.

As to the practice of landscape-painting, I very soon found that the West Highlands were not favourable to painting from nature on account of the rapid changes of effect. Those changes are so revolutionary that they often metamorphose all the oppositions in a natural picture in the course of a single minute. I began by planting my hut on the island called Inishail, in the middle of Loch Awe, with the intention of painting Ben Cruachan from nature, but soon discovered that there were fifty Cruachans a day, each effacing its predecessor, so my picture got on badly. If I painted what was before me the result was like playing successfully a bar or two from each of several different musical compositions in the vain hope of harmonizing them into one. If I tried to paint my first impression it became increasingly difficult to do that when the mountain itself presented novel and striking aspects.

Every artist who reads this will now consider the above remarks no better than a commonplace, but in the year 1857 English landscape-painting was going through a peculiar phase. There was, in some of the younger artists, a feeling of dissatisfaction with the slight and superficial work too often produced from hasty water-colour sketches, and there was an honest desire for more substantial truth coupled with the hope of attaining it by working directly from nature. My critical master, Mr. Ruskin, saw in working from nature the only hope for the regeneration of art, and my practical master, Mr. Pettitt, considered it the height of artistic virtue

to sit down before nature and work on the details of a large picture for eight or ten weeks together. I was eagerly anxious to do what was considered most right, and quite willing to undergo any degree of inconvenience. The truth is, perhaps, that (like other devotees) I rather enjoyed the sacrifice of convenience for what seemed to me, at that time, the sacred cause of veracity in art.

The Highlands of Scotland were intensely attractive to me as being a kind of sublimation of the wild northern landscape that I had already loved in my native Lancashire, but the Highlands were not well chosen as a field for self-improvement in the art of painting. A student ought not to choose the most changeful of landscapes, but the least changeful, not the Highlands or the English Lake district, but the dullest landscape he can find in the south or the east of England. Norfolk would have been a better country for me, as a student, than Argyllshire. If, however, any prudent adviser had told me to go to dull scenery in those days, it would have been like telling a passionate lover of great capitals to go and live in a narrow little provincial town. I hated dull, unromantic scenery, and at the same time had the passion for mountains, lakes, wild moorland, and everything that was rough and uncultivated, a passion so predominant that it resembled rather the natural instinct of an animal for its own habitat than the choice of a reasonable being. I loved everything in the Highlands, even the bad weather; I delighted in clouds and storms, and have never experienced any natural influences more in harmony with the inmost feelings of my own nature than those of a great lake's dark waters when they dashed in spray on the rocks of some lonely islet and my boat flew past in the grey and dreary gloaming.

"Le paysage," says a French critic, "est un état d'âme." He meant that *what we seek* in nature is that which answers to the state of our own souls. What is called dreary, wild,

and melancholy scenery afforded me, at that time, a kind of satisfaction more profound than that which is given by any of the human arts. I loved painting, but all the collections in Europe attracted me less than the barren northern end of our own island, in which there are no pictures; I loved architecture, and chose a country that is utterly destitute of it; I delighted in music, and pitched my tent where there was no music but that of the winds and the waves.

The Loch Awe of those days was not the Loch Awe of the present. There was no railway, there was not a steamer on the lake, either public or private; there was no hotel by the waterside, only one or two small inns, imperceptible in the vastness of the almost uninhabited landscape. The lake was therefore almost a solitude, and this, added to the wildness of the climate and the peculiarly simple and temporary character of my habitation, made nature much more profoundly impressive than it ever is amidst the powerful rivalry of the works of man. The effect on my mind was, on the whole, saddening, but not in the least depressing. It was a kind of poetic sadness that had nothing to do with low spirits. I have never been either merry or melancholy, but have kept an equable cheerfulness that maintains itself serenely enough even in solitude and amidst the desolate aspects of stony and barren lands. As life advances, it is wise, however, to seek the more cheering influences of the external world, and those are rather to be found in the brightest and sunniest landscape, with abundant evidence of happy human habitation, some southern land of the vine where the chestnut grows high on the hills, and the peach and the pear ripen richly in innumerable gardens.

CHAPTER XXXI

1857—1858

Small immediate results of the expedition to the Highlands—Unsuitable system of work—Loss of time—I rent the house and island of Innistrynich—My dread of marriage and the reasons for it—Notwithstanding this I make an offer and am refused—Two young ladies of my acquaintance—Idea of a foreign marriage—Its inconveniences—Decision to ask for the hand of Mdlle. Gindriez—I go to Paris and am accepted—Elective affinities.

THE immediate artistic results of the expedition to the Highlands were very small. I had gone there to paint detailed work from nature, when I ought to have gone to sketch, and so adapt my work to the peculiar character of the climate.

The tendency then was to detail, and the merit and value of good sketching were not properly understood. There has been a complete revolution, both in public and in artistic opinion, since those days. The revival of etching, which in its liveliest and most spontaneous form is only sketching on copper, the study of sketches by the great masters, the publication of sketches by modern artists of eminence in the artistic magazines, have all led to a far better appreciation of vitality in art, and consequently have tended to raise good sketching both in popular and in professional estimation. At the Paris Exhibition of 1889 the Grand Prizes for engraving were given to an English sketching etcher, Haden, and to two French etchers, Boilvin and Chauvel. In 1857 I and many others looked upon sketching as defective work,

excusable only on the plea of want of time to do better. The omissions in a sketch, which when intelligent are merits, seemed to me, on the contrary, so many faults. In a word, I knew nothing about sketching. My way was to draw very carefully and accurately, and then fill in the colour and detail in the most painstaking fashion from nature. I went by line and detail, nobody having ever taught me anything about mass and tonic values, still less about the difference between art and nature, and the necessity for transposing nature into the keys of art. The consequence was a great waste of time, and of only too earnest efforts with hardly anything to show for them.

Here I leave this subject of art for the present, as it will be necessary to recur to it later.

My guardian, like all women, had an objection to what was not customary, and as my camp was considered a piece of eccentricity, she wanted me to take a house on Lochaweside. The island called Innistrynich, which is near the shore, where the road from Inverary to Dalmally comes nearest to the lake, had a house upon it that happened to be untenanted. There were twelve small rooms, and the camping experience had made me very easy to please. It was possible to have the whole island (about thirty acres) as a home farm, so I took it on a lease. This turned out a misfortune afterwards, as I got tied to the place, not only by the lease, but by a binding affection which was extremely inconvenient, and led to very unfortunate consequences.

My dear guardian had another idea. Though she had prudently avoided marriage on her own account, she thought it very desirable for me, and sometimes recurred to the subject. Her heart complaint made her own life extremely precarious, and she wished me to have the stay and anchorage of a second affection that might make the world less dreary for me after she had left it. At the same time it may be suspected that she looked to marriage as the best chance

of converting me to her own religious opinions, or at least of obtaining outward conformity. To confess the plain truth, I had a great dread of marriage, and not at all from any aversion to feminine society, or from any insensibility to love.

My two reasons were these, and all subsequent observation and experience have confirmed them. For a person given up to intellectual and artistic pursuits, there is a special value in mental and pecuniary independence. So far as I could observe married men in England, they enjoyed very little mental independence, being obliged, on the most important questions, to succumb to the opinions of their wives, because what is called "the opinion of Society" is essentially feminine opinion. In our class the ladies were all strong Churchwomen and Tories, and the men I most admired for the combination of splendid talents with high principle, were to them (so far as they knew anything about such men) objects of reprobation and abhorrence. No mother was ever loved by a son more devotedly than my guardian was by me, and yet her intolerance would have been hard to bear in a wife. Kind as she always was in manner, the theological injustice which had been instilled into her mind from infancy, made her look upon me as bad company for my friends, as a heretic likely to contaminate their orthodoxy. I could bear that, or anything, from her, but I determined that if I married at all, it should not be to live under perpetual theological disapprobation.

The other grave objection to marriage was the dread of losing pecuniary independence. I cared nothing for luxury and display, having an unaffected preference for plain living, and being easily bored by the elaborate observances of fine society, so that comparative poverty had no terrors for me on that account; but there was another side to the matter. A student clings to his studies, and dreads the interference that may take him away from them. An independent

bachelor can afford to follow unremunerative study; a married man, unless he is rich, must lay out his time to the best pecuniary advantage. His hours are at the disposal of the highest bidder.

There was a young lady in Burnley for whom I had had a boyish attachment long before, and whom I saw very frequently at her father's house in the years preceding 1858. He was a banker in very good circumstances, and a kind friend of mine, as intimate, perhaps, as was possible considering the difference of years. He had been a Wrangler at Cambridge, and now employed his forcible and fully-matured intellect freely on all subjects that came in his way, without deference to the popular opinions of the hour. These qualities, rare enough in the upper middle class of those days, made him very interesting to me, and I liked my place in an easy-chair opposite to his, when he was in the humour for talking. He had three handsome daughters, and his eldest son had been my school-fellow, and was still, occasionally at least, one of my companions. Their mother was a remarkably handsome and amiable lady, so that the house was as pleasant as any house could be. We had music and played quintettes, and the eldest daughter sometimes played a duet with me. She was a good amateur musician, well educated in other ways, and with a great charm of voice and manner. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the old boyish attachment revived on my side, though there was nothing answering to it on hers.

My good friend, her father, sometimes talked to me about marriage, and expressed the regret that in a state of civilization like ours, and in our class, a family of children should be a cause of weakness instead of strength. In a primitive agricultural community, sons are of great value, they are an increase of the family force; in a highly-civilized condition, they only weaken the father by draining away his income. "Daughters," said my friend, "are of use in primitive societies

and in the English middle class, because they do the work of the house, and spare servants, but our young ladies do nothing of the least use and require to be first expensively educated, and afterwards expensively amused." My friend then went into details about the cost of his own family, which was heavy without extravagance or ostentation. All this was intended to warn me, but I asked if he had any objection to me personally as a son-in-law. He answered, with all the kindness I expected, that there was no objection to make (he was too intelligent to see anything criminal in my philosophical opinions), and that in what he had said about the costliness of marriage he had spoken merely as a friend, thinking of the weight of the burden I might be taking upon myself, and the inconvenience to my own life in the future.

One afternoon his daughter and I were alone together, playing a duet, when I asked her if she would have me, and she laughingly declined. I remember being so little hurt by the refusal that I said—"That is not the proper way to refuse an offer ; you ought to express a little regret—you might say, at least, that you are sorry." Then the young lady laughed again, and said—"Very well, I will say that I am sorry, if you wish it." And so we parted, without any further expression of sentiment on either side.

I never could understand why men make themselves wretched after a refusal. It only proves that the young lady does not care very much for one, and it is infinitely better that she should let him know that before marriage than after. It was soon quite clear to me that, in this case, the young lady's decision had been the wise one. We were not really suited for each other, and we should never have been happy, both of us, in the same kind of existence. Perhaps she was rather difficult to please, or indifferent to marriage, for she never accepted anybody, and is living still (1889) in happy independence as an old maid, within a short distance of Hellifield Peel. I had a little indirect evidence,

thirty years afterwards, that she had not forgotten me. Most likely she will survive me and read this. If she does, let the page convey a complete acknowledgment of her good sense.

This was the only offer of marriage I ever made in England. There was a certain very wealthy heiress whose uncle was extremely kind to me, and he pushed his kindness so far as to wish me to marry her. She was well-bred, her manners were quite equal to her fortune, and she had a good appearance, but the idea of marriage did not occur to either of us. Some time afterwards, her uncle said to a friend of mine—"I cannot understand Hamerton; I wanted him to marry my niece, and he has gone and married a Frenchwoman." "Oh!" said the other, "that was only to improve his French!"

There was another case that I would have passed in silence, had not people in Lancashire persistently circulated a story of an offer and a refusal. A young lady, also a rich heiress, though not quite so rich as the other, had a property a few miles distant from mine. She was a very attractive girl, very pretty and extremely intelligent, and we were very good friends. To say, in this case, that the idea of marriage never occurred would be untrue, but when I first knew her, she was hardly more than a child, and afterwards it became apparent to me, that to live happily in her house I should have to stifle all my opinions on important subjects, so I never made the offer that our friends and perhaps she herself expected. Whether she would have accepted me or not, is quite another question. Had I made any proposal I should have accompanied it by a very plain statement of my obnoxious opinions on religion and politics, and these would almost certainly have produced a rupture. After my marriage, and before hers, we met again in the old friendly way. I was paying a call with my wife, in a country house in Lancashire, when a carriage came up the drive—*her* carriage —and the lady of the house, extremely fluttered, asked me

if I had no objection to meet Miss ——. "On the contrary," I said, "I like to meet old friends." The young lady visibly enjoyed the humour of the situation, and the embarrassment of our hostess. We talked easily in the old way, and afterwards my wife and I left on foot, and *her* carriage passed us, rather stately, with servants in livery. "There goes your most dangerous rival," I said to my wife, and told her what story there was to tell. "She is much prettier than I am," was the modest answer, "and evidently a good deal richer; and she is a charming person." In due time Miss —— married very suitably. Her husband is a good Churchman and Conservative, who takes a proper interest in the pursuits belonging to his station.

My guardian was of opinion that with my philosophical convictions, which were at that time not only unpopular, but odious and execrated in our own class in England, I should have to remain an old bachelor. She herself would certainly never have married an unbeliever, and although her great personal affection for me made her glad to have me in the house, she must have felt that it was like sheltering a pariah. Her sister once heard some rumour or suggestion, connecting my name with that of a pious young lady, and looked upon it as a sort of sacrilege. Under these circumstances I came at last to the conclusion that being under a ban, I would at least enjoy my liberty, either by living my own life as a bachelor, or else by marrying purely and simply according to inclination, without any reference to the opinion of other people.

It was at this time that the idea of a foreign marriage first occurred to me as a possibility. I had never thought of it before, and if such an idea had entered my head, the clear foresight of the enormous inconveniences would have immediately expelled it. A foreign marriage is, in fact, quite an accumulation of inconvèniences. One of the two parties must always be living in a foreign country, and in all their inter-

course together one of the two must always be speaking a foreign language. The families of the two parties will never know each other or understand each other properly, there will be either estrangement or misunderstanding. And unless there is great largeness of mind in the parties themselves, the difference of national customs is sure to produce quarrels.

All this was plain enough, and yet one morning, when I was writing on my desk (a tall oak desk that I used to stand up to), the idea suddenly came, as if somebody had uttered these words in my ear—"Why should you remain lonely all your days? Eugénie Gindriez would be an affectionate and faithful wife to you. She is not rich, but you would work and fight your way."

I pushed aside the sheet of manuscript and took a sheet of note-paper instead. I then wrote, in French, a letter to a lady in Paris who knew the Gindriez family, and asked her if Mademoiselle Eugénie was engaged to be married. The answer came that she was well, and that there had been no engagement. Soon afterwards, I was in Paris.

I called on M. Gindriez, but his daughter was not at home. I asked permission to call in the evening, and she was out again. This was repeated two or three times, and my wife told me afterwards that the absences had not been accidental. At last we met, and there was nothing in her manner but a certain gravity, as if serious resolutions were impending. Her sister showed no such reserve, but greeted me gaily and frankly. After a few days, I was accepted on the condition of an annual visit to France.

From a worldly point of view, this engagement was what is called in French *une folie*, on my part, and hardly less so on the part of the young lady. We had, however, a kind of inward assurance that in spite of the difference of nationality and other differences, we were, in truth, nearer to each other than most people who contract matrimonial engage-

ments. The "elective affinities" act in spite of all appearances and of many realities.

We have often talked over that time since, and have confessed that we really knew hardly anything of each other, that our union was but an instinctive choice. However, in 1858 I had neither doubt nor anxiety, and in 1889 I have neither anxiety nor doubt.

CHAPTER XXXII

1858

Reception at home after engagement—Preparations at Innistrynich—I arrive alone in Paris—My marriage—The religious ceremony—An uncomfortable wedding—The sea from Dieppe—London—The Academy Exhibition of 1858—Impressions of a Frenchwoman—The Turner collection—The town—Loch Awe—The element wanting to happiness.

On returning home after my engagement I was greeted very affectionately at the front door by my dear guardian, who expressed many wishes for my future happiness, but her sister sat motionless and rigid in an arm-chair in the dining-room, and did not seem disposed to take any notice of me. From that time until long after my marriage she treated me with the most distant coldness, varied occasionally by a bitter innuendo.

I said nothing and bore all patiently, looking forward to a speedy deliverance. There was much in the circumstances to excuse my aunt, who was intensely aristocratic and intensely national. She was the proudest person I ever knew, and would have considered any marriage a misalliance for me if my wife's family had not had as long a pedigree as ours, and as many quarterings as the fifteen that adorned our shield. Being a staunch Protestant, she was not disposed to look favourably on a Roman Catholic, unless she belonged to one of the old English Catholic families. Her ideas of the French nation were those prevalent in England during the wars against Napoleon. She had probably counted upon

me to do something to lift up a falling house, and instead of that I was going to marry she knew not whom. It is impossible to argue against national and class prejudices; the fact was simply that my wife's family belonged to the educated French middle class. Her uncle was a well-to-do attorney in Dijon,[1] and her father had gone through a perfectly honourable political career, both as deputy and prefect. My wife herself had been better educated than most girls at that time, and both spoke and wrote her own language not only correctly, but with more than ordinary elegance, a taste she inherited from her father. As to her person, she dressed simply, but always with irreproachable neatness, and a scrupulous cleanliness that richer women might sometimes imitate with advantage. These were the plain facts; what my aunt imagined is beyond guessing.

Before my marriage I went to Loch Awe to prepare the house on Innistrynich and furnish it. Of all strange places in the world for a young Parisienne to be brought to, surely Innistrynich was the least suitable! My way in those days was the usual human way of thinking, that what is good for oneself is good for everybody else. Did I not know by experience that the solitude of Loch Awe was delightful? Must not my Paradise be a Paradise for any daughter of Eve?

It was a charming bachelor's paradise the morning I left for Paris, a bright May morning, the loch lying calm in its great basin, the islands freshly green with the spring. At Cladich the people, who knew I was going to fetch a bride, threw old shoes after the carriage for luck. It did not rain rice at Loch Awe in those days.

I was an excellent traveller then, and did not get into a

[1] Very nearly in the same social position as my own father. His daughter afterwards married the grandson and representative of the celebrated Count Français de Nantes, who filled various high offices in the State, and was grand officer of the Legion of Honour and Peer of France. A fine portrait of him by David is amongst their family pictures.

bed before arriving in Paris. There was a day in London between two nights of railway, a day spent in looking at pictures and making a few purchases. At Paris I went to a quiet hotel in the Cité Bergère. I was utterly alone, no relation or friend came with me to my marriage. Somebody told me a best man was necessary, so I asked a French acquaintance to be best man, and he consented. The morning of my wedding there was a *garçon* brushing the waxed oak floor on the landing near my door. I had a flowered white silk waistcoat, and the man said—"Monsieur est bien beau, ce matin, on dirait qu'il va à une noce." I answered—"Vous avez bien deviné, en effet, je vais à une noce." It was unnecessary to give him further information.

The marriage was a curious little ceremony. My wife's father had friends and acquaintances in the most various classes, who all came to the wedding. Some men were there who were famous in the Paris of those days, and others whom I had never heard of, but all were alike doomed to disappointment. They expected a grand ceremony in the church, and instead of that we got nothing but a brief benediction in the vestry, by reason of my heresy and schism. The benediction was over in five minutes, and we left in the pouring rain, whilst a crowd of people were waiting for the ceremony to begin. My wife, like all French girls, would have liked an imposing and important marriage, and lo! there was nothing at all, not even an altar, or a censer, or a bell!

However, we had been legally married at the *mairie* with the civil ceremonial, and as we were certainly blessed in the vestry, nobody can say that our union was unhallowed. I shall always remember that benediction, for, brief as it was, it cost me a hundred francs.[1] A magnificent mass on my daughter's marriage cost me only sixty, which was a very reasonable charge.

[1] Including what I had to pay for being called a schismatic by the Archbishop of Paris, or his officials.

Words cannot express how odious to me are the fuss and expense about a wedding. There was my father-in-law, a poor man, who thought it necessary (indeed, he was compelled by custom) to order a grand feast from a famous restaurant and give a brilliant ball, as if he had been extremely happy to lose his daughter, the delight of his eyes and the brightness of his home. Everything about our wedding was peculiarly awkward and uncomfortable. I knew none of the guests, I spoke their language imperfectly, and was not at ease, then, in French society; we had to make talk and try to eat. The family was sad about our departure, the sky was grey, the streets muddy and wet. In an interval of tolerable weather we went for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne to get through the interminable afternoon.

It was pleasanter when, a day or two later, my wife and I were looking out upon the sea from Dieppe. She had never seen salt water before, and as it happened to be a fine day the vast expanse of the Channel was all a wonderful play of pale greens and blues like turquoise and pale emerald. There were white clouds floating in the blue sky, and here and there a white sail upon the sea. My wife was enchanted with this, to her fresh young eyes, revelation of a novel and unimaginable beauty. It was a new world for her, and that hour was absolutely the only hour in her life during which she thoroughly enjoyed the sea, for she is the worst of sailors, and now cannot even endure the smell of salt water at a distance.

The first thing we did in London was to go and see the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. My wife, like her father, took a keen interest in art, and had been rather well acquainted with French painting for a girl of her age. When she got into an English Exhibition she looked round in bewildered amazement. It was, for her, like being transported into another planet. In 1858 the difference between French and English painting was far more striking than it is

to-day. French colour, without being generally good, was subdued; in fact, most of it was not colour at all, but only grey and brown, with a little red or blue here and there to make people believe that there was colour. The English, on the other hand, were trying hard for real colour, but the younger men were in that crude stage which is the natural "ugly duckling" condition of the genuine colourist. The consequence was an astounding contrast between the painting of the two nations, and to eyes educated in France English art looked outrageous to a degree that we realize with the greatest difficulty now. At a later period my wife became initiated into the principles and tendencies of English painting, and then she began to enjoy it. I took her to see the Turner collection in 1858, and that seemed to her like the ravings of a madman put on canvas, but a few years later she became a perfectly sincere admirer of the noblest works of Turner. I may add that in 1858 my wife was already, in spite of her difficulty in understanding what to her were novelties, far more in sympathy with art generally than I was myself. She had lived in a great artistic centre, whilst I had lived with nature in the north, and cared, at that time, comparatively little about the art of the past, my hopes being concentrated on a kind of landscape-painting that was to come in the future, and to unite the effects I saw in nature with a minute accuracy in the drawing of natural forms. The kind of painting I was looking forward to was, in fact afterwards realized by Mr. John Brett.

My wife's first impressions of London generally were scarcely more favourable than her impressions of English painting, but they were of a very different order. If the painting had appeared too bright, the town appeared too dingy. London is extremely dismal for all French people, whose affection for their own country leads them to the very mistaken belief that the skies, in France, are bright all the year round. My wife now prefers London to any place in

the world except Paris ; in fact, she has a strong affection for London, the consequence of the kindness she has received there, and also of the enlightened interest she takes in everything that is really worth attention.

We went straight from London to Glasgow, and thence to Loch Awe, which happened at that time to be enveloped in a dense fog that lasted two days, so that when I told my wife that there was a high mountain on the opposite side of the lake, she could hardly believe it. In fact, nothing was visible but a still, grey, shoreless sea.

I was now, as it seemed, in a condition of great felicity, being in the place I loved best on earth with the person most dear to me. Unfortunately, the union of many different circumstances and conditions is necessary to perfect happiness, if happiness exists in the world. The element lacking in my case was success in work, or at least the inward assurance of progress. There was our beautiful island home, in itself as much a poem as a canto of *The Lady of the Lake*, with its ancient oaks, its rocky shore, its green, undulating, park-like pasture ; there was the lake for sailing and the mountain for climbing, and all around us a country of unlimited wealth of material for the sketcher. Amidst all this, with a too earnest and painful application, I set myself to do what had never been done, to unite the colour and effect of nature to the material accuracy of the photograph.

MEMOIR

OF

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

1858—1894

MEMOIR

CHAPTER I

1858

My first sight of Loch Awe—Arrival at Innistrynich—Our domestic life—Difficulties about provisions—A kitchen-garden.

When Philip Gilbert Hamerton asked me to marry him, he conscientiously attempted to explain how different my life would be in the Highlands of Scotland from that to which I had been accustomed in Paris. He said how solitary it was, especially in the winter-time; how entirely devoid of what are called the pleasures of a metropolis—to which a Parisian lady has the reputation of being such a slave (he knew, however, that it was not my case); and already his devotion to study was such that he requested me to promise not to interfere with his work of any kind that he deemed necessary—were it camping out, or sailing in stormy weather to observe nature under all her changing aspects, either of day or night.

Still, the picture he drew of our future existence was by no means all in dark colours, for with the enthusiasm of an artist he described the glories of the Highlands, the ever-varying skies, the effects of light and shadow on the mountains, the beauties of the lovely isles, and the charm of sailing on the moonlit and mysterious lake. He also made me acquainted with the numerous legends of Loch Awe (he had told them in verse, but I was ignorant of English), which

would lend a romantic atmosphere to our island-home. He was so sensitive to the different moods of nature, that his descriptions gave to a town-bred girl like me an intense desire to witness them with my own eyes; and when I did see them there was no *désillusion*, and the effect was so overpowering that it seemed like the revelation of a new sense in me. The first glimpse I had of Loch Awe, from the top of the coach, was like the realization of a fantastic and splendid dream; I could not believe it to be a reality, and thought of some mirage; but my husband was delighted by this first impression.

We reached Innistrynich shortly before nightfall, and I was taken to the keeper's cottage to warm myself, whilst the luggage was being conveyed across the bay to the house. Though it was the end of May, the weather had been so cold all the way that I felt almost benumbed after the drive, for, being accustomed to the climate of France, I had taken but scanty precautions in the way of wraps, believing them to be superfluous at that time of the year. My husband, having begged the keeper's wife to take care of me, she carried her assiduities to a point that quite confused me, for I could not remonstrate in words, and she was so evidently prompted by kindness that I was fearful of hurting her by opposing her well-meant but exaggerated attentions. She swathed me in a Scotch plaid, and placed the bundle I had become in a cushioned and canopied arm-chair by the peat-fire, the smoke and unaccustomed odour of which stifled me; then she insisted upon removing my boots and stockings, and chafed my feet in her hands, to bring back a little warmth. Lastly, she hospitably brought me what she thought the best thing she had to offer, a hot whisky toddy. To please her, and also to relieve my numbness, I tried my best to drink what seemed to me a horrid mixture, but I could not manage it, and could not explain why, and the poor woman remained lost in sorrowful bewilderment at my rejection of the steaming tumbler.

Just then my husband came back, and after thanking the keeper's wife, rowed me over to Innistrynich.

It was then quite dark, and impossible to see the island, even the outside of the cottage; but when the door was open, it showed the prettiest picture imaginable: the entrance was brilliantly illuminated, and our two servants—a maid and a young lad ("Thursday" of the *Painter's Camp*), both healthy and cheerful-looking, were standing ready to relieve us of our wraps. The drawing-room had an inviting glow of comfort, with the generous fire, the lights of the elegant candelabra playing amongst the carvings of the oak furniture, and the tones of the dark ruddy curtains harmonizing with the lighter ones of the claret-coloured carpet; an artistic silver set of tea-things, which my husband had secretly brought from Paris with the candelabra, had been spread on the table ready for us, and my appreciation of the taste and thoughtfulness displayed on my behalf gladdened and touched the donor. I had never before partaken of tea as a meal, but it was certainly a most delightful repast to both of us.

After a short rest, my husband showed me the arrangements of the house, rich in surprises to my foreign notions, but none the less interesting and pleasant.

Our drawing-room was to serve as dining-room also, for the orthodox dining-room had been transformed into a studio and sitting-room; they stood opposite to each other. A little further along the corridor came the two best bedrooms, which, at first sight, gave to a Parisian girl a sensation of bareness and emptiness, corrected later by habit. Everything necessary was to be found there—large brass bedsteads, with snowy coverings, all the modern contrivances for the toilet, chests of drawers, each surmounted by a bright looking-glass; even a number of tiny and curious gimcracks ornamented the narrow mantelpiece, but to a French eye the absence of curtains to the bed, and the unconcealed display of washing utensils, suggested a *cabinet de toilette* rather than a bed-

room. This simplicity has now become quite fashionable among wealthy French people, on account of its healthiness: the fresh air playing more freely and remaining purer than in rooms crowded with stuffed seats, and darkened by elaborate upholstery.

On the upper storey were four other rooms, used as laboratory, store-room, and servants' rooms; whilst on the ground-floor we had a scullery, a large kitchen, a laundry, that I used afterwards as a private kitchen, when my husband provided it with a set of French brass pans and a charcoal range,—a spare room, which was turned into a nursery by and by; and lastly, a repository for my husband's not inconsiderable paraphernalia.

The first days after our arrival were devoted to sailing or rowing on the lake, to acquaint me with its topography; soon, however, we made rules to lose no time, for we had both plenty of work before us.

My husband, at that time, knew French pretty well; he could express everything he wished to say, and understood even the *nuances* of the language, but his accent betrayed him at once as an Englishman, and there lingered in his speech a certain hesitation about the choice of words most appropriate to his meaning. As for me, my English had remained that of a school-girl, and my husband offered me his congratulations on my extremely limited knowledge, for this reason—that I should have little to unlearn. We agreed, to begin with, that one of us ought to know the other's language thoroughly, so as to establish a perfect understanding, and as he was so much more advanced in French than I in English, it was decided that for a time he should become my pupil, and that our conversations should be in my mother-tongue.

On my part I devoted two hours a day to the study of English grammar, and to the writing of exercises, themes, and versions. This task was fulfilled during my husband's absence,

or whilst he was engaged with his correspondence; and in the afternoon I used to read English aloud to him, while he drew or painted either at home or out of doors. It was his own scheme of tuition, and proved most satisfactory; but required in the teacher—particularly at the beginning—an ever-ready attention to correct the pronunciation of almost every word, and to give the translation of it, together with a great store of patience to bear with the constantly-recurring errors; for not to mar my interest in the works he gave me to read, I was exempted from the slow process of the dictionary. He was himself the best of dictionaries—explaining the differences of meaning, giving the life and spirit of each term, and always impressing this truth, that rarely does the same expression convey exactly the same idea in two languages. He frequently failed to give word for word, because he would not give an approximate translation; but he was always ready with a detailed explanation, and so taught me to enter into the peculiar genius of the language; so that if I did not become a good translator, I learned early to think and to feel in sympathy with the authors I was studying.

If the weather allowed it, Gilbert generally took me out on the lake, and according to the prevailing wind, chose some particular spot for a study. These excursions lasted about half the day or more, and then some sort of nourishment was required; but as my ignorance of the language prevented me from giving the necessary orders, the responsibility of the commissariat entirely devolved upon him; and I may candidly avow that the results were a continual source of surprise to me. Being unacquainted with English ways, I presumed that it was customary to live in the frugal and uniform fashion prevalent at Innistrynich; namely, at breakfast, ham or bacon; sometimes eggs, with or without butter, according to circumstances; toast—or scones, if bread were wanting—and coffee. At lunch: dry biscuits and milk. At tea-time, which varied considerably *as to time*, ranging from five if we were in

the house, to eight or nine if my husband was out sketching: ham and eggs again, or a little mutton—chop or steak, if the meat were fresh, cold boiled shoulder or leg if it was salted; and a primitive sort of crisp, hard cake, which Thursday always served with evident pleasure and pride, being first pastry-cook and then partaker of the luxury. I often wondered how Englishmen could grow so tall and so strong on such food; for I was aware within myself of certain feelings of weakness and sickness never experienced before, but which I was ashamed to confess so long as men whose physical organizations required more sustenance remained free from them. One day, however, the reason of this difference became clear to me. My husband had proposed to show me Kilchurn Castle, which he was going to sketch, and we started early after the first light breakfast, with Thursday to manage the sails. On turning round Innistrynich we met a contrary wind, and had to beat against it: it was slow work, and at last I timidly suggested that it might perhaps be better to turn back to get something to eat; but Gilbert triumphantly said he was prepared for the emergency, and had provided . . . a box of figs!!! . . . yes, and he opened it deliberately and offered me the first pick. I could not refrain from looking at Thursday, whose face betrayed such a queer expression of mingled amusement and disappointed expectation that I burst out laughing heartily, at which my husband, who had been meditatively eating fig after fig, looked up wondering what was the matter. I then asked if that was all our meal, and he gravely took out of the box two bottles of beer and a flask of sherry, the look of which seemed to revive Thursday's spirits wonderfully. As for me, who drank at that time neither beer nor wine, and whose taste for dry figs was very limited, I hinted that something more—bread, for instance—would not have been superfluous. The opportunity for ridding himself of cares so little in harmony with his tastes and artistic pursuits was not lost by my husband, and I was

then and there invested with the powers and functions of housekeeper.

This was the plan adopted for the discharge of my new duties. In the morning I studiously wrote, as an exercise, the orders I wished to give, and, after correction, I learned to repeat them by word of mouth till I could be understood by the servants. It succeeded tolerably when my husband was accessible, if an explanation was rendered necessary on account of my foreign accent; but there was no way out of the difficulty if he happened to be absent.

Ever since I knew him I had noticed his anxiety to lose no time, and to turn every minute to the best account for his improvement. Throughout his life he made rules to bind his dreamy fancy to active study and production; they were frequently altered, according to the state of his health and the nature of his work at the time; but he felt the necessity of self-imposed laws to govern and regulate his strong inclination towards reflection and reading. He used to say that when people allowed themselves unmeasured time for what they called "thinking," it was generally an excuse for idle dreaming; because the brain, after a certain time given to active exertion, felt exhausted, and could no longer be prompted to work with intellectual profit; that, in consequence, the effort grew weaker and weaker, till vague musings and indistinct shadows gradually replaced the powerful grasp and clear vision of healthy mental labour.

On the other side, it must be said that he was too much of a poet to undervalue the state of apparent indolence which is so favourable to inspiration, and that he often quoted in self-defence the words of Claude Tillier—"Le temps le mieux employé est celui que l'on perd." Aware of his strong propensity to that particular mental state, he attempted all his life to restrict it within limits which would leave sufficient time for active pursuits. His love of sailing must have been closely connected with the inclination to

a restful, peaceful, dreamy state, for although fond of all kinds of boating, he greatly preferred a sailing-boat to any other, and never wished to possess a steamer, or cared much to make use of one.

Still, he took great pleasure in some forms of physical exercise: he could use an oar beautifully; he was a capital horseman, having been used to ride from the age of six, and retained a firm seat to the last; he readily undertook pedestrian excursions and the ascent of mountains. He often rode from Innistrynich to Inverary or Dalmally (when our island became a peninsula in dry weather, or in winter when the bay was frozen over); but he found little satisfaction in riding the mare we had then, which was mainly used as a cart-horse to fetch provisions, for the necessaries of life were not very accessible about us. We had to get bread, meat, and common grocery from Inverary, and the rest from Glasgow, so that we soon discovered that the whole time of a male servant would be required for errands of different kinds. Not unfrequently was the half of a day lost in the attempt to get a dozen eggs from the little scattered farms, or a skinny fowl, or such a rare delicacy as a cabbage. Sometimes Thursday came back from the town peevish and angry at his lost labour, having found the bread too hard or too musty, and mutton unprocurable; as to the beef which came occasionally from Glasgow, it was usually tainted, except in winter-time, and veal was not to be had for love or money, except in a condition to make one fearful of a catastrophe.

There was also the additional trouble of unloading the goods on the side of the road, of putting them into the boat to be rowed across the bay; then they must be carried to the house either by man or horse. Merely to get the indispensable quantity of fuel in such a damp climate, when fires have to be kept up for eight or oftener nine months in the year, was a serious matter, and my husband complained

that he was constantly deprived of Thursday's services. He then decided to take as a gardener, out-of-door workman, and occasional boatman, a Highlander of the name of Dugald, whom he had employed sometimes in the latter capacity, for he knew something of boats, having been formerly a fisherman.

There were some outbuildings on the island; one of them contained two rooms, which Dugald and his wife found sufficient for them (they had no children), and this became the gardener's cottage. Another was used as a stable, and the smallest as a fowl-house and carpenter's shop, for now we had come to the conclusion that we could not possibly live all the year round on the island without a small farm, to provide us, at least, with milk, cream, butter, and eggs; so we bought two cows, and also a small flock of sheep, that we might always be sure of mutton—either fresh or salted. This did not afford a great variety of *menus*, but it was better than starvation.

Vegetables, other than potatoes and an occasional cabbage, being unseen—and I believe unknown—at Loch Awe, and my husband's health having suffered in consequence of the privation, we had the ambition of growing our own vegetables, and a great variety of them too. Dugald was set to dig and manure a large plot of ground, though he kept mumbling that it was utterly useless, as nothing could or would grow where oats did not ripen once in three years, and that Highlanders, who knew so much better than foreigners, "would not be fashed" to attempt it. However, as he was paid to do the work, he had to do it; and it was simple enough, for he had no pretensions to being a gardener; the choice of seeds and the sowing of them were left to Gilbert, who had never given a thought to it before, and to me, who knew absolutely nothing of the subject. In this emergency we got books to guide us, bought and sowed an enormous quantity of seeds, and to our immense gratification

some actually sprouted. Our pride was great when the doctor came to lunch with us for the first time, and we could offer him radishes and lettuce, which he duly wondered at and appreciated. Of course we had to put up with many failures, but still it was worth while to persevere, as, in addition to carrots, onions, turnips,—which grew to perfection,—potatoes and cabbages, we had salads of different kinds, small pumpkins and fine cauliflowers. I soon discovered that peat was extremely favourable to them, so we had a trench made in peaty soil, where they grew splendidly.

Although very well satisfied on the whole with our attempt, we thought it absorbed too much of my husband's time, and he soon requested me to go on with it by myself, and frankly avowed that he could not take any interest in gardening, even in ornamental gardening. This lack of interest seemed strange to me, because he liked to study nature in all her phenomena, but it lasted to the end of his life; he did not care in the least for a well-kept garden, but he liked flowers for their colours and perfumes,—not individually,—and trees for their forms, either noble or graceful, and especially for their shade. He could not bear to see them pruned, and when it became imperative to cut some of their branches, he used to complain quite sadly to his daughter—who shared his feelings about trees—and he would say—"Now, Mary, you see they are at it again, spoiling our poor trees." And if I replied—"But it is for their health, the branches were trailing on the ground, and now the trees will grow taller," he slowly shook his head, unconvinced. When we took the small house at Pré-Charmoy, he was delighted by the wildness of the tiny park sloping gently down to the cool, narrow, shaded river, over which the bending trees met and arched, and he begged me not to interfere with the trailing blackberry branches which crept about the roots and stems of the superb wild-rose trees, making sweet

but impenetrable thickets interwoven with honeysuckle, even in the midst of the alleys and lawns.

And now to return to the domestic arrangements arrived at by mutual consent. Upon me devolved the housekeeping, provisioning, and care of the garden, with the help of a maid, occasionally that of Dugald's wife as charwoman, and pretty regularly that of Dugald himself for a certain portion of the day; that is, when he was not required by my husband to man the boat or to help in a camping-out expedition. It was agreed that Thursday should be considered as his master's private servant.

CHAPTER II

1858

Money matters—Difficulties about servants—Expensiveness of our simple mode of life

My husband had a little fortune, sufficient for his wants as a bachelor, which were modest; it would have been larger had his father nursed it instead of diminishing it as he did by his reckless ways, and especially by entrusting its management during his son's minority to a very kind but incapable guardian in business matters, and to another competent but dishonest trustee, who squandered, unchecked, many important sums of money, and made agreements and leases profitable to himself, but almost ruinous to his ward. As to the other trustee, he never troubled himself so far as to read a deed or a document before signing it. Still, what remained when my husband came of age was amply sufficient for the kind of life he soon chose, that of an artist; and he hoped, moreover, to increase it by the sale of his works.

He was, however, aware of the future risks of the situation when he asked in marriage a girl without fortune, and he told me without reserve what we had to expect.

An important portion of his income was to cease after fourteen years—the end of the lease of a coal-mine; but he felt certain that he would be able by that time to replace it by his own earnings, and meanwhile we were to live so economically and so simply that, as we thought, there was no need for anxiety; so we convinced my parents—with the persuasion

that love lent us—that after all we should not be badly off.

Soon after the completion of our household organization, however, I began to fear that a very simple way of living might, under peculiar conditions, become expensive. A breakfast consisting of ham and eggs is not extravagantly luxurious, but if the ham comes to thrice the original price when carriage and spoilage are allowed for, and if to the sixpence paid for half-a-dozen eggs you add the wages of a man for as many hours, you find to your dismay that though your repast was simple, it was not particularly cheap. Whichever way we turned we met with unavoidable and unlooked-for expenses. Perhaps an English lady, accustomed to the possibilities of such a place, and to the habits of the servants and the customs of the country, might have managed better—though even to-day I don't see clearly what she could have done; as for me, though I had been brought up in the belief that Paris was one of the most expensive places to live in, and though I was perfectly aware of its prices,—having kept my father's house for some years, on account of my mother's weak state of health,—I was entirely taken by surprise, and rather afraid of the reckoning at the end of the year. No one who has not attempted that kind of primitive existence has any idea of its complications. A mere change of servant was expensive—and such changes were rather frequent, on account of their disgust at the breach of orthodox habits, and the lack of followers; or their dismissal was rendered inevitable by their incapacity or unwillingness, or their contempt for everything out of their own country. We had a capital instance of this characteristic in a nurse who came from Greenock, and who thoroughly despised everything in the Highlands. One night, my husband and myself were out of doors admiring a splendid full moon, by the light of which it was quite easy to read. The nurse Katharine was standing by us, holding baby in her arms, and she heard me express my admiration: unable to put up

with praises of a Highland moon, she exclaimed deliberately, "Sure, ma'am, then, you should see the Greenock moon; this is nothing to it."

This change of servants was of serious moment to us, both in the way of time and money, for we had to go to Glasgow or Greenock to fetch new ones, besides paying for their journeys to and fro, and a month's wages if they did not give satisfaction, which was but too often the case.

Once it happened that a steamer, bringing over a small cargo of much-needed provisions, foundered, and we were in consequence nearly reduced to a state of starvation.

Also, after paying princely prices for laying hens, we only found empty shells in the hen-coop, the rats having sucked the eggs before us. Gilbert, to save our eggs, bought a vivacious little terrier, who killed more fowls than rats; and as to the few little chickens that were hatched—despite the cold and damp—they gradually disappeared, devoured by the birds of prey, falcons and eagles, which carried them off under my eyes, even whilst I was feeding them.

Another very important item of expense lay in the different materials required for my husband's work of various kinds, and of which he ordered such quantities that their remnants are still to be found in his laboratory, as I write. Papers of all sorts of quality and size—for pen-and-ink, crayons, pastel, water-colour, etching, tracing; colours dry and moist, brushes, canvases, frames, boards, panels; also the requisites for photography. It was one of my husband's lasting peculiarities that, in his desire to do a great quantity of work, and in the fear of running short of something, he always gave orders far exceeding what he could possibly use. He also invariably allowed himself, for the completion of any given work, an insufficiency of time, because he did not, beforehand, take into account the numerous corrections that he was sure to make, for he was constantly trying to do better.

Our journeys also contributed to swell considerably the

total of our expenditure. Before we were married he promised my parents that he would bring me over once a year, for about a month, for it was a great sacrifice on their part to let their eldest child go so far away, and, even as it was, to remain separated for so long at a time. My husband's relations had also to be considered, and he decided that every time we went to France, we would stay a week at least with his maiden aunts, who had brought him up, and a few days with the family of his kind uncle, Thomas Hamerton of Todmorden; then a short time in London to see the Exhibitions and his friends. The same itinerary was to be followed on our return.

My parents living then in Paris, where even at that time rents were high and space restricted, my husband's dislike to confinement did not allow him to remain satisfied with the single room they could put at our disposal; moreover, in order to work effectively, peace and perfect quiet were absolutely indispensable to him; so he took lodgings close to my parents', and whilst I spent as much of my time with them as I could spare, he wrote or read in the noiseless rooms we had taken *entre cour et jardin*. Of course the rent of the lodgings was an additional expense. Altogether, when we summed up the accounts after the first year, we were dismayed to see what was the cost of such an unpretentious existence; but with youthful hope we counted upon the income that art could not fail to bring shortly.

CHAPTER III

1858

Painting from nature—Project of an exhibition—Photography—Plan of *A Painter's Camp*—Topographic art—Charm of our life in the Highlands.

MR. HAMERTON has himself explained in his autobiography what were his artistic tendencies and aims: he meant to be topographically true in his rendering of nature; and was unluckily greatly influenced by the Pre-Raphaelites, who were, at the time of our marriage, attracting great attention. I was totally unprepared for that kind of art, and the most famous specimens of it which my husband took me to see in London only awoke an apprehension as to what I might think of his own pictures when they were shown to me. The old masters in the Louvre, even the yearly Salons, where, under my father's guidance, I had learned to admire Troyon, Corot, and Millet, had given me an education which fell short of enabling me to recognize the merits of the new school. It was in vain that my husband pointed out the veracity of the minutest detail, in vain that he attempted to interest me in the subjects or praised the scheme of colour; I did not understand it as art, and I received an impression, perfectly remembered to this day, and which I hardly hope to convey to others in words: it was for my eyes what unripe fruit is for the teeth.

It was a long time before my husband completed a picture at Innistrynich, because he had resolved, at first,

to paint only from nature, and was constantly interrupted by changes of effect. After many attempts, he came to the conclusion that he would only paint local colour out-of-doors, and in order to study effects rapidly, he made hasty sketches with copious notes written in pencil. Still, he was not satisfied, the sketch, however quickly traced, retarding the taking of notes, so that the effect had vanished before they were completed. After giving mature consideration to another scheme of study, he decided to make careful pen-and-ink topographical drawings of the most striking features of the scenery, such as Ben Cruachan, Glen Etive, Ben Vorich, Glencoe, etc., and to have them reproduced in large quantities, so that, when upon the scene represented by any of them, he would only have to note the most impressive effects, the sketch having become unnecessary. I wished him to take these memoranda in water-colours or pastels, for it seemed to me very difficult, when the effect was out of the memory, to revive it in its entirety by hundreds of minute observations covering the whole sheet of paper. I had another reason for wishing to see him work more in colours—it was his want of dexterity with them, which I thought practice only could give; but he said it was too slow for out-of-door study, and should be reserved for winter-time and bad weather. Another point upon which we could not agree was the amount of truth to which an artist ought to bind himself: he said "nothing less than topographic truth," and he took infinite pains in the measurement of mountain peaks, breadth of heather-patches, and length of running streams. To his grievous disappointment, when the conscientious and laboured study was shown to me, I could not but repeat that if it were true it did not look so to me, since it produced none of the sensations of the natural scene. "You would like me to exaggerate, then?" he asked. "Yes," I answered, "if that is the way to make it *look* true." But he persevered in his system. He used

to camp out a week, sometimes a fortnight, wherever he made choice of a subject, and returned to the same spot several times afterwards, with his printed studies of outlines to take notes of effects.

He was fond of elaborating schemes, and I told him sometimes that I wished he would allow things to go on more simply, that he would paint his pictures straightforwardly, and try for their reception in the Academy; but he answered that most certainly they would be rejected if painted with so little care, and that he thought the best plan was to go on patiently during the summer as he had begun, then to paint in winter from his studies, and produce, not an odd picture now and then, but a series of pictures illustrating the most remarkable characteristics of Highland scenery, which he would put before the public in a private exhibition of his own, under the title of "Pictures from the Highlands, by P. G. Hamerton." And before one of the pictures was begun, he had made the model of a die bearing this inscription, to be stamped on the frames of the pictures, as well as on the studies. Mr. Hamerton had taken lessons from a photographer in Paris, at the time of his first visit there, thinking it might be a help in the prosecution of his scheme, and now he was always trying to get some photographs of the scenes among which he camped. They were generally very poor and feeble, the weather being so often unpropitious, and the process (paper process) so imperfect and tedious. Still, it was the means of giving pleasure to our relations and friends by acquainting them with our surroundings: here is a passage from one of my father's letters in acknowledgment of the photograph of our house—"J'ai reçu avec infiniment de plaisir votre lettre et la photographie qui l'accompagnait. Cette petite image nous met en communication plus directe, en nous identifiant pour ainsi dire, à votre vie intérieure. Merci donc, et de boncœur."

Although my husband firmly believed that nature had

meant him to be an artist, and helped nature as much as he could by his own exertions, the literary talent which was in him would not be stifled altogether, and under pretext of preparing a way for his artistic reputation, made him undertake the *Painter's Camp.*

It may be easily realized that with his elaborate system of study, which required journeys and camping out, the taking of photographs, painting in-doors in wet weather, together with a course of reading for culture and pleasure, and in addition literary composition, Gilbert's time was fully occupied; still he was dissatisfied by the meagre result, and fretted about it. He had, at the cost of much thought and money, organized a perfect establishment, with wagons, tents, and boats, to go and stay wherever he pleased; but wherever he went or stopped he almost invariably met with rain and mist, and though he could draw or paint inside the tent, he still required to see his subject, and how could he possibly when the heavy rain-clouds enveloped the mountains as if in a shroud, or when the mist threw a veil over all the landscape? I remember going with him to camp out in Glencoe in delightful weather, which lasted (for a wonder) throughout the journey and the day following it, after which we were shut inside the tents by pouring or drizzling rain for six consecutive days, when the only possible occupation was reading, so that at last we were beaten back home with a few bad photographs and incomplete sketches as the fruits of a week's expedition.

At first we did not attach much importance to the weather, even if it wasted time. My husband had taken the island on a lease of four years, and it seemed to us that almost anything might be achieved in the course of four years; we were so young, both of us—he twenty-four, and I nineteen—that we had not yet realized how rapidly time flows—and it flowed so delightfully with us as to make everything promising in our eyes. The rain might be troublesome and interfere with

work, but were not the splendid colours of the landscape due to it? The lake might be stormy, and the white foam of its waves dash even upon the panes of our windows, but the clouds, driven wildly over the crests of the hills, and rent by peaks and crags, cast ever-changing shadows along their swift course, and the shafts of the sun darting between them clothed the spaces between in dazzling splendour. Our enjoyment of natural beauty was not marred by considerations about the elements which produced it: whether the rich colour of the shrivelled ferns on the hillside had been given by the fierce heat of a sun which, at the same time, had dried up the streams and parched the meadows, we did not inquire; and if the grandeur of the stormy lake on a dark night, with the moaning of the breakers on the rocky shore, and the piercing shrieks of the blast, involved the fall and ruin of many a poor man's cottage and the destruction of hundreds of uprooted trees, we were so entranced in admiration as to give no thought to the consequences. We derived pleasure from everything, study or contemplation, fair weather or foul; a twilight ramble on the island by the magnificent northern lights, or a quiet sail on the solitary lake perfumed with the fragrance of the honeysuckle or of the blue hyacinths growing so profusely on Inishail and the Black Isles.

Well, we were happy; we did not stop to consider if we were *perfectly* happy; but it was, without a doubt, the happiest time of our lives, for we have always turned back to it with deep regret, and, as my husband has expressed it in the *Painter's Camp*—"It is so full of associations and memories which are so infinitely dear and sweet and sacred, that the very word 'Highlands' will lay a sudden charm on my heart for ever."

Although we made no dissection of our happiness to know what it was made of, there was a powerful element in it which I discern clearly now: we were satisfied with our-

selves, thinking we were fulfilling our duty to the best of our understanding; if we erred, it was unconsciously. Since then we have not been so positive, and sometimes have questioned the wisdom of those days. But who can tell? . . . If my husband had not lived those four years of Highland life he would not have been the man he became, and his literary gift, though perhaps developed in some other way, would never have acquired the charm which influenced afterwards so many minds and hearts.

CHAPTER IV

1858

English and French manners—My husband's relatives—First journey to France after our marriage—Friends in London—Miss Susan Hamerton.

THE summer of 1858 had been unusually warm and pleasant in the Highlands, and my husband had put many a study in his portfolios, in spite of the interruptions to his work caused by a series of boils, which, though of no importance, were exceedingly painful and irritating, being accompanied by fever and sleeplessness; they were the result of a regimen of salted meat and an insufficiency of fresh vegetables, for of course those we succeeded in growing the first year were only fit for the table towards the end of summer.

We had not been so solitary as I had expected, for, with the warm weather, a few families had come back to their residences on the shores of the lake, and had called upon us. I had felt rather timid and awkward, as I could not speak English, but the ladies being kindly disposed, and generally knowing a little French, we managed to get on friendly terms, particularly when left to ourselves, for I was very much afraid of Gilbert's strictures—I will explain for what reasons in particular. He was, as I have said before, a very good and competent teacher, but very exacting, and he had repeatedly said that he could put up better with my faults were they the usual recognized mistakes of a foreigner, but that unluckily mine were vulgarisms. This was very humiliating, as I must confess I took a little pride in my French, which had been

often praised as elegant and pure, and this had fostered in me a taste for conversation such as was still to be enjoyed in intelligent French society at that time, and of which I had never been deprived at home, my father being an excellent conversationalist, and receiving political friends of great talent as orators and debaters, such as Michel de Bourges, Baudin, Madier-de-Montjau, Boysset, and many others, as well as literary people.

On the other hand, it must be explained that I was unknown to my husband's relations, and aware of some prejudices against me among them, particularly on the part of his aunt Susan—the younger of the two sisters who had brought him up. She only knew that I was French, a Roman Catholic, and without fortune: all these defects were the very opposite of what she had dreamt of for her nephew, and her disappointment had been so bitter when she had heard of his engagement that, to excuse it in her own eyes, she had convinced herself that a French girl could only be flippant, extravagantly fond of amusement, and neglectful of homely duties; a Roman Catholic must of necessity be narrow-minded and bigoted, and the want of fortune betrayed low birth and lack of education. These views had been expressed at length to my betrothed, together with severe reproaches and admonitions, and it was in vain that he had attempted to justify his choice, his aunt persisted in attributing it solely to a passion he had been too weak to master. At last our marriage drawing near, Gilbert wrote to his aunt that if her next letter contained anything disrespectful to me, he would return it, and do the same for the following ones, without opening them, and the correspondence had ceased.

It was quite different with his aunt Mary, who must also have been disappointed by his marriage, for with her aristocratic tastes and notions she had desired for her nephew a bride of rank, and an heiress to put him again in the station befitting the family name, to which his education and talents

seemed to entitle him. But she had confidence in his judgment, and loved him with so generous a love that she congratulated him warmly when he was accepted, and wrote me an affectionate letter of thanks, and a welcome as a new member of the family.

Of course my husband had often talked to me about his aunts; not much was said of Miss Susan, but a great deal of his dear guardian, who had been like a mother to him, and who now wrote encouragingly to me from time to time about my English, and my new life. He praised both his aunts for their good management of a small income, for the position they had been able to retain in society, and particularly for their lady-like manners and good breeding; explaining sometimes that I should probably find it different in some respects from French *comme-il-faut*, and mentioning in what particulars. I felt that he would be very sensitive about the opinions his aunts would form of me, and I dreaded that of Miss Susan Hamerton. He had put me on my guard on some points, for instance about the French custom of always addressing people as Monsieur or Madame, which was hard for me to relinquish, as it seemed rude, and I was also told not to be always thanking servants for their services (as we do in France), if I wished to be considered well-bred. But besides what was pointed out to me, I noticed many other things which ought to be toned down in my nature and habits, if I meant to acquire what I heard called lady-like manners. I was at that time very vivacious, merry, and impulsive, and so long as I had lived in France this natural disposition had been looked upon as a happy one, and rather pleasant than otherwise; but I did not notice anything resembling it in our visitors, who were said to be real ladies, or lady-like. They looked to my French eyes somewhat indifferent and unconcerned: it is true that they were all my seniors by at least half-a-score of years, but the fact did not put me more at ease. However, as they showed great

kindness, and frequently renewed their visits and invitations, I was led to think that their judgment had not gone against me, and this gave me some courage for the day of my meeting with my aunt Susan. And that day was drawing near, my husband having promised his relations that we should visit them after six months, which was the delay granted to me to learn a little English, and although I could not and dared not speak it at the end of the allotted time, no respite was allowed.

It was arranged that after our stay in Lancashire we should go on to Paris. This news was received with great joy and thankfulness in my family, where we had not been expected so soon, and where the sorrow for my absence was still so keen that my father wrote to my husband—"Chaque fois que je rentre je m'attends à la voir accourir au devant de moi et chaque désillusion est suivie de tristesse. Il n'est pas jusqu'au piano dont le mutisme me fait mal. J'ai beau me dire que ces impatiences, ces chagrins sont de la faiblesse : je le sais, je le sens, et je n'en suis pas plus fort."

The love of improvements, which was one of Gilbert's characteristics, had led him to plan a road on the island, which should go from the house to the lowest part of the shore, where the lake dried up in summer, so as to facilitate the conveyance of goods, which could then be carted without unloading from Inverary to the barn or kitchen-door. He gave very minute directions to Thursday and Dugald, and set them to their work just before we left for France, telling them that he expected to find the road finished on our return.

We started in November, and arrived at Todmorden on a wet day, and just before leaving the railway carriage we were much amused by a gentleman who answered the query, "Is this Tormorden?" by letting down the window and thrusting his hand out, after which he gravely said—"It is raining; it must be Todmorden."

My husband's uncle, Thomas Hamerton, with his two daughters, was awaiting us at the station to welcome us and take us to his house, where we found Mrs. Hamerton, who received us very kindly, but called me Mrs. Philip Gilbert, because she despaired of ever pronouncing my Christian name rightly. I begged her to call me "niece," and her husband gave the example by calling me "my niece Eugenei." Our cousins Anne and Jane spoke French very creditably, although they had never been in France, and we were soon on friendly terms. When my husband was away, they translated my answers to their mother's numerous questions about our life in the Highlands, my occupations, tastes, French habits, and what not. Although my powers of expression in English were very limited, I understood the greater part of what was said, and Mrs. Hamerton and my cousins being so encouraging, I did not feel so timid, and if I had stayed longer I should most certainly have made rapid progress. On that score my husband—P. G., as they called him in the family circle—was taken to task and scolded for having been too severe with "his poor little foreign wife." His cousins, with whom he was on brotherly terms, were much pleased with the soft French pronunciation of the name Gilbert, and dropped the P. G. decisively, to the great wonder of their mamma.

The following day was fixed by my husband as the day of our trial—that is, for our visit to his aunts, who lived on a steep eminence above Todmorden, in a pleasant house, "The Jumps." Aunt Mary, in order to spare me, had offered to come down to meet us at her brother's; but as she suffered from some kind of heart complaint (the knowledge of which kept her loving nephew in constant alarm) we were afraid of the effect that fatigue and emotion might have, and preferred to encounter Miss Susan Hamerton.

The reception was typical of the different dispositions towards us. Aunt Mary was standing at the door, straining

her eyes to see us sooner, and came forward to embrace me and to receive the kisses of her beloved nephew; then she whispered that "she had hoped Susan would have gone away on a visit to her friends, but she had remained obdurate to all hints and entreaties." So there was nothing for it but to meet her, since she would have it so; and with a beating heart, I was led to the drawing-room by my husband. That the reader may not be misled into believing that a life-long estrangement resulted from the following scene, I will quote a passage from the preface to *Human Intercourse*, which gives the unforeseen result of my acquaintance with Miss Susan Hamerton.

"A certain English lady, influenced by the received ideas about human intercourse which define the conditions of it in a hard and sharp manner, was strongly convinced that it would be impossible for her to have friendly relations with another lady whom she had never seen, but was likely to see frequently. All her reasons would be considered excellent reasons by those who believe in maxims and rules. It was plain that there could be nothing in common. The other lady was neither of the same country, nor of the same religious and political parties, nor of the same generation. These facts were known, and the inference deduced from them was that intercourse would be impossible. After some time the English lady began to perceive that the case did not bear out the supposed rules; she discovered that the younger lady might be an acceptable friend.

"At last the full, strange truth became apparent—that she was singularly well adapted, better adapted than any other human being, to take a filial relation to the elder, especially in times of sickness, when her presence was a wonderful support. Then the warmest affection sprang up between the two, lasting till separation by death, and still cherished by the survivor."

But the first meeting held out no such promise. There, on the couch, was an elderly lady, sitting stiff and straight

with a book in her hands, from which her eyes were never raised, even when she acknowledged our entrance by a studiously slow, chilling, and almost imperceptible bend of the head. I saw my husband's face flush with anger as we bowed to my new relation; but I pressed his hand entreatingly, and we sat down, attempting to ignore the hostile presence, and to talk as if we found ourselves in ordinary circumstances. Poor Aunt Mary, thinking it must be unendurable to me, soon proposed that we should go to the dining-room for refreshments, and her proposition was accepted with alacrity. We left the dining-room with the same ceremonial which had followed our entrance, and were rewarded by the same frigid and distant movement of the silent figure on the sofa. We remained some time with Aunt Mary, and took an affectionate leave of her, my husband giving a promise that on our return journey we would stay a few days at "The Jumps," whether her sister chose to be at home or away.

I have related this episode at some length, although it seems to concern me more than my husband, because the influence it had on his life was so important. It is almost certain that if Miss Susan Hamerton had behaved towards us like her sister, my husband would never have thought of going to live in France. At the end of our lease at Innistrynich, he would have chosen a residence in some picturesque part of England, and would have easily induced his aunts to settle as near as possible to us. Their example and advice in household matters would have been invaluable to me, whilst the affectionate intercourse would have grown closer and dearer as we came to know each other better. However, this was not to be.

We soon left Todmorden after our visit to "The Jumps," and when we reached Paris there were great rejoicings in my family, where my husband was fully appreciated. He liked to talk of politics, literature, and art with my father, whose experience was extensive, and whose taste was refined and

discriminating ; he awoke in his son-in-law an interest in sculpture which hitherto had not been developed, but which grew with years. As to my mother, brothers, and sister, they loved him for his kindness, and also because he had made a life of happiness for me.

In Paris we went to see everything of artistic interest, but especially of architectural interest. I knew nothing of architecture myself, but was naturally attracted by beauty, and my husband guided my opinions with his knowledge. I noticed with surprise his indifference to most of the pictures in the Museum of the Louvre, and he explained, later, that he could not appreciate them at that period in the development of his artistic taste, which was at that time retarded by the pre-Raphaelite influence. There was certainly a great evolution of mind between this state of quasi-indifference and the fervid enthusiasm which made him say to me when we came to live in Paris—"At any rate there is for me as a compensation for the beauty of natural scenery, an inexhaustible source of interest and study in the Louvre."

The Museum of the Luxembourg containing several pictures by modern artists, whose merits he recognized, was frequently visited by us—and he admired heartily among others, Rosa Bonheur, Daubigny, Charles Jacque, and especially Troyon, whose works went far to shake his faith in topographic painting, and sowed the first seeds of the French school's influence on his mind.

At the expiration of the month we returned to London, and stayed with friends ; my husband introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, to Mrs. Leslie and her family, to the sons and daughters of Constable, of whom he speaks in his autobiography, and they all received me very kindly, and told me what hopeful views they entertained of his future career. We also called upon Millais, for whose talent my husband had a great admiration. He received us quite informally, and we had a long talk in French, which he pronounced remark-

ably well; he explained it to me by saying that he belonged to a Jersey family.

It was also during this London visit that Mr. Hamerton made the acquaintance of Mr. Calderon, who also spoke French admirably, an acquaintance which was to ripen into friendship, and last to the end of my husband's life. He also went to all the winter exhibitions, public or private, where he stood rooted before all the works which could teach him something of his difficult art; and when we left he was certain of having acquired new knowledge.

Miss Susan Hamerton having said to Aunt Mary that she had no objection to our being her sister's guests, we went straight to "The Jumps" after leaving London. This time she received us with polite coldness—like perfect strangers—but she was not insulting, only at times somewhat ungenerously sarcastic with me, who was not armed to parry her thrusts. I felt quite miserable, for I did not wish to widen the gap between her and her nephew, and on the other hand I did not see how our intercourse could be made more pleasant by any endeavours of mine, for I was ignorant of the art of ingratiating myself with persons whom I felt adverse to me, and I must avow that I had also a certain degree of pride which prevented me from making advances when unfairly treated. I had always lived in an atmosphere of confidence, love, and good-will—perhaps I had been a little spoilt by the kindness of my friends, and now it seemed hard to be a butt for ill-natured sarcasms. These shafts, however, were seldom, if ever, let loose in the presence of my husband, who would not have tolerated it; the want of welcome being as much as he could bear. Still, there was no doubt that matters had slightly mended since our first visit, and an undeniable token of this was the fact of Miss Susan Hamerton extending her hand to each of us at parting. Had I been told then that this reluctant hand would become a firm support for me; that these cold eyes would be filled with

warm tears of love, and that I should be tenderly pressed to this apparently unsympathizing bosom, I could not have believed it. Yet the day came when Aunt Susan proved my dearest friend, and when Mr. Thomas Hamerton said to his nephew, "Susan loves you much, no doubt, but Eugénie is A 1 for her."

CHAPTER V

1859

Visits from friends and relatives—A Frenchman in the Highlands—Project of buying the island of Innistrynich.

WHEN we arrived at Innistrynich from the Continent, all our neighbours had left Loch Awe, and we had only as occasional visitors the doctor and our landlord—the rare and far-between calls of the minister ceasing with the fine days ; but we were not afraid of our solitude *à deux*, and we had the pleasant prospect of entertaining Aunt Mary and Anne Hamerton early in the summer, as well as the husband of my godmother, M. Souverain, a well-known Parisian publisher, whose acquaintance Mr. Hamerton had made through my father, and who had promised to come to see us. Meanwhile, we resumed our usual rules of work, and my husband began several oil pictures at once, so as to lose no time in having to wait for the drying of the colours.

As he had made great progress in his French, he proposed that we should change our parts, and that nothing but English should be spoken, read, or written by me, except my letters to French correspondents. I delayed my submission a while, for it seemed that if I could not speak—even to him—confidentially and with perfect ease, that indeed would be solitude. At last I yielded to his entreaties, strengthened by my father's remonstrances, and some months of constantly-renewed endeavours — not always successful, and sometimes accompanied by weariness, discouragement, and tears — began for me, my

teacher never swerving from his rule, not even when, despairing of making myself understood, I used a French word or expression. On such occasions he invariably shook his head and said—"I do not understand French, speak English," at the same time helping me out of my difficulty as much as he could.

Aunt Mary and Anne Hamerton had promised to come to see us during the summer, and we had repeated our invitation in the beginning of the spring of 1859, but Aunt Mary wrote to her nephew—"I am looking forward with great pleasure to my visit to you and Eugénie, but I think I had *better* NOT come till the little cherub has come, because anybody would know better what to do than I should."

She wrote again on June 6, 1859—"I am very glad indeed that Eugénie and the dear little boy are doing well; give my very best love to Eugénie, and tell her that now Anne and I are looking forward with great pleasure to visiting you as soon as we can."

They came in July, and Aunt Mary was delighted with the beauty of the scenery, with the strong and healthy appearance of her little grand-nephew, whom she held in her arms as much and as long as her strength allowed, but especially by the recovered affectionate intimacy with my husband, and also by the certainty of our domestic happiness.

Anne Hamerton greatly enjoyed the excursions on land and water, and so the days passed pleasantly. When my husband was painting, either in his studio or out-of-doors, we sat near him and read aloud by turns. Aunt Mary was very fond of Moore's poetry, and read it well and feelingly, though her voice was rather tremulous and weak. To Anne were given passages of *Modern Painters* as examples of style, and Lamartine's *Jocelyn* for French pronunciation. I fear that Aunt Mary's appreciation of it was more imaginary than real. *The Newcomes* fell to my lot, being easier than poetry, and gave rise to many a debate about its superiority or inferiority to

Thackeray's other works. As an author he was not justly appreciated by Aunt Mary, who, on account of her aristocratic loyalty, did not forgive him for *The Four Georges.*

We had also a good deal of music ; my husband, having been accustomed to play duets with his cousin, soon resumed the practice, and though I had not encouraged him as a solo-player, I liked well enough to listen to his violin with a piano accompaniment. Anne's playing was only mediocre, but as she did not attempt anything above her skill, it was pleasant enough ; she accompanied all the French songs I had brought with me, and they were numerous, for at that time there was no *soirée* in Paris—homely or fashionable—without *romances ;* the public taste was not so fastidious as it has since become, and did not expect from a school-girl the performance of an operatic prima donna. When out in the boat on a peaceful and serene night, my husband rowing us slowly on the glassy water, it seemed that the melodies which rose and spread in the hazy atmosphere were the natural complement to these enchanted hours. Anne often sang "Beautiful Star" or "Long time ago," and I was always asked for "Le Lac" or "La chanson de Fortunio."

The arrival of Monsieur Souverain added a new element of cheerfulness to our little party: he was so thoroughly French —that is, so ignorant of other habits than French ones, so naïvely persuaded of their superiority to all others, so keenly alive to any point of difference, and so openly astonished when he discovered any, always wondering at the reason for this want of similarity—that he was a perpetual source of interest to our lady visitors. He could not speak English, but he always addressed Aunt Mary in his voluble and rapid Parisian French, and she was all smiles, and appeared to enjoy extremely his run of anecdotes about French celebrities she had never heard of. Now and then she let fall a word or sometimes a phrase totally irrelevant to what he had been saying, but which, in his turn, he politely pretended to

appreciate, although he had not understood a single syllable of it. It was most amusing to see them walking side by side, evidently enjoying each other's society and animated conversation ; only we remarked that they were careful to remain well out of profane hearing by keeping a good deal in front of us, or else loitering behind.

We had been awaiting M. Souverain for some days, no date having been fixed, when one morning our attention was aroused by loud and prolonged shouts coming from that part of the road which affords a view of Innistrynich, before descending to the bay. With the help of his telescope, my husband soon discovered a small, spare human form, now waving a pocket-handkerchief and now making a speaking-trumpet of both hands to carry its appeal as far as the island. "It must be M. Souverain," Gilbert said, as he sent a shout of welcome, and ran to the pier to loosen the boat and row it across the bay.

He had scarcely landed our visitor when enthusiastic ejaculations met our ears: "Mais c'est le Paradis terrestre ici!" "Quel pays de rêve!" "Quel séjour enchanteur!" Then, with a change of tone habitual to him, and a little sarcastic—"Yes, but as difficult to find as dream-land ; I thought I should have to turn back to France without meeting with you, for no one seemed to be aware of the existence of the 'lac Ave' any more than of 'Ineestree-neeche,' and I was beginning to suspect your descriptions to have been purely imaginary, when *un trait de lumière* illuminated my brain. I bought a map of Scotland, and without troubling myself any longer with the impossible pronunciation of impossible names, I stuck a pin on the spot of the map that I wanted to reach and showed it either to a railway *employé* or to a *matelot*, and I was sure to hear 'All right'—I have learnt that at least. But upon my life, to this day, I can't explain why no one seemed to understand me, even at Inverary, at the hotel. I asked—

'Quel chemin doit on prendre pour aller chez Monsieur Amertone, dans l'île d'Ineestreeneeche sur le lac Ave.' That was quite plain, was not it? . . . Well, they only shook their heads till I gave them the address you had written for me, then of course they came out with 'All right,' and a good deal besides which was of no consequence to me, and at last I am here 'all right.' But why on earth do they spell Londres, London ; Glascow, Glasgow ; and Cantorbéry, Canterbury? It is exceedingly puzzling to strangers." My husband was greatly tickled, and rather encouraged this flow of impressions ; he thought it extremely interesting in a cultivated and intelligent man who was far from untravelled, for he had been in Spain, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Algeria, and who still evinced a child-like wonder at every unfamiliar object. For instance, he would say—"Now, Mr. Hamerton, I am sure you can't justify this queer custom in English hotels, of putting on the table a roast of eight pounds weight, *at least*, or a whole cheese. I can't eat all that, then why serve it me? . . . And why also those immense washing-basins? They are so cumbersome and heavy that it is almost as much as I can achieve to empty them: I don't take a bath in them, I take it in a *baignoire*, and I have not to empty it."

The conversation, however, often ran on serious subjects, and M. Souverain heard with deep interest from my husband an account of his plans, both literary and artistic, and said once—"If you intend to devote your life to painting Highland scenery, and since your wife loves this admirable island as much as you do, why should not you buy it and secure the benefit of the improvements you are carrying on? It is somewhat solitary at times, no doubt, but as you will be obliged to go to London and Paris every year at least, you might arrange to do so in winter and enjoy society there, and a change at the same time. You tell me that your property yields at present but a very poor income, why not

sell it, or part of it, since it has no attraction for you, and live here, on your own property, free of rent?"

Gilbert himself had entertained the idea, and had developed it to me with flattering possibilities and speculations, but I was already beginning to fear that our present existence was too exquisite to last. We had received bad news from Uncle Thomas about the rents; the mill was not let, and would require a heavy outlay before it could find a tenant; the machinery was old, out-of-date, and would have to be replaced by new with the modern improvements, and the cottages surrounding the mill were likely to remain tenantless so long as the mill did not work, or the rents be but irregularly forthcoming. In fact our income was already insufficient, and my husband was seriously considering whether he ought to borrow in order to set up the mill again, or whether it would be more profitable to sell the property and draw upon the capital as we required it, till he could sell his pictures. At last he decided to consult his uncle, who was a prudent man of business, and had a long experience as landed proprietor. After due consideration Mr. T. Hamerton advised him to go to the necessary expense for repairs to the mill.

Meanwhile M. Souverain was growing more enchanted with Loch Awe day by day, and could not bear the idea that we might be turned out of Innistrynich some day by a new owner (for the present one was getting old, and had said that at the end of our lease he would put it up for sale), so he tempted my husband by the almost irresistible offer of a third of the purchase money, in consideration of having two rooms reserved for himself and his wife—my godmother—during two of the summer months. But Aunt Mary's secret desire—and perhaps hope—of seeing us established at a future time nearer to herself, suggested some very weighty considerations against the project. "When your child—or maybe children—grow up and have to attend school, will you resign yourselves to send them so far as

will be inevitable if you are still here?" she said; "and will your healths be able to stand the severity of the climate when you are no longer so young? The distance from a doctor is another serious affair in case of sickness, and I myself, as well as Eugénie's parents, am on the downward course, and may soon be deprived of the possibility of undertaking so fatiguing a journey." All this had been foreseen by her nephew, of course, but his attachment to the place was such that he found ready answers to all objections. "Our children would be educated at home—the climate, though damp, was not more severe or unhealthy than the average—doctors were of no good, generally speaking—and we might visit our relations more frequently in case they were unable to come to us."

So the question remained open.

Gilbert, thinking it desirable to give his guests a more extensive acquaintance with the surrounding country than his boats could afford, proposed to take a carriage, which would be ferried from Port Sonachan to the other side of the lake, after which we might drive as much as possible along the shores till we reached Ardhonnel Castle. If we arrived early we would visit the ruins and the island, if too late it would be reserved for the following morning, as we intended to spend the night at the inn, and to resume our drive in time to be back at Innistrynich for dinner.

We started merrily, Aunt Mary, Anne Hamerton, M. Souverain, my husband, myself and baby, for our guests kindly insisted upon my being one of the party, in spite of my small encumbrance, which I could not leave behind. I did my best to be excused, but they were unanimous in declaring that they would not go if I stayed.

"You need not walk unless you like," they said, "for there will always be the carriage, the boat, or the inn for you."

It was a splendid day of bright sunshine in a tenderly-blue sky, with a pure, soft breeze hardly rippling the lake.

We all took our seats inside the roomy, open carriage, my husband leaving the management of the horses to the driver that he might be free to enjoy the scenery. M. Souverain remarked that if the Highlanders were a strong race, their horses hardly deserved the same epithet, and indeed the pair harnessed to our carriage appeared very lean and somewhat shaky, but the driver affirmed that they were capital for hill-work, though he would not swear to their swiftness, and as we did not want to go fast, it was again "all right" from M. Souverain when the explanation had been translated to him.

Fast we certainly did not go, and, moreover, we often stopped to admire the changing views, but the poor, starved beasts did not pick up any more spirit during their frequent rests; they painfully resumed their dull jog-trot for a short time, which soon dwindled to slow, weary paces that even the whip in no way hastened. However, with plenty of time before us, we only turned it into a joke, pretending to be terrified by the ardour of our steeds.

My husband had to tell M. Souverain all the legends of the places we were passing, and as he himself "courtisait la Muse," he listened with rapt attention, so as to be able to treat the subjects in French verse. "This country is a mine for a poet!" he frequently exclaimed.

Luckily we had packed some provisions in the carriage, for the sun was already declining—like the pace of the horses—and we were not yet at the end of the drive by a good distance. The fresh air had sharpened our appetites, and Gilbert proposed that we should have something to eat whilst the horses were taken out of harness and given a feed to refresh them and give them a little more vigour for the rest of the journey.

By the time we had finished our collation the air had freshened, and it was twilight; we agreed that now it was desirable to get within shelter as soon as possible, although

the charm of the hour was indescribable; but the thin white mist was beginning to float over the lake, and the last remnants of the after-glow had entirely died out. What was our dismay when we found that all my husband's efforts, joined to those of the driver, to make the horses get up were ineffectual; there they lay on the grass, and neither expostulations, pulls, cracks of the whip, or even kicks, I am sorry to say, seemed to produce the slightest effect upon their determination to remain stretched at full length on the ground. What were we to do? The driver vociferated in Gaelic, but the poor brutes did not mind, and they would have been cruelly maltreated if we had not interfered to protect them. Gilbert said to the man—"You see well enough that they have no strength to work, therefore allow them to rest till they are able to go back. I leave you here, and as I have ladies with me I must try to find some sort of shelter for the night." The man was almost frantic when he saw us go, but we all agreed with my husband, and in the hope of finding a cottage set forth resolutely on foot.

It was now almost dark, but our spirits were not damped yet, and, as M. Souverain remarked, it was "une véritable aventure." Still, I was beginning to find my baby somewhat heavy after walking for three-quarters of an hour, when the gentlemen in front of us cheerily encouraged our exertions by calling out "A cottage, a cottage!" and when we came up to them, they were loudly knocking at the door, unable to obtain a sign of life from within; however, the smell of burning peat clearly indicated that the cottage was inhabited, and my husband shouted our story, begging that the door might be opened and the ladies allowed to rest. Then on the other side of the door, which remained closed, a voice answered in Gaelic we knew not what, except that the tone of it was unmistakably angry, and unbroken silence ensued.

There was nothing left to us but to resume our walk, enlivened by M. Souverain singing the celebrated song,

"Chez les montagnards Écossais l'hospitalité se donne," etc. Every one in turn offered to hold the baby; but Aunt Mary, I knew, had enough to do for herself, Anne was not strong, and my confidence in the fitness of the gentlemen for the function of nurse was very limited. My husband kept up our courage by affirming that we were not far from Ardhonnel, and consequently within a short distance of the inn; indeed, he called us to the side of the road, from which we could see the noble ruin with our own eyes, now that the new moon had risen and was peeping between the clouds occasionally. It was a welcome sight, for by this time we were really weary; but alas! the inn was on the other side of the lake, and we had no boat; still, Gilbert felt sure there must be one not very far off, to take the people across, and after surveying the shore for a while, he discovered a little pier, with a rowing-boat chained to it, and a very small cottage almost close to where we stood; so he went to knock at the door, and again Gaelic was given in answer. But this time the door was opened by a woman who had only taken time to put on a short petticoat, and to throw a small shawl over her head; her feet, legs, and arms were bare, and she looked strong and placid; her English was scanty, but she understood pretty well what we wanted, and declared herself willing to row our party to the other side if any one could steer, for her "man" was asleep in bed and too tired for work; so my husband took a pair of oars, the woman another, and I steered from indications frequently given. At last we stood in front of the inn, and it was past midnight. Not a light was visible, not a sound was heard, and there was no sign of life except a faint blue wreath of peat-smoke; but it was enough to revive our energies and hopes. In response to our united appeals a dishevelled head of red hair cautiously looked down from a half-opened window, and our story had to be told again. Well, this time we were let in and allowed to sit down, whilst the ostler's wife was being roused as well as the servant, for

we were told that the tourists' season being already over, the inn was no longer in trim for customers. This was bad news, for the good effects of the luncheon had passed off, and as soon as we could rest and forget our fatigue we became sensible of ravenous hunger. The good innkeeper and his wife were so obliging and good-hearted, that they kept deprecating the absence of all the comforts they would have liked to give us. However, my husband had brought a large basket of dry peat, and M. Souverain heaped it up dexterously, and blew upon what remained of red ashes under his pile, whilst a kettle was placed upon the glowing embers. "I am afraid I can't offer you the same cheer that you would give me at the *maison Dorée*," Gilbert said to his friend. "*Ça serait gâter la couleur locale;* oh! some bread-and-cheese, with a bottle of beer, will do very well for me." But there was neither bread nor cheese nor beer; and no kind of abode, however miserable, had M. Souverain ever known to be without bread. "What do they live upon then?" he asked. "Porridge, and they occasionally make scones," was the reply. Luckily for us there happened to be an ample supply of them, freshly made, and with these, boiled eggs, and fried bacon, we had one of the best appreciated meals we ever tasted. It was followed by hot whisky toddy and cigars for the gentlemen, by tea and clotted cream for the ladies, and for a while we quite revived; but sleep would have its way, and there being only two beds, occupied by the owners of the inn, they charitably yielded them to us, and when the sheets had been changed, Aunt Mary and Anne shared one, whilst I thankfully retired to the other with baby. The gentlemen remained near the fire in the dining-room, one of them stretched on the sofa, and the other using its cushions as a mattress.

On the following morning I learned the meaning of the word "smart" for the first time, it being so frequently repeated by our good hostess, who had made room for me by the kitchen fire to dress my child. "How smart is the sweet

baby!" she constantly exclaimed with honest admiration, as she made him laugh by tickling his little feet or chucking his chin.

Our breakfast was a repetition of the supper in every detail, and our enjoyment of it more limited. My husband soon went out to hire a boat and a couple of men to row us back again. They took us first to Ardhonnel, of which he has given a description in *The Isles of Loch Awe*—

> "A grey, tall fortress, on a wooded isle,
> Not buried but adorned by foliage."

The day was fine again, and the return home ideal; Gilbert steered and relieved each rower in turn, while they sang their Scotch melodies with voices strong and clear, and we all joined in the chorus. When we reached Port Sonachan we heard that our driver had only arrived towards mid-day, and that his horses not being strong enough to stop the carriage on the slope to the ferry, had fallen into the lake, from which they were rescued with great difficulty. We saw the carriage still dripping wet, which had been left out to dry, and for the repairs of which Gilbert later on received a bill that he indignantly refused to pay.

This "romantic excursion," as M. Souverain called it, had so much developed his fancy for Loch Awe that, before taking leave of us, he offered to go halves with my husband in the purchase of Innistrynich; but there was plenty of time for reflection, as the lease had four years to run, so no decision was taken then.

A fortnight after the departure of our Parisian guest, Aunt Mary and Anne left us regretfully—the former especially, who was going back reluctantly to the jealous remarks of her sister, and did not feel disposed to listen patiently to criticisms on her nephew's character and conduct or on mine. From her letters afterwards she had not a pleasant time of it, but relieved the painfulness of it as much as possible by accepting

at intervals several invitations from her friends in the neighbourhood. This state of affairs made my husband very miserable, for he would have done anything to secure his aunt Mary's happiness and tranquillity of mind; and to help him in his endeavours, I proposed that she should come to live with us. This is part of her answer—

"I hope to return with you in May next. Give my very best love to dear Eugénie, and tell her that I thank her very much for proposing to gratify your affection to me by proposing that I should live with her and you; but Susan and I have taken each other for better and worse, unless some deserving person of the other sex should propose, and the one he proposes to *should* say, Yes, if you please. But I think we shall never separate."

It is with regret that I have to recall Miss Susan Hamerton's unamiable temper at that time; one thing comes in mitigation, but I only knew of it years afterwards: she was suffering much from unavowed nervousness. Her nephew told me that when living in the same house with her, he had sometimes noticed that she ate hardly anything and looked unwell; but to his affectionate inquiries she used to answer—"My health is good enough, thank you; and I know what you imply when you pretend to be anxious about it—you mean that I am cross and ill-tempered." She made it a point never to plead guilty to any physical ailment, as if it were a weakness unworthy of her, and also to discourage all attempts at sympathy.

Another thing I learned too late was her jealous disposition, which explained her attitude towards her nephew at the time of his marriage; it was love turned sour, and although we tried to discover the cause of her bitterness in her worldly disappointment, we became convinced that she would have felt as bitter had the bride been wealthy and of noble lineage, because her jealousy would have tortured her

as much, if not more. She became jealous of her sister when we invited her; and long afterwards, when her brother became a widower, and she went to live with him, he confided to his nephew that he had had to bear frequent outbursts of jealousy. It was merely the exaggeration of a tender sentiment which could not brook a rival.

CHAPTER VI

1859—1860

Financial complications—Summer visitors—Boats and boating—Visit to Paris—W. Wyld—Project of a farm in France—Partnership with M. Gindriez.

WHILE the *Painter's Camp* was progressing, which was to be the foundation of my husband's success, three pictures had been sent to the Academy and rejected; but after the first feeling of disappointment he was cheered up again by a favourable opinion from Millais about those pictures—one of them in particular, a sailing-boat on Loch Awe in the twilight, which was pronounced true in effect and colour. Aunt Mary wrote to him soon after—"I am so very glad of the account you give of your pictures, and of Millais' opinion of them; it is very encouraging. I do hope truly that they will attract gain, good-will, and success for you."

As it would have been very expensive to have the pictures sent to and fro, with the deterioration of the frames, packing, etc., Mr. Hamerton begged a friend who lived in London to keep them in one of his empty rooms (he had a whole floor unfurnished) till there were a sufficient number of them for a private exhibition, in which he intended to give lectures on artistic subjects.

The mill, after thorough and expensive repairs, had been let, but there was bad news from the tenant of the coal-mine, who refused to pay the rent any longer, under pretext that the mine was exhausted. This looked very serious, as, after refer-

ring the matter to his uncle, who was a solicitor, my husband learned that the lease made during his minority did not specify the quantity of coal that the tenant was allowed to extract from the mine, and, of course, as much as possible had been taken out of it. Still, as there was an agreement to pay the rent during twelve more years, the tenant's right to withdraw from the signed agreement might be contested, and the affair had to be put into the hands of a lawyer. This was a cause of great anxiety, and it was not the only one. The health of my father had become very unsatisfactory of late, and his situation was no longer secure. He had been on most excellent terms with the English gentlemen who were at the head of the firm in which he was cashier, but they were retiring from business, and my father did not know what was coming next. He wrote on October 9, 1859—

"Enfin je commence à respirer; depuis bientôt six semaines je ne savais pas vraiment où donner de la tête. Nous avons eu transformation de société, inventaire, assemblée d'actionnaires, tout cela m'a donné un effrayant surcroit de besogne et de fatigue, et je n'avais pas le courage de reprendre la plume lorsque je rentrais au logis, harassé et souffrant. Aujourd'hui nos affaires commencent à reprendre leur cours normal."

On the 28th of the same month, I find this phrase in one of his letters—"Ma position est plus tendue que jamais et les changements survenus dans notre administration me donnent des craintes sérieuses pour l'avenir." Then we learned that a project for lighting Bucharest with gas was on foot, and that my father was to go there to ascertain the chances of success. Some outlay was necessary, and my husband, who had heard of it through a friend, generously offered to defray the preliminary expenses; his offer, however, was declined for the time, there being as yet no certainty of profit.

Early in 1860 Gilbert had to leave Innistrynich to visit his property and receive the rents. He always felt reluctant to go there, because of the painful reminiscences of his early

youth, and the dreariness of the scenery. There was also another reason, still more powerful—he was not made to be a landlord, being too tender-hearted. How often did it happen that, instead of insisting on getting his rent from a poor operative, he left some of his own money in the hand of wife or child?—frequently enough in hard times, I know.

He was staying at "The Jumps," and went from there to Shaw, Burnley, and Manchester; he never missed writing to me every day, either a short note or a long letter, according to his spare time. In one of them he says—

"Ma tante Marie est bien bonne, mais nous ne parlons jamais de choses sérieuses—toujours des riens. Comme la vie est étrange! à quoi bon aller loin pour voir ses amis quand ils vous disent simplement qu'il fait froid! . . . ma tante Susan est assez gracieuse, mais j'ai vu des *nuages*. Je suis allé hier à Manchester où j'avais à faire; j'y ai vu quelques tableaux et je suis de plus en plus convaincu que la meilleure chose pour moi est de peindre plutôt dans le genre des *vrais* peintres Français que dans celui de nos Pré-Raphaelites, ces réalistes impitoyables qui ne nous épargnent pas un brin de gazon."

This letter contains a strong proof of his mind's artistic evolution.

In the course of the summer we had several unexpected visitors, among them Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, Mr. Pettie the artist, and the gentleman described in the *Painter's Camp* as Gordon, who frequently called—sometimes with his son, sometimes alone, and on such occasions generally remained for the night. Being an early riser, and indisposed to remain idle till breakfast-time, he was found in the morning knitting an immense woollen stocking which he afterwards took into use, and found most comfortable wear for grouse-shooting, as he took care to inform me.

We had once another visitor, who had come to paint from nature, and was staying at the Dalmally inn; his name I will not mention on account of a little adventure which made him

so miserable that he left our house breakfastless, rather than face me after it. He had been offered a bedroom, and had slept soundly till about five in the morning, when his attention was attracted by a small phrenological bust on the chimney-piece, which he took into his bed, with the intention of studying it at leisure. As he lay back on the pillow, however, holding up the bust and turning it sideways to read the indications, he became aware of a black dribble rapidly staining the sheets and counterpane. Horrified at such a sight, he sprang out of bed and discovered—too late—that he had totally emptied the inkstand.

About the same time we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Captain Clifton and his wife, Lady Bertha Clifton, who had rented a large house on the other side of the lake, and proved very friendly neighbours. Lady Bertha was extremely handsome; her voice was splendid, and she sang readily when she was asked. Our neighbours had speculated a good deal about her probable appearance, ways, and disposition, and the news that a *lady in her own right* was coming had created quite a commotion. I asked to be enlightened on so important a subject, and soon heard all the details from very willing lips. She was very simple in dress, and often came to call upon us in a fresh cotton-print gown and straw hat, with only the feather of a heron or a woodcock in it. Her husband, Captain Clifton, retired from the army, spoke French fairly well, and although he had little in common with Gilbert—being an enthusiastic sportsman—soon became his most constant visitor. Both of them liked the country and were fond of boating, and they both took an interest in politics.

A very pleasant feature had been added to the lake by the appearance of a small steamer belonging to a proprietor beyond Port Sonachan, who came with his wife to Loch Awe every summer. They invited us from time to time to join a fishing party, and we had either lunch or supper on board. There was a cabin for shelter, and the ladies, being thus

protected against the almost unavoidable showers, readily joined the salmon-fishers.

In this summer of 1860 Aunt Mary came with our cousin Jane, whose sweet disposition and charm of manner greatly disturbed the peace of mind of a bachelor visitor, a distant relation of my husband, who was looking about for a shooting. Everything in his behaviour seemed pointing to a not distant offer; but Gilbert, who was already a good judge of character, strongly doubted the final step. He said to me—"If Henry is too sorely tempted, he will run away rather than expose his wealth to the perils of matrimony; he does not spend his money, he is constantly earning more and accumulating, but he has told me that no amount of conjugal happiness could be a compensation to him if, at the end of the year, he found out that he had spent a thousand pounds more than what he was accustomed to spend regularly." And it happened that he left abruptly, just as my husband had foretold, but not without promising a future commission for two pictures when his billiard-room should be finished.

The love of boating was very strong in Gilbert, but the love of planning new boats *with improvements* was still stronger; in fact, he always had in a portfolio plans more or less advanced, for some kind of boat, and he very often made models with his own hands. I was in constant fear of the realization of these plans, of which I heard a great deal more than I could understand. He was well aware of it, and sometimes stopped short to say with a smile—"Now, don't go away; I won't bother you any longer with boats." Unable to resist the temptation of devising improvements, even when he resisted that of testing them for his own use, he gave the benefit of his thoughts to his friends when they seemed likely to prove useful. In the course of the spring, however, he had been at work planning a much larger boat than those he already possessed; one which might, when needful, carry a cart-load of goods across the bay, or the whole camp to any

part of the lake. I offered some timid remonstrances about the probable cost, but he met them by affirming that it would be an economy *in the end*, by saving labour. So two carpenters were fetched from Greenock, and began to work under his direction.

The building of the boat, which of course took more time than had been expected, delayed our departure for France, but at last we set off to introduce our baby-boy to his relations.

Once in Paris, Mr. Hamerton saw a great deal of his kind friend, William Wyld, whose advice he was better able to appreciate now that his ideas about art were no longer topographic. He began at this stage of artistic culture to enjoy composition and harmony of colour; and though he still thought that his friend's compositions were rather too obviously artificial, he did not remain blind to their merit. He also saw more of Alexandre Bixio, brother of the celebrated Garibaldian general, at whose house he met renowned artists, men of letters, and politicians. Alexandre Bixio had been one of the founders of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with Bulwer Lytton. He had acted as Vice-President of the Assemblée Nationale, and had been sent to the Court of Victor Emmanuel as Minister Plenipotentiary, and was an intimate friend of Cavour. One evening, after dinner at his house, he took Mr. Hamerton aside, and pointing to a young man engaged in an animated conversation with several other guests, he said—"I am very much mistaken if that is not a future Minister of State." "He looks very young," answered my husband, very much astonished. "He is young, he was born in 1827; but remember his name, and in a few years you will see if I am right: it is Signor Sella." Four years later Signor Sella was Minister of Finance.

As my husband has told in his autobiography, I had a sister younger than myself by seven years, very pretty and winning, about whose future we were very anxious, on account

of the recurring interruptions in her studies, owing to my mother's distressing state of health. When periods of illness came on, the whole duty of attendance upon her devolved on my sister, disastrous as such breaks in her education might prove as the girl grew up. During the intervals of sickness my mother yielded to our entreaties, and Caroline was sent to school, but as a day-scholar she often missed classes for one reason or another, being so often wanted, and after becoming a boarder she never remained in the same institution for more than a few months at a time. My mother kept hoping that the trouble would not return, and tried to persuade us that *now* Caroline's studies would be regular, and that being very intelligent, she would soon be on a par with girls of her own age; but this state of things had lasted ever since I was married, and I could not foresee the end of it. We often talked about it, my husband and myself, and he soon guessed that I wished to have her with us, but that knowing how much he liked having our home to ourselves I would not ask him to bring another into it, even though it were my sister. He was, however, with his usual generosity, the first to offer it. Aware of how much it cost him I accepted nevertheless, for we were both of one mind, and considered it as a duty to be done. I looked upon my sister as my child, for my mother's illness had begun when Caroline was so young that almost all motherly cares had devolved upon me, who was the eldest. We kept our project secret to the last, not to disturb the family peace, and being sure of my father's acquiescence and of Caroline's delight. When the day came, my husband's persuasion prevailed, and my sister was entrusted to our care.

This time, while staying at "The Jumps," we noticed a great change in Aunt Susan's behaviour towards us; it was decidedly friendly, with now and then an almost affectionate touch, and I was told privately that she had thrown out hints about the pleasure that an invitation to Innistrynich

would give her, so the invitation was given before we left.

My husband applied to Caroline's teaching the system which had proved effective with me, and made her read English aloud to him whilst he was painting; I undertook the French and musical part of her education, and her progress was rapid. For my sake Gilbert was very glad that I had Caroline with me, because in the course of that year he camped out a great deal, and it had become impossible for me to accompany him, another little boy having been born in the beginning of February, and his delicate health requiring constant care.

Our pecuniary troubles were increasing. The American war having broken out, the mill, which had been repaired at great cost, was stopped in consequence, and of course we got no rent either from it or from the cottages, whilst the expenses of the little farm were heavy—hay being at an extravagant price, because of the persistent rains, which in the previous summer had rotted all the cut grass, and made it necessary to bring hay from England. Although we kept two cows, our supply of milk and cream was insufficient, and my husband made the calculation that each cow consumed daily seven shillings' worth of hay in this spring, though put on short rations. In fact, the state of our affairs greatly alarmed us, for we did not see any prospect of speedy earnings, and we began to think of a total change in our way of living which would materially reduce our expenses. My husband would have been inclined to remove to the English Lake district, but remembered in time that it was nearly as wet as the Highlands, and what he wanted as a compensation, if we left Scotland, was a dry climate which would allow much more time for out-of-door work.

It so happened that my father, who was now Directeur de l'Usine à Gaz at Beaucaire, had suffered in health, catching frequent colds through having to get out of bed to look after

the puddlers, to stand before the fires whilst they were replenished, and to cross a cold, draughty courtyard in coming back. He had never complained, but my mother thought it extremely dangerous, and wished that he had a more healthy occupation.

On the other hand, I had diligently applied myself to our small farm and garden, with the help of a most valuable and simple guide, *La Maison Rustique des Dames*, by Madame Millet Robinet, which had been sent to me as a present by M. Bixio, and I had often thought that if my efforts were not always thwarted by the inclemency of the weather, I might count upon a fair return. All this led me to fancy that if we were to buy a farm in France it might prove a profitable investment, and I talked the project over with Gilbert. This is the conclusion he arrived at. He would sell his property, rent a farm in France, which I should manage with my father, himself remaining entirely faithful to his artistic and literary studies. If my mother were strong enough, and my sister willing, they would have a share in the direction, and even my brothers, later on, if it were to their taste. There were now many gentlemen-farmers who did not neglect either their work on the land or their own culture—M. and Madame Millet-Robinet might be cited as examples.

When the project was communicated to my father, he was very happy at the idea of living near us, and grateful for the delicate thoughtfulness which had devised this means of coming to his help under pretext of asking help from him. Here is part of his answer—

"MON CHER FUTUR ASSOCIÉ—

"Ah ça! pensez-vous donc que j'aie tout à fait la berlue pour n'avoir pas découvert de prime abord tout l'insidieux de votre proposition? Il vous faudrait, dites-vous naïvement, pour associé, un homme actif, exercé, connaissant bien les affaires, la culture, pour exploiter votre ferme et, plus heureux que Diogène, vous braquez votre

lanterne sur un homme qui dans trois ans sera un quasi vieillard, déjà valétudinaire aujourd'hui et sachaut à peine distinguer le seigle du froment! Oh! l'admirable cultivateur modèle que vous aurez là! Soyez franc, mon cher Gendre, vous avez ruminé ce prétexte avec ma fille pour m'assurer des invalides et donner à ma vieillesse un repos et un abri que mon labeur n'a pas voulu conquérir au prix de mon honnêteté.[1] Je vous vois venir et j'ai beau être un âne en agriculture, tout ce qui reussira me sera attribué; mon incapacité sera couverte d'un manteau de profonde habileté et vous me persuaderez que, livrés à vos propres lumières, vous ne feriez rien de bon, tandis qu'en me confiant le soc, c'est à moi que le sillon devra sa richesse."

My mother and my brothers also wrote warmly and gratefully, whilst all the details of the project were discussed at length in every successive letter. My father inclined for the purchase of a farm, but Gilbert was afraid of a possible confiscation of property in case of a war between England and France.

Meanwhile, Aunt Susan had entered into a regular and friendly correspondence with me and her nephew, and she wrote on June 27, 1861—

"My dear Niece—

"My sister and myself are quite annoyed to seem so very dilatory in fixing our time for visiting you; however, we hope (D.V.) to be with you on Saturday, the sixth of July. I hope your little olive branches are both quite well, and also your sister; we shall be glad to renew and make fresh acquaintance amongst the young ones. I suppose Philip Gilbert will ere this be returned from his long camping expedition, and I hope he has had a most satisfactory outing. Will you all accept our united love, and believe me

"Your affectionate aunt,

"Susan Hamerton."

[1] My father had been offered a very important post in the government of Napoleon III., on condition of accepting his policy, after the Coup d'État.

My husband was at home to receive his aunts, and pleased to notice how amicably we got on together, but he was not prepared for what took place shortly before their departure. One morning I was gathering strawberries in the garden, and it was slow work because they were very small, being the wild species, which had been transplanted for their delicious flavour. Aunt Susan came up, and offered to help me. Never shall I forget the scene when we both rose from the strawberry-beds, with our fragrant little baskets well filled. We turned towards the lake, whose soft, hazy glamour matched that of the tender sky; the air was still, and there reigned a serene silence, as if a single sound might have desecrated the almost religious peace of earth and heaven; yet a smothered sob was heard as I felt myself caught in a close embrace, my head laid upon a heaving bosom, my hair moist with warm tears, a broken voice murmuring—"My child, how I have wronged you! . . . and I love you so——" "Oh! Aunt Susan," I said, "don't cry; I will love you too; my husband will be so happy." We kissed each other, and said no more, and from that time Aunt Susan became my most faithful friend.

The farm project having been seriously considered by my father, he at last declared it too hazardous for him to undertake the direction of it. From the first he had felt unequal to it, for want of the proper knowledge and preparation; and so much would depend upon its success—the future of two families. But having had formerly a long experience in the wine trade, and being a particularly reliable authority on the qualities and values of Burgundy wines (he was able to name the *cru*—that is, the place where the grapes were cultivated—of any wine he tasted, as well as the *cuvée*, namely, the year in which it had been made); and having been in his youth the representative of an important wine firm in Burgundy, he was more inclined to undertake the management of a wine business than anything else. He said so to my husband, adding that the relatives and acquaintances we had in England might

form the beginning of a good connection, and that his own name as head of the firm would secure a good many customers both in France and in Belgium. His son-in-law was soon convinced of the wisdom of these reasons, and it was decided that towards the end of the year we would go to France to choose a new residence, suited to the requirements of the wine business, and situated in a part sufficiently picturesque to lend itself to artistic representation. It was stipulated that the name of Hamerton should not be used; the title of the firm was to be "Gindriez et Cie," my husband being sleeping partner only.

CHAPTER VII

1861—1863

Effects of the Highland climate—Farewell to Loch Awe—Journey to the south of France—Death of Miss Mary Hamerton—Settlement at Sens—Death of M. Gindriez—Publication of *A Painter's Camp*—Removal to Pré-Charmoy.

VERY few people can stand the climate of the Highlands without suffering from it; it is so damp and so depressing in winter-time, when the wind howls so piteously in the twisted branches of the Scotch firs, and when the rain imprisons one for weeks within liquid walls of unrelieved greyness. Mr. Hamerton, since he came to Innistrynich, had repeatedly suffered from what he believed to be toothache, although his teeth were all perfectly sound, and the pain being always attended by insomnia, was a cause of weakness and fatigue detrimental to his general health. The doctor said it was congestion of the gums due to the excess of moisture in the climate, which was not favourable to either of us, for I had also discovered that my hearing was becoming impaired, and these were weighty additional reasons for removing elsewhere. I had been somewhat anxious at times, when I saw him fall suddenly into a state of listlessness and prostration, but as he always recovered his energy and resumed his usual avocations after a short sleep, I thought it must be the result of temporary exhaustion for which nature kindly sent the best remedy—restoring sleep; and as he had told me he had always experienced the greatest difficulty in getting to sleep before midnight or at regular hours, and especially in

getting a sufficiency of sleep in the course of the night, it seemed a natural compensation for the system that an occasional nap should now and then become irrepressible. The more so on account of his customary nocturnal rides, sails, or walks; to the end of his life the hours of the night seemed to him quite as fit for any sort of occupation as those of the day, and it made little difference to him whether it was dark or light; indeed at one time, years later, when at Pré-Charmoy, he began to the stupefaction of his country neighbours to call upon them at nine or ten in the summer evenings, and then to propose a row on the pond or a walk by moonlight; but it happened not unfrequently that he could get no admittance, rural habits having sent the inhabitants to their early beds; or else if they were still found in a state of wakefulness, they did not evince the slightest desire to be out with a *noctambule*, and even hinted that it might look objectionable and vagabondish in case they were seen. He was greatly astonished at this new point of view; for it was merely to spare the working hours of the day that he took his relaxation in the night.

A good many more pictures had been painted in the course of the year, and had suggested many "Thoughts about Art," which had been duly consigned to the manuscript of the *Painter's Camp*. Aunt Mary, who was kept *au courant*, wrote—"How can you, dear Philip Gilbert, find time to paint so much, and to write so much?" It was now necessary to be more industrious than ever, in order to have a sufficient number of works to cover the walls of the exhibition room, the project being near its realization and matured in all its details. My husband was to take me, our children, and Caroline to my parents at Beaucaire, and leave us there while he went in search of a house, then back again to the Highlands for the removal, and before joining me again he was to organize the exhibition in London with the help of Thursday, and leave him in charge of it.

About the middle of October, 1861, we started for our long

journey southwards, with mingled feelings of deep regret for what we left behind—the country we still loved so much, the associations with the births of our children and the laborious and hopeful beginnings of an artistic and literary career, as well as the tender memories of the growth of our union, which solitude had tested and strengthened and made so perfect and complete; then if we looked forward, it was with joyful feelings for the lasting reunion of the family, for the peace and happiness we were going to give to my father's old age, and also for future success and easier circumstances.

We stopped at Todmorden to say farewell to our relations, and also paid farewell visits to some friends, amongst them Mrs. Butler and her husband—Mr. Hamerton's Burnley school-master; to Mr. Handsley, for whom he had as much esteem as affection, and to his half-cousins Abram and Henry Milne, who had agreed to purchase his property, and had given him a commission for the two pictures already spoken of at Loch Awe, and destined for the billiard-room, which had been built in the meantime and was now used daily.

On arriving at Beaucaire, we found my mother in much better health than formerly, but my father looked aged, we thought; however, he was much cheered by our prospects, and entered heartily into every detail concerning them.

My husband had not much time to spare, and he made the most of it; together we saw Arles, Nîmes, the Pont du Gard, and Montmajour, and called upon Roumieu, the Provençal poet, to whom we were introduced by friends. We used to roam along the shores of the Rhône in the twilight, the noble river affording us a perpetual source of admiration, and one evening when we were bending over one of its bridges looking at the swollen and tumultuous waves after a storm, we became spell-bound by the tones of a superb voice, coming as it seemed from the sky, and singing with happy ease and unconcern, one after the other, some of the most difficult parts in the opera of *William Tell*. We dared not speak for fear of losing a few notes, for the rich, full

voice hardly paused between two songs, never betraying the slightest effort or fatigue; half-an-hour later it ceased altogether, and we went to my father's full of our discovery.

"Oh! it's Villaret of the brewery; yes, a splendid tenor, but he has long been discovered; only he has no musical education, and his relatives won't hear of his going on the stage. Alexandre Dumas, after listening to him, offered to pay all necessary expenses to enable him to attend the Conservatoire, but it was of no use: they are very religious in the family, and have an insurmountable horror of theatres. He is, himself, a very simple good-natured fellow, and does not require much pressing to sing whenever he is asked. I know some of his friends, and the lady organist of the church particularly; and if you wish to hear him at her house, I dare say she would give a *soirée* to that end."

Two days later we were invited by the lady to meet him, and with evident pleasure, but without vanity, he sang several pieces, with very great power and feeling. At last, when the company were leaving, the lady of the house took Gilbert aside to beg him to remain a little longer with Villaret, and when everybody else had left, she said—"Now, Monsieur Villaret, I count upon the pleasure of listening to my favourite piece in *La Muette de Portici*. I am going to play the accompaniment." "I would if I could, to oblige you," he answered; "but you are aware of my weakness. I never can do justice to it, because I can't master my emotion." "Never mind; you must fancy we are alone together. Mr. Hamerton and his wife will remain at the other end of the salon, behind your back; and what then, if you break down? . . . no one will be any the worse for it." She sat down and began the accompaniment of that most exquisitely tender song—

"De ton cœur bannis les alarmes,
Qu'un songe heureux sèche les larmes
Qui coulent encore de tes yeux."

The words were hardly audible; but we were so moved by the marvellous purity of the pathetic voice that tears stood in our eyes. As for the singer, tears rolled down his face. It was one of those rare and perfect pleasures that are never forgotten. A few years later Villaret made his *début* as first tenor at the Opéra in Paris with great success. He was very generous with tickets to his early friends and fellow-citizens; some of his most intolerant relatives had died, and he had yielded at last to the general wish.

Now came for my husband and myself the longest separation in our married life. It lasted two months, and seemed at least two years, so sad and wearied did we grow. He wrote every night succinctly what had been done in the course of the day, and sent me his letters three times a week. When beds had been packed up or sold, our kind neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, offered him hospitality, which he gratefully accepted, till everything was cleared out of Innistrynich and on its way to Sens, in the department of the Yonne, where our new residence was to be.

On his way to Sens, Gilbert stayed a few days with his aunts, but left them for a short time, and concluded the sale of his property to Henry Milne. It was but a poor bargain, the times being bad for the cotton district on account of the American war; but he had no alternative, having engaged to find capital for the wine business, and even needing money for daily expenses, for, as yet, he earned nothing.

What he had been in dread of for so many years, on account of his aunt Mary's state of health, happened just as he was returning to "The Jumps," and when he saw his uncle Thomas awaiting him at the station he had a foreboding of the truth. "Aunt Mary is dead?" . . . "Not dead yet, but unconscious, and there is no hope. This morning when Susan was in the breakfast-room, waiting for her sister, she heard a stamping overhead, followed by a dull, heavy

thud, and on rushing up-stairs found Mary stretched on the floor and moaning, but unconscious. She has been put to bed and attended by doctors; but there is nothing to be done, and they say that she does not suffer." Mournfully my husband ascended alone, in the dark night, the steep hill up which he had so often walked gaily to see his beloved guardian; tenderly he watched at her bedside for forty-eight hours, till she breathed no more, and at last reverently accompanied her remains to the chosen place, which he never omitted to visit afterwards, every time he came to Todmorden. He wrote to say what a satisfaction it was to think that his aunt had seen him only a few hours before the attack, and when it came she must have felt him so near to her.

I remember an incident which took place on the day we took leave of Aunt Mary to go to Innistrynich; she had invited two of her nieces to lunch with us at "The Jumps." When we left the house, some time in the afternoon, I went first with my cousins, leaving nephew and aunt together for more intimate communing, and when my husband reached us, his eyes were still moist and his voice tremulous. The girls thoughtlessly teased him about it, and twitted him with his weakness; but he did not allow them to amuse themselves long, he cowed them with a violence of contempt which terrified me, whilst I could not help admiring it. "Yes," he said, "I have shed tears—not unmanly tears—and if you are not capable of entering into the feelings of grateful love and regret which wring these tears out of my heart, I despise you for your heartlessness." His voice had recovered its firmness and rang loud, his eyes shot flames, he looked more than human. These startling outbursts of generous or honest passion were one of his most marked characteristics; they occurred but rarely, but when they did occur nothing could abate their terrific violence, a single word in mitigation would have acted like oil on the flames. It must be explained that

they were always justified by the cause, and it was impossible not to admire such genuine and high-minded resentment against meanness or dishonesty, or in some cases against what he considered insulting to his sense of honour. For instance, on one occasion a very important sale of works of art was to take place abroad, and he was asked to contribute some notes to the catalogue. It was hinted—clearly enough—that any words of praise would be handsomely acknowledged. He resented the offer like a blow on the face, blushed crimson with ardent indignation, and almost staggered to the writing-table; there he seized a postcard, and in large, clear, print-like letters threw back the insult with cutting contempt. The sense of having cleared his honour somewhat relieved him, and after waiting for a propitious moment I tried to persuade him, before the card was posted, that the offence was not so heinous as it looked, the writer not knowing him personally, and merely imagining himself to be acting in conformity with a prevalent custom, which some critics were far from resenting. All I could obtain, however, was an envelope for the terrible postcard.

Now to resume the narrative. I left Beaucaire to join my husband at Havre on his return, and after visiting the town together we hastened to our new house at Sens, which I longed to see, for it had been chosen in my absence, and though I had received minute descriptions of it, I was not able to realize its appearance or surroundings. It was one of the large, roomy *maisons bourgeoises*, so numerous in French provincial towns at that time, built for the convenience of the owner, and not in order to be let as an investment. It was perfectly suitable for the double purpose Gilbert had in view—with a spacious carriage entrance, courtyard, cellars, barns, and stable for the wine trade, and large, commodious, well-lighted rooms for residence. But to my regret there was no garden—a great privation for me; however, my husband told me that our landlord had promised to make

one if I cared so much for it. I did care very much, as the only view from the house was that of other houses and walls on the other side of the street; but when asked to fulfil his promise, the landlord said it was a misunderstanding, he had merely given leave for *us* to make a garden in the courtyard if we liked, or else he would let us have one for a moderate rent, outside of the town, a common habit at Sens. However, as I did not appreciate the pleasure of an hour's walk every time I wished to smell a flower in my garden, we declined the offer, and my husband kindly planned a narrow flower-bed all along the base of the walls in the courtyard, which looked gay enough when the plants were in full bloom, and the walls were hidden by convolvulus, nasturtiums, and Virginian creepers.

Even before the house was furnished and in order, Gilbert was eager to begin his commission pictures; but he soon found that even our large rooms were too small for a studio, and the light was not good for painting; but at the same time, I believe he was not *really* sorry, because it gave him a plausible excuse for turning one of the barns into a capital studio.

This outbuilding offered great and tempting advantages; it was isolated from the house, therefore silent and private; it might be lighted from the north, and was sufficiently spacious to allow a part to be divided off for a laboratory. Being greatly interested in architecture and building, my husband derived great pleasure from the execution of his own plans, even in such a small matter. I vainly attempted to reconcile him to the idea of using one of the large rooms, standing in fear of the expense; but I could not help admitting that with his propensity for large canvases, which I deprecated all my life, a studio was indispensable; and after all, as it seemed almost certain that we should stay there a great many years, it was not of much importance, especially after having lived in terror of seeing him undertake

the building of a tower, or the restoration of an old castle like Kilchurn—a dream that he often indulged, as numerous designs bore testimony.

The first thing considered by Gilbert when he settled at Sens was the choice of subjects for his commission pictures, which he intended to paint directly from nature; and he soon selected panoramic landscape views from the top of a small vine-clad hill, called Saint-Bon, which commands an extensive prospect of the river Yonne, and of the plains about it. On the summit of this eminence there is a kiosk belonging to the archbishop, who readily granted the use of it to the artist for sheltering his pictures, brushes, colours, etc. But the artist was not one who could bear confinement, and the kiosk was but a tiny affair, and not movable, so two of the tents were set up at its foot, and formed a painter's camp, which attracted so many curious visitors that it was thought unsafe to leave it at their mercy, and when Gilbert went back home for the night a watchman, well armed with pistols and a gun, took his place. Every day, when the great summer heat had abated, I used to set off with the children to go and meet my husband at the foot of the hill, and we returned together to the house, attempting on the way to make the boys speak English, but without success, for the eldest, who spoke *nothing* but English when I had left him two months before at Beaucaire, now chose to gabble in Provençal, which he had picked up from his nurse, regardless of his aunt Caroline's efforts to make him talk in his native tongue. Subsequently, when he perceived that no one understood him, he quickly dropped his Provençal and replaced it by French, but would not trouble himself to speak two different languages together.

By the care and thoughtfulness of Gilbert, a pretty little house and garden had been prepared for his father-in-law and family, at a short distance from our own dwelling, where the office of the business was now ready on the ground-

floor, completely fitted up, and separated from the private dwelling.

My mother had come first with my brothers and sister, whilst my father remained a little longer to put his successor *au courant*. But it seemed to me that the delay was longer than we had foreseen, and I began to grow anxious on account of my letters remaining unanswered; then I was told that my father was very busy, not very well, and that he could not write. About a month later he wrote that he was now well enough to undertake the journey, and with great rejoicings we prepared to receive him; but when I noticed how altered he was, how thin, how weak, all my joy forsook me, and it was almost beyond my power not to let him read it in my face. Courageous as ever, he tried to be and to *look* happy, and talked of setting to work immediately. I learned now that he had been dangerously ill, but that his malady had been kept secret to spare me.

A few trying months followed, during which we passed alternately from hope to fear, the most distressing feature of this sorrowful time being my poor father's desperate struggle for life. "I must and I will live to work; it is my duty to get well; I have a heavy debt and responsibility now that you are involved in this business," he used to say to his son-in-law. He had the greatest confidence in his friend, Alphonse Guérin, so celebrated in connection with the antiseptic method of dressing wounds, and thought that if any one could cure him it was A. Guérin, who had prescribed for him throughout his life in Paris. Accordingly to Paris he went, and died there shortly after, notwithstanding the devoted care of his doctor.

Everything seemed to turn against my husband's wisest plans, but nothing daunted by this last fearful blow, he at once offered his mother-in-law a pension sufficient to enable her children to carry on their education; this pension would gradually be diminished as the children became able to

earn money for themselves and to take their share in the maintenance of their mother. The fact was, that from that time he had two families to keep.

Besides the studies at St. Bon, he had begun two pictures of large dimensions in his studio, and worked at them steadily. As he could not sit down, this excess of fatigue brought on a very serious illness, which kept him in bed for nearly a fortnight, and it was the only instance of his submission to such an order from a physician during the whole course of our married life, but it was rendered imperative by the nature of the disorder. He hated remaining in bed when awake, at all times, and he could not stand it at all in the hours of day; later on he had the measles, and still later he suffered from gout, but he would not stay in bed in either case, and during the first attack of gout, which was as severe as unexpected, he remained for twenty-one nights without going to bed.

This illness prevented him from attending the marriage of his eldest cousin Anne Hamerton, about which her sister wrote on July 22, 1862, that it was to take place on August 6, and after giving a good many details she observed: "You may be above such vanities, but I think Eugénie may be a little interested; poor Eugénie, how anxious she must have been, having you in your room so long! How are your pictures progressing. It must decidedly be a punishment to you to be limited to time at your easel, particularly now, when you must feel so wishful to get on with your commissions."

After his recovery, my husband arranged his work in a manner which divided the hours into sitting ones and standing ones, to avoid a return of the late inflammatory symptoms, and there never was a recurrence of them.

The pictures were in a fairly advanced stage when Mr. William Wyld came on a visit of a few days and gave him valuable advice about them. His aunt Susan said in a

subsequent letter—"I am very glad Mr. Wyld has been to see your pictures, and though you may be a little dissatisfied that your present works will be 'dirt cheap,' still the cheering opinion of them will give you great courage, I hope. I shall certainly go to see them as soon as they get to Agnew's."

So much for the art department. For the literary one the *Painter's Camp* had been accepted by Mr. Macmillan, and we were in a fever of excitement awaiting its publication. As to the wine business, after remaining irresolute for some time, Gilbert had accepted the proposition of a friend to assume what should have been my father's part—with this alteration, however, that he would pay interest on the funds confided to him, and share the clear profits with the sleeping partner.

This episode in my husband's life was so bitter, and involved him in such difficulties, that I will cut it short. Suffice it to say, that though the partnership was continued for a few years, during which the interest of the money came but irregularly, the capital was entirely and irremediably lost in the end.

When autumn came, the commission pictures were sent to Manchester for exhibition, and shortly after Mr. Milne declined to accept them, on the plea that he did not care for the subjects: the real reason being that his sensitive heart had been again impressed—this time by a young governess, of whom he had bought two copies after Greuze, which were now occupying the place formerly destined for his cousin's works. However, another friend soon became their purchaser, but for the artist the disappointment remained.

Sadness for the loss of his aunt, Mrs. Thomas Hamerton, which happened just at that time, and sympathy with his uncle in these trying moments, spoilt the pleasure Gilbert had anticipated from the visit to his relations which we made that year. We were to go back to France with return tickets; and the time allowed being nearly over, we went

to take leave of our friends at West Lodge, when we learned that Mrs. T. Hamerton, who had lately been suffering from an attack of gout, had succumbed to its weakening effects. Regardless of the pecuniary loss, my husband immediately expressed his determination to stay as long as he could be of any help to his uncle. We therefore sacrificed our tickets, and went back to "The Jumps," whence he came down every day to spare his uncle all the painful formalities of a funeral. We only left when the run of ordinary habits had been re-established at West Lodge, but even then we felt that a new misfortune was lurking in the silent house, for the health of Jane Hamerton, who had never been very strong, now began to disquiet her friends, particularly my husband, whose affection for her was very true and tender. Aunt Susan, who was her devoted but clear-sighted nurse, wrote to us in the course of the summer that her case was very serious, notwithstanding the short periods of improvement occurring at intervals. The poor girl had grown very weak and lost her appetite; almost constantly feverish, she longed for fruit to refresh her parched mouth and quench her thirst. As soon as he became aware of this longing, Gilbert began to plan how he might gratify it, and it appeared easy enough, as we were in a land of plenty; but the time required for the transport of such delicacies as grapes and peaches threatened ominously their safe arrival. However, we would run the risk to give a little relief to our dear invalid, and we would take the greatest precautions in the packing. So we went to a fruit-grower, taking with us a large box filled with dry bran and divided into compartments: one was filled with melons, another with grapes, the last with peaches, every one taken from the tree, vine, or plant with our own hands, then wrapped in tissue-paper and protected all round with bran. The result will be seen in the following letter from Jane.

"My dear Eugénie and P. G.—

"A thousand thanks for the enormous box of fruit, which arrived here to-day about noon: it is quite a honey-fall to the inhabitants of West Lodge, more especially to me. I am very happy to tell you that the grapes have arrived in perfect condition, and that the melons seem to have suffered only outwardly, as the one cut into is quite luscious and good. The sausage (*saucisson de Lyon*) also appears to have borne the journey well, but has not yet been tasted, so the next letter from Todmorden must give the opinion upon it, but it certainly looks to me a most comical affair; and to tell last the only disagreeable thing, it is about the peaches, which were all in a dreadful mess, and quite mixed up with the bran and scarcely fit to touch, though Aunt Susan did take out one or two to see the extent of the decay. How very provoking for you both when you heard of the detention at Havre, particularly when P. G. had taken such precautions with regard to the outside directions."

If I have given such apparently trivial details at length, it was to show how generous of his time and thought was my husband in everything concerning affection or pity; his sympathy was always ready and active, and he never begrudged his exertions to give relief or comfort to those in need of either.

It had been most fortunate for the young author of the *Painter's Camp in the Highlands*, that the MS. of the book happened to come under the eyes of Mr. Macmillan himself, who, being in want of rest, and attracted by the title, had taken it with him in the country and had read it with great delight. Being a Scotchman, he was in immediate sympathy with so fervent an admirer of the Highlands as my husband, and had at once agreed to publish the book.

From the first it was a success: the freshness of the narrative, the novelty of the subject, the truthfulness and charm of the descriptions were duly appreciated, together

with the earnest (if still immature) expressions of the "Thoughts about Art." The book soon found its way to America, where it attracted the notice of Mr. Niles of Robert Brothers' publishing house. He was charmed with it, and published an edition in America. The *Painter's Camp* was well received by the Press of both nations, and the reviews were numerous. It was compared to *Robinson Crusoe* and called "unique." The author was very much amused to hear that *Punch* had given an illustrated notice of it under the title of *A Painter Scamp in the Highlands.*

This success—almost unexpected—led my husband to accept proposals for other literary productions, the most important at that time being contributed to the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, and beginning with an elaborate criticism of the Salon of 1863. He also began to write for the *Cornhill* and *Macmillan's Magazine*, much against his wish, merely because painting was a source of expense without a return.

Although my husband had himself chosen Sens for his residence, his choice had been dictated by necessity, to a great extent, rather than by preference. It was a combination of conveniences for different purposes, but the kind of scenery was so far from giving entire satisfaction to his artistic tastes that he began to suffer seriously from mountain nostalgia. He admired the river, and had upon it a lovely rowing-boat, bought of the best boat-builder at Asnières, and he used it often, but without finding river landscape a compensation for mountain scenery. In fear of a serious illness we thought it better to gratify the longing, and devised a plan for a journey to Switzerland which would greatly reduce the expense without spoiling the pleasure: it was this. The new line of railway from Neufchatel to Pontarlier had just been opened, and passed through the most beautiful scenery. Gilbert offered the company an article in an English paper in return for two travelling tickets, for himself and his wife, and the offer was accepted.

It was a charming holiday. We stayed a few days at Neufchatel with friends, and visited at our leisure Geneva, Lausanne, Lucerne, Bâle, and Berne, and after feasting his eyes on Mont Pilatus, the Jungfrau, and Mont Blanc, my husband came back cured. He had sometimes spoken of the possibility of a removal to Geneva (before we had been there), on account of the lake and Mont Blanc; but I objected that we did not know the place. To this objection he had a very characteristic answer—"*You* don't know the place, but I know it as well as if I had dwelt there, after reading so many descriptions of it, and being aware of its geographical situation." When I remarked that it was quite different from what I had anticipated, he said—"It is exactly what I had imagined." He often used to tell us that he had no need of going to Rome, or Vienna, or to any other celebrated town, to know its general aspect, for he had studied their monuments in detail, the prevailing character of their architecture, that of the inhabitants with their costumes and manners, and he was even acquainted with the names and directions of the principal streets.

At the end of the year, our sweet cousin Jane died with great resignation, thankful to be delivered from her long, wearying, consumptive pains. Aunt Susan had volunteered to be her bed-fellow from the month of June, in order to move her gently, and to support the poor wasted frame upon her own, to relieve the bed-sores by a change of posture; her devotion had been indefatigable and unrelieved, for her invalid niece would accept attendance from no one else.

This loss was keenly felt by my husband, whose little play-fellow she had been; the threatening symptoms of the disease had prevented her coming to us together with her father and aunt, as it was proposed they should do in the summer, and now grief did not allow her bereaved relatives to entertain the idea of a change.

It is likely enough that the series of sorrows and dis-

appointments we had experienced since we came to Sens, prevented our growing attached to the place; it may be also that our roomy but thoroughly common-place house, being one of a row in a street devoid of interest, never answered in the least to our need of poetry or even of privacy, particularly with our minds and hearts still full of dear Innistrynich; but certain it is that we did not feel the slightest regret at the idea of leaving it for ever; nay, we even longed to be away from it. This feeling was common to both of us, yet we both refrained from mentioning it to each other for some time, thinking it unreasonable, till we came to discuss it together, and to agree that it would not be unreasonable to exchange a house too large for our wants for a smaller one at a lower rent, and a town life that neither of us enjoyed for a simpler mode of living in some picturesque country-place more suitable for my husband's artistic taste.

It must be explained that our partner had decided to take a house in the very heart of Burgundy to carry on the business, on the plea that the name of the renowned vineyards surrounding it, being on the address, was likely to inspire confidence in the customers. He added that the situation would also be more favourable for his purchases, sales, and business journeys, and of course, being the only working partner, he acted as he liked. Then what was the use now of those empty cellars, dreary, paved courtyard, and formal office? We had no pleasant associations there, having made no friends on account of our mourning—why should we remain against our inclination?

We decided to remove as soon as we had discovered something for which we might form a real liking, and the result of our experience has been given at length by Mr. Hamerton in *Round my House*, to which I refer the reader for details which could not find place in the following brief account of our search.

It was begun on the shores of the Rhône, whose noble landscape my husband so much admired. But although the scenery was very tempting to an artist, *that* was not the only condition to be considered, and we were soon discouraged by the prevailing dirtiness and slovenliness of the people, and by what we heard of the disastrous inundations. We were also afraid of our children catching the horrid accent of the country. So we thought of the Saône district, Gilbert being unable to bear the idea of being at a remote distance from an expanse of water of some kind.

Here again the landscape was appreciated, though for charms different from those of the Rhône. Unluckily we could not find a suitable house in a good situation, and we also learned that intermittent fevers were very prevalent, on account of the periodical overflows of the Saône.

We tried after that the vine-land of Burgundy, where Gilbert told me what he has repeated in *Round my House*—"There is no water, with its pleasant life and changefulness, here." I also agreed with him in thinking the renowned vineyards of the Côte d'Or most monotonous, except during a very short time indeed, when they are clothed in the splendour of gold and purple, just before a cruel night of frost strips them bare, and only leaves the blackened *paisceaux* visible, for more than six months at a time. Then we turned to the beautiful valley of the Doubs, and discovered the very dwelling of our dreams, in which were found all the conditions that we thought desirable. However, we were doomed to a new disappointment, for the owner, when we offered to take it, changed her mind and coolly declined to let.

Fortunately, some time later, a friend directed us to quite another region, that of the Autunois, to see a very similar house, offering about the same advantages. There were a few points of difference; for instance, the little river encircling the garden was only a trout-stream instead of the broad

and placid Doubs; the building was also of more modest appearance. As compensations, however, there were picturesque and extensive views from every window; the situation was more private, and the solitude of the small wild park with its beautiful trees at once enchanted Gilbert. So we decided to take Pré-Charmoy.

CHAPTER VIII

1863—1868

Canoeing on the Unknown River—Visit of relatives—Tour in Switzerland —Experiments in etching—The *Saturday Review*—Journeys to London—Plan of *Etching and Etchers*—New friends in London—Etchings exhibited at the Royal Academy—Serious illness in London —George Eliot—Professor Seeley.

NOT to waste his time in the work of removal and fitting up, Mr. Hamerton remained behind at Sens, to finish the copying of a window by Jean Cousin in the cathedral and some other drawings, begun to illustrate an article on this artist. We had all gone forward to Pré-Charmoy, and when he arrived there, everything being already in order, he continued his work without interruption. He was delighted with the unpretentious little house, and with its views from every window; with the silent, shady, wild garden, and its group of tall poplars by the clear, cool, winding river which divided it from the pastures on the other side, and he often repeated to us with a smile, "Pré-Charmoy charme moi." Although the house was small, there were a good many rooms in it, and the master had for himself alone a studio (an ordinary-sized room), a study, and a carpenter's shop—for he was fond of carpentry in his leisure hours, and far from unskilful. He liked to make experimental boats with his own hands, and moreover he found out that some kind of physical exercise was necessary to him as a relief from brain-work, for if the weather was bad and he took no exercise, he began to feel

liable to a sort of uncomfortable giddiness. I wished him to consult a doctor about it, but he believed that it would go away after a while, for it had come on quite lately while painting on an open scaffolding inside the cathedral at Sens, when he could see through the planks and all round far below him, and this had produced, at times, a kind of vertigo.

The pretty little boat bought at Asnières was all very well for the Arroux which flows by Autun, but for the narrow, shallow, winding Ternin and the Vesvre some other kind of craft had to be devised, and paper boats were built upon basket-work skeletons, and tried with more or less success. My eldest brother Charles, who had finished his classical studies and was now preparing to become an architect, used to come from Mâcon for the holidays, sometimes bringing a friend with him, and together with Gilbert they went exploring the "Unknown Rivers." They generally came home dripping wet, having abandoned their canoes in the entanglement of roots and weeds after a sudden upset, and having to go and fetch them back with a cart, unless the shipwreck was caused by an unsuspected branch under water, or by the swift rush of a current catching the frail concern and carrying it away altogether, whilst the venturesome navigator was gathering his wits on the pebbles of the river-bed.

Towards the end of August, Mr. Thomas Hamerton and his sister Susan came to visit us. They liked the Autunois —at least what they saw of it—exceedingly, but they suffered much from the heat, particularly our uncle, who had remained true to his youthful style of dress: high shirt-collar sawing the ears and stiffened by a white, starched choker, rolled several times about the neck; black cloth trousers, long black waistcoat, and ample riding-coat of the same colour and material. He was also careful never to put aside either flannel under-garments or woollen socks. Our kind uncle

was a pattern of propriety in everything, but the fierce heat of a French August on a plain surrounded by a circle of hills, was too much even for Mr. T. Hamerton's propriety, and he had to beg leave to remove his coat and to sit in his shirt-sleeves. There was a stone table under a group of fine horse-chestnuts in the garden, not far from the little river, to which we used to resort after dinner with our work and books in search of coolness, and there even my husband did his writing. One afternoon when we were sitting as usual in this shady arbour, all silent, uncle dozing behind the newspaper, and his nephew intent on literary composition, what was our astonishment at the sight of sedate Aunt Susan suddenly jumping upon the table and remaining like a marble statue upon its stone pedestal, and quite as white. We all looked up, and uncle pushed his spectacles high on his forehead to have a better sight of so strange an attitude for his sister to take. At last Aunt Susan pointed to something gliding away in the grass, and gasped—"A serpent! oh dear, oh dear, a serpent!" Vainly did my husband try to calm her fright by explaining that it was only an adder going to seek the moisture of the river-bank and never intending to attack any one, that they were plentiful and frequently to be met with, when their first care was to pass unnoticed; our poor aunt would not be persuaded to descend from her pedestal for some time, and not before she was provided with a long and stout stick to beat the grass about her as she went back to the house.

Mr. T. Hamerton's intention as well as his sister's was to go to Chamouni and the Mer-de-Glace, and to ask their nephew to act as guide. He was glad enough to avail himself of the opportunity for studying mountain scenery, but felt somewhat disappointed that I declined being one of the party, from economical motives.

The letters I received during their tour bore witness to a fervent appreciation of the landscape, of which a memento

was desired, and Gilbert undertook to paint for his relatives a small picture of Mont Blanc after reaching home, meanwhile he took several sketches to help him. As he was relating to me afterwards the incidents of the journey, he remembered a rather amusing one. At Bourg, where they had stopped to see the church of Brou, he came down to the dining-room of the hotel and found his uncle and aunt seated at their frugal English breakfast of tea and eggs, which he did not share because tea did not agree with him, but took up a newspaper and waited for the *table d'hôte*.

"My word!" exclaimed his uncle, when *déjeuner* was over, "but you do not stint yourself. I counted the dishes: omelette, beef-steak and potatoes, cray-fish and trout, roasted pigeons and salad, cheese, grapes, and biscuits, without mentioning a full bottle of wine. Excuse my curiosity, but I should like to know how much you will have to pay for such a repast?"

"Exactly two francs and fifty centimes," answered his nephew; "and I dare say your tea, toast, butter, and eggs will come to pretty near the same amount, for here tea is an out-of-the-way luxury, and also you had a separate table to yourselves, whilst the *table d'hôte* is a democratic institution."

"Then let us be democrats as long as we remain in France, if the thing does not imply being deprived of tea."

From London, on her way back, Aunt Susan wrote—

"We went to the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, and bespoke beds, got something to eat, and then set out. Our first visit was to 196 Piccadilly, where Thursday was glad to see us, and where we stayed a long time, well pleased to look at your pictures. I like them all exceedingly, and could not decide on a choice; they each had in them something I liked particularly. When we had been gone away some time, we remembered we had not paid our admission, so we went back; this afforded us another looking at the

pictures and also a pleasing return of a small etching, our choice was 'Le four et la terrasse de Pré-Charmoy!' We were well contented with what we got, but I did think the proofs beautiful."

Mr. Hamerton's strong love of etching had now led him to the practice of it, and for several hours every day he struggled against its technical difficulties. Full of hope and trust in a final success, he turned from a spoilt plate to a fresh one without discouragement, always eager and relentless. His main fault, as I thought, was attempting too much finish and effect, and I used to tell him so. He acknowledged that I was right, and when taking up a new plate he used to say playfully—"Now *this* is going to be a good etching; you don't believe it because you are a little sceptic, but you'll see—I mean not to carry it far." Then before biting he showed it me with "Look at it before it is spoilt." It was rarely spoilt in the biting, but by subsequent work. Many charming proofs I greatly admired. "Oh! this is only a sketch, you will see the improvement when I have darkened this mass." Then I begged hard that it should be left as it was, and I was met by arguments that I could not discuss—"the effect was not true so," "the lights were too strong," or "the darks too heavy," "but *very little* re-touching was necessary," and it ended in the pretty sketch being destroyed after having been re-varnished and re-bitten two or three times. When it was no longer shown to me, I was aware of its fate. The amount of labour bestowed upon etching by my husband was stupendous, as he had to seek his way without help or advice. A plate once begun he could not bring himself to leave it—not even in the night, and at that time he always had one in hand. Heedless of his self-imposed rules about the division of hours for literary work and artistic work, he devoted himself almost entirely to the pursuit of etching. This made me very uneasy, for it had become imperative that he should make his work

pay. The tenant of the coal-mine had reiterated his decision not to pay rent any longer, and when threatened with a law-suit answered that he would put it in Chancery. I had been told that a suit in Chancery might last over twenty years, and we had no means to carry it on. We were therefore obliged to abandon all idea of redress, and were left *entirely* dependent upon the earnings of my husband, which were derived from his contributions to the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, and to a few periodicals of less importance. From that period of over-work and anxiety dates the nervousness from which he suffered so much throughout his life; though at that time he believed it to be only temporary. He sought relief in out-door exercise, especially in canoeing, and this suggested the *Unknown River*, published later, but based on the excursions undertaken at that time, and on sketches and etchings done on the way.

The picture painted in remembrance of the journey in Switzerland had been finished and dispatched, and this is what Aunt Susan wrote about it—

"We are now in possession of our picture, which we received from Agnew yesterday morning, and we are very much pleased with it; my impression is that it is a very good, well-finished painting: we have not yet concluded where to hang it for a proper and good light. We are very glad to hear that *Mamzelle* Mary Susan Marguerite (as Uncle Thomas called her) is thriving and good; be sure and give her a kiss for each of us."

Mamzelle Mary Susan Marguerite had been born early in the spring, and to the general wonder of the household, seemed to have reconciled her father to the inevitable cries and noises of babyhood. Brought up by two maiden aunts in a large, solitary house in the country, and addicted from early youth to study, my husband had a perfect horror of noises of all kinds, and could not understand that they were unavoidable in some circumstances; he used to call

out from the top of the stairs to the servants below "to stop their noise," or "to hold their tongue," whenever he overheard them singing to the babies or laughing to amuse them, and if the children's crying became audible in the upper regions, he declared that the house was not fit to live in, still less to work in. One morning when the youngest boy was loudly expressing his distaste for the ceremonies of the toilet, his father—no less loudly—was giving vent to his irritation at the disturbance, and calling out to shut *all* the doors; but he could not help being very much amused by the resolute interference of the eldest brother—three years old—who, crossing his little fat arms, and standing his ground firmly, delivered this oracle, "Papa, babies *must* cry." I suppose he had heard this wise sentence from the nurse, but he gave it as solemnly as if it were the result of his own reflections. Whether a few years' experience had rendered his father more patient generally, or whether he had become alive to the charm of babyhood—to which he had hitherto remained insensible—it was a fact first noticed by the nurse that "Monsieur, quand la petite criait, voulait savoir ce qu'elle avait, et la prenait même dans ses bras pour la consoler."

A very important event now occurred: Mr. Hamerton was appointed art critic to the *Saturday Review*, where he succeeded Mr. Palgrave at his recommendation. He did not accept the post with much pleasure, but it afforded him the opportunity of studying works of art free of expense, and that was a weighty consideration, besides being an opening to intellectual and artistic intercourse of which he was greatly deprived at Pré-Charmoy.

The visits to the London exhibitions necessitated two or three journeys every year, and we both suffered from the separations; but I could bear them better in my own home —surrounded by my children, visited by my mother, sister, and brothers—than my husband, who was alone amongst strangers, and who had to live in hotels, a thing he had a

great dislike for. In order to make these separations as short as possible, he travelled at night by the most rapid trains; saw the exhibitions in the day, and went to his rooms to write his articles by gas-light. For some time he only felt fatigued; afterwards he became nervous, but he found compensation in the society of his newly-made friends, and in the increasing marks of recognition he was now meeting everywhere.

He soon gave up hotel life, and took lodgings in St. John's Wood, where he had many acquaintances, and from there he wrote to me—

"I have seen Palgrave, Macmillan, Rossetti, Woolner, and Mr. Pearce to-day. Palgrave says the *Saturday Review* 'is most proud to have me.' Woolner says it is not possible to succeed as an art critic more than I have done; that Tennyson has been very much interested in my articles, and has in consequence urged his publishers to employ Doré to illustrate the *Idylls of the King*. They have offered the job to Doré, who has accepted.

"The best news is to come.

"The *Painter's Camp* is a success after all. It has fully cleared its expenses, and Macmillan is willing to venture on a second edition, revised, and I think he will let me illustrate it; he only hesitates.

"*Macmillan has positively given me a commission for a work on Etching.*

"I am to be paid whether it succeeds or not. I cannot tell you the exact sum, but you shall know it soon.

"It is to be made up of articles in different reviews. It is to be a guinea work of 400 pages, beautifully got up, with 50 illustrative etchings by different masters, and is to be called *Etching and Etchers.*

"Macmillan said that as to my capacity as a writer there existed no doubt on the subject. He fully expects this work on Etching to be a success. It is to be out for Christmas next.

"Macmillan is most favourably disposed to undertake

other works, on condition that each shall have a special character like that. One on *Painting in France* and another on *Painting in England* looms in the future. He prefers this plan to the Year-book I mentioned to you.

"The great news in this letter is that I have written a book which has paid its expenses. Is not that jolly? The idea of a second edition quite elates me. So you see, darling, things are rather cheering. I must say everybody receives me pleasantly. Woodward is going to give me a whole day at Windsor. Beresford-Hope is out of town, but called to-day at Cook's, and said 'he was most anxious to see me.'"

My husband wrote to me sometimes in French and sometimes in English; when my mother came to keep me company during his absence, he generally wrote in French, to enable me to read aloud some passages of his letters that she might find interesting. The following letter was written on his first journey to London for the *Saturday Review*—

"CHÈRE PETITE FEMME—

"Me voici installé dans un fort joli appartement tout près de chez Mr. Mackay, à une guinée par semaine; j'y suis tout-à-fait bien.

"Samedi dernier je suis allé d'abord chez Mr. Stephen Pearce que j'ai trouvé chez lui; c'est un homme parfaitement comme il faut; il m'a reçu bien cordialement et il m'a invité à dîner demain. J'ai dîné chez Mrs. Leslie hier et j'ai passé tout le tantôt d'aujourd'hui chez Lewes, qui habite une fort belle maison à cinq minutes d'ici. J'ai beaucoup causé avec l'auteur de *Romola*; c'est une femme de 45 ans, pas belle du tout, mais très distinguée, elle m'a fort bien reçu. Lewes lui-même est laid, mais très cordial. Voilà quelque chose comme sa physionomie. [Sketch of Lewes.] Je vais te donner George Eliot sur l'autre page. Il est très gentil avec elle. [Sketch of George Eliot.] Ce portrait n'est pas très ressemblant, mais il donne une bonne idée de l'expression—elle en a énormément et parle fort bien. Son salon est un modèle de goût et d'élégance, et toute sa maison est aussi bien tenue que celle de Millais, par exemple. Nous avons causé de beaucoup de

choses, entre autres précisément de cette curieuse question de prière selon Comte. Elle soutient que c'est raisonnable dans le sens d'expression de vif désir, de concentration de l'esprit vers son but. Son argument était bien fortement soutenu par sa manière énergique de raisonner, mais je lui ai tenu tête avec beaucoup d'obstination, et nous avons eu une véritable lutte. Elle a une singulière puissance, quelque chose qui ne se trouve jamais que chez les personnes d'un génie extraordinaire. Quand elle a voulu me convaincre, elle y mettait tant de persuasion et de volonté qu'il me fallait un certain effort pour garder la clarté de mes propres idées. Je te dirai cela plus en détail quand nous nous reverrons.

" Lewes m'a dit qu'il serait content d'avoir d'autres articles de moi pour la *Fortnightly Review*."

Two days later he wrote—

" I dined with the Mackays yesterday ; Mr. Watkiss Lloyd was there, and other friends came in the evening. I spent the day at home, writing, but I have an engagement for every night this week—I am becoming a sort of professional diner-out.

" I have been talking over the illustrations of the *Painter's Camp* with George Leslie. He has promised to do twenty etchings of figure-subjects to illustrate it, and I shall do twenty landscapes. I have learned a great deal from Haden here, and I feel sure now of grappling successfully with the difficulties which plagued me before. Besides, I am anxious to have a book with etchings in it out in time to appear with the work on Etching. I am sure this new edition of the *Painter's Camp* will be something jolly. It's nice to think I shall have two beautiful books out at Christmas. It will give my reputation a fillip. It appears that Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson, and George Eliot are amongst my most assiduous readers. Isn't it pleasant to have readers of that class ? . . ."

I will give here a few more extracts from his letters at that time ; it is the best way of becoming acquainted with his method of work, as well as with the state of his mind.

"Yesterday I went to see some exhibitions and Mrs. Cameron's photographs; they are really very fine, quite different from anything one ever saw before. You will be very much struck with them, I am sure.

"Mr. Palgrave and I spent a delightful evening together yesterday; we talked till midnight. I found him a pleasant companion. We had some music; Mrs. Palgrave plays well. He has a nice collection of Greek vases, which would delight Mariller. [A figure-painter who lived at Autun, and who drew the figures for the *Unknown River*.]

"The more I reflect on matters, the more I rejoice to live far away from here. Known as I am now, I am sure that if I lived in or near London I should be exposed to frequent interruptions, and gradually our dear little private life would be taken away from us both. Besides, this continued excitement would kill me, I could never stand it; I really need quiet, and I get it at Pré-Charmoy. Just now I bear up pretty well, but I know I could not stand this for three months—out *every* evening, working or seeing people, or going in omnibuses. And then I need the great refreshment of being able to talk to thee, and to hear thee talk, and play with the children a little; all that is good for me—in fact, I live upon it. I want to be back again. My breakfast in the morning is a difficulty; as you know, I never can eat an English one, and if I don't I am not fit for much fatigue. The distances, too, are terrible. Still, on the whole, I keep better than I expected to do. I hope the dear little boys are both quite well, and my little daughter, who is the apple of my eye."

About the difficulty of eating an English breakfast, it must be explained that since Gilbert had begun to suffer from nervousness he had given up coffee and tea; besides, he only liked a very light breakfast, and we had tried different kinds of food for the morning meal: chocolate he could not digest, although it was to his taste; cocoa he did not care for; beer and dry biscuits succeeded for a time, but at last we discovered that soup was the best breakfast for him, vegetable soup (*soupe maigre*) especially, because it

must not be too rich. At home I always made his soup myself, for, being always the same—by his own choice—he was particular about the flavour; it was merely onion-soup with either cream and parsley, or onion-soup with Liebig and chervil. In the great summer heat he took instead of it cold milk and brown bread. It may be easily surmised that such a frugal meal could not last him far into the day, particularly as he was a very early riser, and often had his bowl of soup at six in the morning; then, when he felt hungry again—at ten generally—he drank a glass of beer and ate a slice of home-made *brioche*, which allowed him to await the twelve o'clock *déjeuner à la fourchette.*

The following passage is extracted from a letter written a few days after those already given—

"J'ai dîné chez Woolner hier. Quel brave garçon! Ses manières avec moi sont tout-à-fait affectueuses, et je me sens avec lui sur le pied de la plus parfaite intimité. Il n'y a pas un homme à Londres qui posséde un cercle d'amis comme le sien: tout ce qu'il y a de plus distingué *en tout.* Palgrave dit que Woolner fait un choix sérieux dans ses amitiés. Sa femme est jolie, délicate, gracieuse, intelligente; elle me fait l'effet d'un lys.

"J'ai reçu la visite de Haden hier, il m'a plus enseigné relativement à l'eau-forte en une demi-heure de conversation que dix ans de pratique ne l'auraient fait. Voici mes engagements—

Samedi, dîner chez Leslie.
Dimanche, tantôt chez Lewes.
Lundi, dîner chez Pearce.
Mardi, „ „ Mackay.
Mercredi, „ „ Shaw.
Jeudi, „ „ Woolner.
Vendredi, toute la journée avec Woodward.
Samedi, soirée chez Marks.
Lundi, dîner chez Haden.
Mardi, „ „ Constable fils:

et il n'y a pas de raison pour que cela s'arrête, excepté mon départ pour West Lodge qui sera, je crois, pour mercredi."

However, he had to postpone his departure on account of a distressing and alarming disturbance of his nervous system. Mr. Haden recommended him to give up all kind of work immediately, which he did, and for a few days he only wrote short notes.

"*Northumberland Street.*
"*Wednesday Morning.*

"Je suis toujours faible, mais je crois que je puis supporter le voyage aujourd'hui. Si j'étais une fois à West Lodge je m'y reposerais bien. Si je me sentais fatigué je m'arrêterais n'importe où. La surexcitation cérébrale est *complètement passée*, mais je n'espère pas être remis avant un mois."

From West Lodge he wrote, in answer to one of my letters—

"Our present business is to look simply to the question, what will be most economical? I have no objection to any arrangement which will save my keeping a man, but I have a decided objection to that. [It was about the garden, one half of which I proposed to cede on condition of having the other half cultivated free of charge.] Any arrangement you make *that does not involve my keeping a man* has my approbation beforehand.

"I saw Macmillan again before leaving, and now he is for bringing out the new edition of the *Painter's Camp* in May. It will be a pretty little book, but I can't get Macmillan to go to the expense about illustrations. Colnaghi will publish etchings for me, and after all the hints and instructions received from Haden, I feel quite sure that I shall succeed in etching.

"I expect to be at Pré-Charmoy in a few days, when I shall be delighted to see you all, my treasures."

Having returned to London, he writes—

"I spent last evening with Beavington Atkinson, who was to have come to see us in France; you remember Woodward

wrote about him. He and his wife are most agreeable people, and I like him really; there is something so intelligent and pleasing in his manner.

"Yesterday I went through Buckingham Palace to see the pictures. There is a fine Dutch collection. Then I went to the British Museum to see the Rembrandt etchings, and was accompanied by a collector, Mr. Fisher. This evening I am to spend with Haden again; he has a magnificent collection of etchings, and will help me very much with my book. So now I am sure of the right quantity of assistance in my work.

"I was with the editor of the *Saturday* this afternoon; nothing could exceed his kind, trustful way.

"Still, I wish I were back with you; but I shall hurry now, and come back fast."

Two days later—

"Je me sens de nouveau fatigué. J'ai causé aujourd'hui avec l'aubergiste de Walton-on-Thames, et il m'a dit qu'il nous nourrirait et nous logerait tous les deux pour £2 par semaine. On y est très bien, il y a un jardin, et des études à faire en quantité. Mr. Haden pense que la peinture ne fatiguerait pas autant le cerveau que la littérature.

"Si je t'avais avec moi, et si je restais plus longtemps je n'aurais pas besoin l'année prochaine de revenir au mois de Juillet. Voilà le rêve que j'ai fait. Je viendrais à Londres une ou deux fois par semaine seulement, et je t'aurais là-bas. Je ne pense pas vivre sans toi, je meurs d'ennui."

The kind of life we led at Pré-Charmoy suited perfectly my husband's tastes, and he was soon restored to health. He would have been entirely happy but for pressing cares; still, thanks to his philosophical disposition, he contrived to enjoy what was enjoyable in his life. He was extremely fond of excursions in the country, and we often used to set off with nurse and children in the farmer's cart, to spend the day in some picturesque place, where he could sketch or paint. We had our provisions with us, and both lunched and

dined on the grass, under the fine chestnuts or oaks, so numerous in the Morvan, by the side of a clear stream or rivulet, for running water had a sort of magic influence upon Gilbert, and instinctively, when unwell from nervous exhaustion, he sought its soothing influence. We generally rambled about the country after each meal, and whilst he drew I read to him, leaving the children to their play, under the charge of the nurse.

So far we had taken upon ourselves the teaching of the boys, but for some time past I had perceived that it was becoming inadequate to their present requirements, and I told their father that I thought they should be sent to college, at any rate the eldest, who was nearly eight years old; but he demurred, not seeing the necessity for it. He had a notion that they could be much better educated at home, according to a plan of his own: Latin and Greek would be reserved for their teens, because it was a clear loss of time before, and they would be taught modern languages early, together with science and literature. To this I objected, that, if successful, it might be a very good education for boys who were certain of an independence, but that it did not seem a good way towards the degrees necessary for almost every one of the liberal professions. Besides, who was to teach the boys when he was away? and would he always find spare time to do it, and regular hours also? I was certain he would never be punctual as to time; only he did not like to be told so, because, being aware of this shortcoming, he made earnest efforts to correct it, and constantly failed. It was difficult to him to bear any kind of interruption, or any compulsory change of work—involving loss of time—and on that score very trying to one who wanted always to finish what he had in hand. He hardly ever came down at meal-times without the bell being rung twice, and often when he did come down, he used to say—"That bell was getting angry," and he was met with this stereotyped

phrase from us—"And it made you abandon the refractory sentence at last!"

Well, he acknowledged there was some weight in my objections to home instruction, but "he could give tasks to be done in his absence, and correct them afterwards." I asked, who could help the young students when they were in a fix? and would they be always inclined to apply themselves steadily to their tasks without supervision? That was expecting too much, but it seemed natural to him to expect it, as study and work had ever been both a necessity and a pleasure to him. However, he yielded, but so strong was his disapproval of public school teaching as it was carried on, that at first he would have nothing to do with it. I had to go to the principal of the college, and make terms and arrangements; the only condition he made was that the boys should come home every Saturday night, and remain till Monday morning, and the same from Wednesday to Friday regularly, for their English lessons and for their health. I desired nothing better, and the principal agreed to it. Whenever the boys complained of anything about their college life afterwards, their father used to say good-humouredly—"I have no responsibility in the matter, *I* did not want you to go to college, you know—it was your mother."

Pré-Charmoy being four kilomètres distant from the town of Autun, and five from the college, where the boys had to be in time for the eight o'clock class, summer and winter, it became necessary to have some means of conveying them to and fro, for they were still very young—Stephen a little over eight, and Richard hardly seven. The eldest boy went alone at first, but his brother soon insisted on going too. We decided to do like most of our country neighbours, that is, to have a little donkey-cart, because it would have been both inconvenient and expensive to hire the farmer's so frequently. Accordingly we bought a small, second-hand car-

riage with its donkey, and I was taught to drive; my husband would have preferred a pony, but I was nervous at the idea of driving one, although I had been told that it was much easier to manage than a donkey, and discovered afterwards that it was the truth.

The little cart proved a great convenience for my husband's studies, as he could start with it at any time, and there was no trouble about the care of the donkey, the servant-girls being accustomed to it from infancy—almost every household in the vicinity being in possession of this useful and inexpensive animal. There is a Morvandau song, known to all the little shepherdesses, in illustration of the custom—

"Mes parents s'y mariant tou
Mé j'garde l'âne (*bis*).
Mes parents s'y mariant tou
Mé j'garde l'âne tout mon saoûl!

"Mais quand mon tour viendra
Gardera l'âne (*bis*).
Mais quand mon tour viendra
Gardera l'âne qui voudra."

At first we had a swift little animal, which could not be stopped at all when he was behind another carriage, till that carriage stopped first. It was an advantage in some cases—for instance, when preceded by a good horse; but if the horse went further than our destination, one of us had to jump out and hold back the fiery and stubborn little brute by sheer force, till his sense of jealous emulation was appeased.

The load upon the cart, when we were all together, was found excessive for the animal, and my husband, who was always deeply concerned about the welfare of dumb creatures, decided to have a bigger and stronger donkey. He bought a very fine one, strong enough to pull us all, but he did it in such a leisurely fashion that he received the expressive name of "Dort-debout." This led my husband to write

to me sometimes from London, after a hard day's work—"Here is a very short note, but I am like our donkey, je dors debout."

The editor of the *Saturday Review* asked Mr. Hamerton to be present at the opening of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and to write a series of articles on the works of art exhibited; then to proceed to London for a review of the Academy. He wished me very much to go with him, and I being nothing loth, we started together, and received in Paris the following letter from Aunt Susan—

"*West Lodge*,
"*April* 20, 1867.

"My dear Nephew—

"I am very glad indeed to hear from you, as I now know where to direct my long-intended epistle to you; your uncle thought you would not like to come to the exhibition in its very unfinished state, and I thought you would like to be at the opening of it, and so the matter was resting quite unacted upon. I grieve very much to tell you of the sad tidings we have of poor Anne Gould; there has been a consultation with her medical men, and they pronounce her case very serious—in fact, incurable. She grows thinner and weaker almost every week, and one lung is said to be affected. A confinement is expected in July, and I cannot but still hope that she may possibly come round again; but it has been sorrowful news. We shall be very glad to see you *both* at West Lodge when you can make it convenient, and I do hope and trust we shall be able to enjoy the anticipated pleasure of your company. You will have left home with comparative comfort, the boys being both at college, and, I expect, grandmamma with the little sister. I was very glad when you wrote 'before *we* can be in England,' as it assured me the little wife was not to be sent homeward from Paris, instead of accompanying you to West Lodge, where we shall be very glad to see her."

Nevertheless, I had to go homewards, for about three weeks after our arrival in Paris I heard that my little

daughter Mary was ill with bronchitis, and I hastened to her whilst my husband was leaving for London. I was doubly sorry, because he was very reluctant to go alone, but although he felt a sort of instinctive dread of the journey he did not attempt to detain me. He had borne the sight-seeing very well, and the crowds, which he disliked; but it was mainly because he had been spared hotel life, for we had lodged with a former servant of ours, who was married at Pré-Charmoy, and now lived at La Glacière, in Paris. It was by no means a fashionable quarter, and our lodgings left much to be desired in the way of comfort, but it will be seen how much he regretted it all when alone at Kew, where he had taken lodgings after much suffering from fatigue, over-work, and depression. Still the first news from London was very gratifying—

"Un mot seulement pour te dire que *toutes les huit eaux-fortes* sont reçues à l'Académie et bien placées. Ces Académiciens commencent à devenir gentils.

"Ce matin je suis allé de bonne heure à l'Académie, comme d'habitude, j'ai maintenant ma carte d'exposant dont je suis très fier."

But after a fortnight he wrote—

"PETITE CHÉRIE—

"Aujourd'hui je vais me donner le plaisir de m'entretenir longuement avec toi. Combien je préférerais te parler de vive voix. Je suppose que je suis très bien ici; c'est-à-dire j'ai tout ce que j'aime matériellement: le bon air, la belle nature, un petit appartement d'une propreté vraiment exquise, une belle rivière tout à côté, et des canots à ma disposition. Et cependant, malgré cela je suis d'une tristesse mortelle, et j'ai beau me raisonner là contre. Nous avons été si heureux ensemble à Paris, malgré notre sale petite rue que je vois bien la vérité de ce que tu m'as dit qu'il vaudrait

mieux vivre dans n'importe quel taudis, ensemble, que dans des palais, et séparés. Si je croyais à l'immortalité de l'âme, je regarderais avec effroi la possibilité d'être au ciel pendant que tu resterais sur la terre. Je crois que ma maladie est due principalement à la tristesse et je tâche de lutter là contre. Je vais faire quelques eaux-fortes et aquarelles dans mes moments de loisir pour m'empêcher, autant que possible, de penser à ma solitude.

"J'ai eu un peu de fièvre dans la nuit, et ce matin je suis calme, mais fatigué. Il ne faut pas t'en alarmer cependant ; le voyage et l'exposition réclamaient une réaction, et elle arrive naturellement au premier moment où j'ai la possibilité du repos. Quant au repos, je m'en donne aujourd'hui pleinement ; je ne fais rien ; mais je me reposerais mieux si tu étais ici pour me dire que tu m'aimes et pour mettre tes douces mains sur mon front. Je deviens par trop dépendant de toi, je voudrais être plus fort—et pourtant je crois qu'on est plus heureux étant triste à cause d'une séparation d'avec la femme aimée que si l'on était insensible à cette séparation. Allons ! je ne voudrais pas vendre ma tristesse pour beaucoup ! elle s'en ira le jour où je te verrai ; en attendant je la garde volontiers."

Then follows a minute description of his lodgings, of Kew itself—the gardens, the river, the different boats upon it—and he concludes—

"Tiens, voilà que je redeviens un peu gai, ce qui est bon signe ; peut-être, quand j'aurai reçu une lettre de toi cela ira mieux. Ainsi, ta-ta, good-bye ; embrasse bien les chers enfants pour moi et dis à ma petite Marie que je lui rapporterai une pépem [for *poupée*, which she could not yet pronounce clearly] ou autre chose de beau."

A few days later—

"Je suis allé aujourd'hui au musée Britannique continuer mes études. Le système que j'ai adopté parait bon, et ça va bien. Je limite rigoureusement mes travaux en choisissant seulement la crême de la crême des planches.

"Je me suis promené ce soir au jardin de Kew; ces promenades me rendent toujours triste, parcequ'à chaque bel arbre ou jolie fleur, je me figure combien tu en jouirais si tu étais avec moi. Quand on s'est si bien habitué à vivre à deux il est difficile de redevenir garçon. Dans ces moments de tristesse je pense toujours à la séparation éternelle, et au sort de celui de nous qui restera. Enfin j'apprends ici une chose qui me servira toujours, c'est que pour moi maintenant tout est vanité sans toi. J'ai un jardin Royal à ma disposition, des collections d'œuvres d'art superbes, les plus jolis canots, une belle rivière, de bons livres à lire, du succès avec les éditeurs et une réputation en bonne voie, et pourtant cette existence ne vaut pas la peine de vivre. Il est bon de savoir ces choses là et de se connaitre. À Paris où notre existence matérielle était pleine d'ennuis, j'étais pourtant heureux. Il ne faut pas de ton côté être triste parceque je le suis, du moins si tu peux l'éviter. C'est une affaire de deux ou trois semaines, voilà tout. De mon côté je suis si occupé que je n'ai pas le temps de penser à moi-même, et je travaille avec la régularité d'un homme de bureau. C'est lorsque je rentre chez moi que je souffre de ne point t'avoir.

"Quant à ma sauté, elle va mieux. Je connais l'état de mon système nerveux et l'effet que le chemin-de-fer lui produit. Aujourd'hui je n'en ai rien ressenti du tout. Quand je suis malade, la vibration et le mouvement des objets me font souffrir un peu."

On the following Sunday—

"DEAR LITTLE WIFE—

"Last night I passed the evening with a set of artists, friends of George Leslie, at the house of one of them, Mr. Hodgson. They acted charades, and as their costumes (from their own ateliers) were numerous and rich, it was very good. Among them were Calderon and Frederick Walker. This morning we all set out for a walk on Hampstead Heath; I have no doubt the walk will do me good, but I am very well now, and feel better every day.

"I called on Rossetti the painter; he lives in a magnificent house, furnished with very great taste, but in the most

extraordinary manner. His drawing-room is very large indeed, and most curious; the general effect is very good. He was very kind in receiving me, and I saw his pictures, which are splendid in colour, and very quaint and strange in sentiment. His own manners are singularly soft and pleasant. I called on Mr. Barlow the engraver, and spent some time with him about the etchings. He will lend me some; Marks will lend me some also. The worst of the way I go on in London now is that society absorbs too much time. I must restrict it in future very much."

After the walk to Hampstead he wrote—

"Yesterday, Sunday, I went on a long walk to Hampstead with several artists who live close together, and I never met seven more agreeable and more gentlemanly men; I enjoyed our conversation extremely. George Leslie and I got some lunch at the inn and walked back together.

"Calderon's studio that I saw a few days ago is richly tapestried and very lofty, it is quite as fine as that of Millais. It seems Leighton has built himself a studio forty feet long. Mr. Barlow, the engraver, has a fine studio attached to the one you saw him in, and far larger. All these artists complain of nothing but the too great prosperity of the profession in these days; they tell me an artist's life is a princely one now. They dress and live and talk like gentlemen, and their daughters might be 'clothed in scarlet.'

"The reason for my staying in London longer than I intended is the time I have spent in society—a thing I certainly shall never do again—because I go to bed so late, *always* after twelve, whereas if I were not in society I should go to bed at nine or ten, and keep my strength up easily. Another thing I am sure of is that, *on the whole*, the advantages of being isolated, as I am at Pré-Charmoy, counterbalance, and more than counterbalance, the disadvantages. I certainly would not, if I could, have a house in London: the loss of time is awful. The only good in it for a painter is that the dealers are always after him for pictures as soon as he succeeds.

"Mind you have a man from the farm to sleep in the

house every night. It would be well for him to have the gun loaded, only take care the children don't get at it. My health is still tolerably good, sufficiently so for me to get easily through what I have to do."

But the next news was far from being so satisfactory.

"J'ai des nouvelles de West Lodge qui sont vraiment tristes. Anne est accouchée prématurément, et l'enfant—une fille—est morte après avoir vécu deux nuits et un jour. On l'a baptisée Annie Jane Hamerton Gould. Anne est dans un état de faiblesse tel qu'on n'espère pas la conserver au delà de quelques semaines, et mon pauvre oncle est dans l'île de Wight avec elle, où tout cela se passe. La tante Susan, de son côté, est malade d'une fièvre gastrique—maladie bien dangereuse, comme tu sais; elle a pû m'écrire quelques mots au crayon; elle se trouve un peu mieux, ce qui me fait espérer que probablement sa bonne constitution triomphera du mal. Je voudrais aller la voir de suite, mais je suis tellement retenu par mon travail; et puis le bon arrangement de ce travail et son heureux succès m'avaient fait regagner un peu ma sérénité d'esprit, et maintenant je souffre de nouveau pour mon oncle et ma tante. Vraiment c'est pénible d'être là avec son dernier enfant qui s'en va si vite. Si encore la pauvre petite avait vécu, mon oncle aurait eu une fille pour remplacer les siennes, car il faut bien parler d'Anne comme d'une personne morte.

"Je me félicite des résultats de mon nouveau système: je me lève de fort bonne heure, j'ai fini dans l'Académie à 10 h. ½; alors je fais une course, et immédiatement après je me rends au Musée où je déjeune. On y déjeune très bien et pas cher; tu comprends que c'est pour les gens de lettres qui travaillent à la bibliothèque. Je rentre ici à six heures, et le soir je me promène un peu au jardin, ou sur l'eau; après quoi j'écris à la petite femme chérie et je me couche. Aujourd'hui, comme hier, j'ai étudié et décrit dix tableaux et dix planches. Je crois que mes notes sur les aqua-fortistes iront plus vite que je ne l'avais espéré. J'ai déjà terminé Claude, Salvator, Wilkie, Geddes, Ruysdaël, Paul Potter. J'arriverai

à ma vingtaine si ma santé se maintient pendant tout mon séjour. Je réserve le samedi et le dimanche à Kew pour écrire ou dessiner.

"Je m'étonne *du mauvais* de certains aqua-fortistes célèbres. Dans toute l'œuvre de Ruysdaël je ne trouve que deux bonnes planches, et encore si elles étaient publiées dans l'ouvrage de la Société Française, je les trouverais peut-être mauvaises. Dans Salvator il y en a également deux ou trois bonnes. L'œuvre de Claude est belle en somme, avec plusieurs mauvaises choses toutefois.

"Adieu, petite chérie, le temps de mon exil diminue, et alors je te reverrai, toi et les enfants."

But he was suddenly and violently seized by a mysterious illness, which threatened not only his life but his reason, as he told me afterwards. He longed to have me near him, yet he was so courageous that, to spare me, he only wrote that he was suffering from fatigue—

"*Crown Inn, Walton-on-Thames.*

"Ça va toujours tout doucement. Je me promène tranquillement. Je reste encore ici deux nuits pour gagner un peu de force. Je suis toujours très faible, mais le cerveau va mieux, je n'ai point de surexcitation cérébrale. Je ne dois pas beaucoup écrire. Ainsi tata ma bien aimée."

"*Lundi soir.*

"Puisque je sais que tu dois être inquiète je t'écris une deuxième fois aujourd'hui pour te dire que je vais *beaucoup mieux*. La force commence à me revenir. Je me suis bien promené, lentement, toute la journée. Je n'ai pas osé te dire combien j'ai désiré ta chère présence ces jours-ci. Si je l'avais dit tu aurais été capable de te mettre en route. C'est toujours triste d'être malade, mais c'est terrible quand on est seul dans une auberge. [He had gone to Walton-on-Thames for quiet and rest.]

"Enfin j'espère que c'est à peu près passé pour cette fois, et je me promets bien de ne plus jamais travailler au dessus de mes forces. Mr. Haden dit que je n'ai point de maladie,

mais que je suis incapable de supporter tout travail excessif. Il va falloir régler tout cela."

"J'ai dû renoncer à mon travail pendant deux jours parceque j'ai besoin de repos, et il me semble plus sage de le prendre à temps que de me rendre malade. Lorsque je suis malade je ne puis pas me reposer, tandis que maintenant, je suis simplement fatigué. Je dors bien, mais comme je suis seul dans mon logement, je deviens tout triste. Je n'ose pas penser du tout à Pré-Charmoy parceque cela me donne une telle envie de te voir que j'en serais malade. Ah! si la force physique voulait seulement répondre à la force morale! Moralement, je n'ai jamais été plus fort, plus disposé à la lutte; et puis ces jours de fatigue arrivent et m'accablent, et je souffre dix fois plus qu'un paresseux qui s'y résignerait.

"Beaucoup de baisers aux enfants, et beaucoup pour toi petite femme trop chérie. Je n'ose penser combien ce serait gentil si tu étais ici auprès de moi."

In answer I immediately proposed to go to him, as our little daughter was convalescent, and her grandmother would take care of her during my absence, but he declined.

"PETITE CHÉRIE DE MON CŒUR—

"Je viens de recevoir ta bonne lettre, il n'est pas nécessaire que tu viennes; je gagne graduellement. J'ai passé la soirée avec Mr. Pearce qui sait que je suis malade. J'ai échappé sans doute à un grave danger, j'ai même eu peur de perdre la raison; mais tout cela est passé; je suis calme et quoique faible encore—plus fort. C'est surtout mentalement que je vais mieux, ce qui est le plus essentiel: le corps suivra. Je n'ai pas osé entreprendre le voyage de Todmorden aujourd'hui, mais j'ai l'espoir de pouvoir partir demain. Quoique en état de convalescence, je suis obligé d'être prudent et d'éviter les grandes fatigues. Le médecin dit qu'il faudra un changement dans ma manière de vivre. Le fait est que je me tue en travaillant et je sens que je n'irais pas trois ans comme cela. Enfin je me dis que puisque ma mort ne te ferait pas de bien, je dois tâcher de me conserver; si ma mort pouvait

t'être utile je mourrais bien volontiers. Ta chère lettre, toute pleine d'affection, m'a fait du bien. Dis à mon bon petit Stephen que je le remercie de toute sa tendresse pour moi et que je vais mieux. J'ai beaucoup pensé à mes chers enfants ne sachant pas si je les reverrais.

"Je t'ai tout dit ; ça a été seulement un état d'abattement complet accompagné d'excitation des centres nerveux."

"*Kew.*
"*Thursday.*

"Le temps est si mauvais que je n'ai pas pû faire une seule esquisse. Ma tante Susan t'a écrit pour te dire que la pauvre Anne a cessé de souffrir. J'ai reçu une lettre de son mari qui me dit que les derniers jours ont été bien pénibles. Je ne vais toujours pas bien à cause de la tristesse et de l'inquiétude que tout cela m'a causé, mais il ne faut pas être inquiète pour moi ; ça se passera dans un jour ou deux, tu sais que je suis très impressionnable.

"Il me prend de temps en temps d'angoissantes envies de te voir. Dans ces moments là il me semble que je réalise chaque mètre, chaque centimètre de l'effroyable distance qui nous sépare. Je suis obligé de lutter fortement contre ces idées qui finiraient par me rendre malade.

"Je dois maintenant aller au train ; à demain donc."

"*West Lodge.*
"*Vendredi.*

"Je suis bien arrivé chez ma tante que j'ai trouvée en bonne santé, mais je suis toujours horriblement triste ici, et je me le reproche, car ma tante est toujours si bonne. Elle nous avait destiné la belle chambre-à-coucher, et j'ai la chambre tout seul, ce qui ne contribue pas à diminuer ma tristesse. Une chose au moins me console : j'ai le matériel pour mon livre sur l'eau-forte, c'est beaucoup. Je crois la publication de ce livre si essentielle à mon avenir, comme soutien de ma réputation, que j'aurais été vraiment désolé de ne pas pouvoir le faire maintenant. Ayant tout le matériel dans ma tête, je ferai l'ouvrage très vite, et je suis convaincu qu'il sera bon et tout-à-fait nouveau. J'ai bien besoin main-

tenant d'un peu de bruit pour augmenter ma réputation, car ces articles anonymes ne l'aident point.

" Dans ta tristesse, ma chérie, il faut toujours avoir la plus grande confiance en la durée de mon amour pour toi. Je crois que mon amour et ma loyauté sont au moins aussi forts que le sentiment de l'héroïsme militaire. Il me semble que si les soldats peuvent supporter toutes les privations pour leur roi ou pour leur patrie, je dois pouvoir en faire autant pour ma femme. Compte sur ma tendresse, même dans les circonstances les plus difficiles, tu l'auras toujours. Grâce à ton influence, je suis beaucoup plus capable qu'autrefois de supporter les difficultés de la vie, et si nous avions à vivre dans une pauvre chaumière, je t'aiderais gaiement à faire les travaux du petit ménage en y consacrant deux ou trois heures par jour, et quand tu coudrais je te ferais un peu la lecture, et toujours je t'aimerais. Ainsi crois que, loin de souffrir des devoirs que je me suis imposés, j'y trouve la plus profonde satisfaction, et que je me trouve plus respectable que si je ne faisais rien."

" *West Lodge.*
" *Vendredi.*

" J'avais l'intention de partir aujourd'hui mais la tante Susan parait tellement triste quand je parle de m'en aller que j'ai dû reculer mon départ jusqu'à lundi. Du reste j'ai fait trois planches que je crois bonnes ; j'y ai bien travaillé ; j ai aussi écrit trois articles, mais mon travail pour la Revue ne gagne pas grand'chose, et du moment où la peinture rapportera, je quitterai la revue ; je n'aime pas ce genre de travail, quoiqu'on dise que je le fais bien. J'aimerais autant être cocher de fiacre. Ce que j'ai toujours désiré faire c'est de la peinture ; mes efforts dans cette direction n'ont pas abouti jusqu'à présent, mais si j'avais un peu de temps libre, je saurais mieux faire à cause de mon expérience de critique ; je vois maintenant dans quel sens il faut travailler.

" Je vis à Londres aussi simplement que possible et pourtant mes séjours y sont très coûteux. Quant à la réputation, en comparaison du bonheur de vivre tranquillement avec toi, elle m'est absolument indifférente. Il me semble que lorsque le mari et la femme sont si parfaitement d'accord sur le but de

la vie, il doit être facile d'y parvenir. Notre plus grand désir à tous les deux c'est d'être ensemble, eh ! bien, du moment où les choses nous seront propices, nous réaliserons notre désir, et même par la volonté nous forcerons les circonstances, c'est-à-dire que nous supporterons des inconvénients pour y arriver. Déjà Wallis et Colnaghi consentent à exposer mes ouvrages ; mes eaux-fortes sont appréciées. Peut-être dans un temps comparativement rapproché serai-je en position de donner ma démission—non seulement à la Saturday, mais à la littérature, et à me devouer exclusivement à l'Art. Du moment où cela arrivera il sera infiniment plus facile d'être ensemble, car je tâcherai de faire un genre d'Art qui me permettra d'étudier chez nous, ou dans un petit rayon. Enfin regardons la situation actuelle comme pénible, mais pas du tout permanente. Tu peux compter que du moment où je le pourrai je quitterai la Revue ; j'y suis bien décidé."

After this letter, my husband, feeling much better, came back to London to resume his work, and wrote about what he thought most important or most interesting to me. I shall quote from his letters in their order according to dates.

"*Waterloo Place, Kew.*
"*Lundi soir.*

"Mr. Macmillan m'a reçu parfaitement, presque affectueusement ; il m'a invité à dîner. Je suis allé voir Mr. Seeley, mon nouvel éditeur, que j'ai trouvé intelligent, comme il faut, jeune encore, et parfaitement cordial. Je crois que mes relations avec lui seront tout-à-fait faciles.[1]

"L'exposition, en somme, est belle. Il y a plusieurs tableaux remarquables, entre autres une Vénus de Leighton que je trouve superbe. La contribution de Landseer est importante, c'est un portrait de la Reine, à cheval, en deuil ; cheval *noir, trois chiens noirs*, groom *noir, ciel noir.*

"C'est agréable de rentrer le soir en pleine campagne ; ça me fait du bien. Je n'ose pas penser combien ce serait gentil si ma chérie était avec moi, parceque cela me rend triste tout

[1] Mr. Seeley had asked him to write some notes on Contemporary French Painters, to be illustrated with photographs.

de suite; mais je t'écrirai *presque* tous les jours, quelquefois brièvement quand je serai trop pressé. Sois gentille toi, et écris souvent; les bonnes nouvelles que tu m'envoies de ta santé et de celle des enfants m'ont rendu mon courage et—ce que je puis avoir de gaieté."

"*Samedi.*

"Il parait que j'avais encore besoin de repos, car aujourd'hui je suis très fatigué. J'espère que lundi j'irai mieux; un ou deux jours de repos me sont nécessaires: voilà tout. *Je n'ai point de surexcitation cérébrale;* je dors bien et je me repose pleinement, ce qui ne doit pas tarder à rétablir mes forces. Je souffre d'être seul. Mr. Gould va venir passer huit jours ici; je trouve aimable de sa part de bien vouloir venir s'établir à Kew pour être près de moi; mon oncle viendra peut-être aussi.

"Je vais me plaindre un peu, tout doucement, de la petite chérie de Pré-Charmoy; elle n'écrit pas assez souvent à son mari qui reçoit toujours ses lettres avec tant de plaisir. Il y a pourtant une de ces lettres qui a donné tant de bonheur qu'elle peut compter pour une douzaine. Pauvre chérie! comme je voudrais toujours réussir à rendre ta vie douce et agréable! Depuis que je ne vis plus pour moi, mais pour toi et les enfants, j'ai goûté moi-même un nouveau genre de bonheur mêlé de nouvelles tristesses. Ces tristesses sont dues à la pensée que je fais si peu, et que, avec plus de forces je ferais tant et si bien! Avec la force je serais sûr maintenant de réussir pleinement. Je tiens la réputation par un petit bout, mais je la tiens, et elle augmentera. Tout me prouve que notre avenir serait assuré si j'avais autant de force que de volonté."

"*Dimanche.*

"Je suis allé voir George Eliot et Lewes qui a été charmant; il est venu s'asseoir à côté de moi où il est resté tout le temps de ma visite, et lorsque je suis parti, il s'est beaucoup plaint de me pas me voir davantage. Il me traite d'une façon très affectueuse, et en même temps avec un respect qui, venant de lui, me flatte beaucoup. Quant à George Eliot elle est très aimable, mais elle a

le défaut de rester toujours assise au même endroit, et quand il y a du monde, la seule personne qui puisse causer avec elle, est son voisin. Quand j'y retournerai, je m'installerai auprès d'elle, parceque je tiens à la connaître un peu mieux. J'y ai rencontré Mr. Ralston qui s'était assis modestement un peu en dehors du cercle où j'étais et pendant tout le temps de sa visite, il n'a presque rien dit et c'est à peine si on lui a parlé. J'ai trouvé ces arrangements mauvais. Les gens qui reçoivent doivent souvent changer de place, de façon à causer avec tous leurs visiteurs.

"Lundi dernier j'ai dîné chez Mr. Craik—le mari de l'auteur de *John Halifax.* Il habite un charmant cottage à Beckenham, un endroit à quatre lieues de Londres où il vient tous les jours en chemin-de-fer. Tu sais qu'il est l'associé de Macmillan. Nous avons passé une soirée fort agréable ; c'est un homme très cultivé, qui autrefois était auteur, et qui a occupé une chaire de littérature à Edimbourg. Sa femme, quoique célèbre, est simple et très aimable ; elle m'a dit que quand tu viendrais, elle désirait te connaître.

"Mardi j'ai dîné chez le Professeur Seeley, le frère de mon éditeur ; il occupe la chaire de Latin à l'Université de Londres. C'est l'auteur d'*Ecce Homo.* Macmillan m'ayant donné ce livre, je l'ai trouvé très fort comme style et d'une hardiesse étonnante. L'auteur est des plus sympathiques ; il a des manières charmantes—si modestes et si intelligentes, car les manières peuvent montrer de l'intelligence. J'aime beaucoup les deux frères, et dans le peu de temps que je les ai vus j'en ai fait des amis.

"Mercredi j'ai dîné chez moi, ayant un article à écrire. Jeudi chez Stephen Pearce. Vendredi chez Mr. Wallis, le marchand de tableaux. C'est un homme très délicat et très fin. Il avait invité Mr. Burgess, un artiste intelligent et agréable que j'avais déjà rencontré au Salon de l'année dernière. J'ai rencontré Tom Taylor à l'exposition Wallis et nous avons causé quelque temps ensemble. J'ai rencontré Clifton et dîné avec lui à son Club."

"*Lundi matin.*

"Je suis allé hier passer le tantôt chez Lewes, on a été enchanté de mes eaux-fortes. George Eliot s'est plainte de

ne pas avoir assez causé avec moi à ma dernière visite, et m'a invité à prendre place à côté d'elle. Nous avons parlé d'art, de littérature et d'elle-même. Elle m'a dit que personne n'avait eu plus d'inquiétudes et de souffrances dans le travail qu'elle, et que le peu qu'elle fait lui coûte énormément.

"J'ai discuté avec Lewes l'idée de faire la réimpression de mes articles, et il m'a conseillé de ne pas le faire si je puis fonder un livre sur ces articles. J'avoue que je serais assez tenté de faire un ouvrage sérieux sur le peinture, pour lequel mes articles serviraient de matériel."

"*Samedi soir.*

"J'ai dîné hier soir chez Mr. Macmillan, nous étions seuls d'hommes. Il y avait sa femme, ses enfants et une grand'-mère. Il a une famille nombreuse, de beaux enfants. Sa femme est bonne, et si simple que j'ai rarement vu un comme-il-faut plus achevé sans être de la distinction. La maison est très spacieuse et entourée d'arbres magnifiques. Ce qu'il y a de particulier dans cette maison, c'est un caractère intime et d'aisance ancienne. Macmillan a sû éviter avec un tact parfait, tout ce qui pouvait rappeler le nouveau riche. On se croirait dans une grande maison de campagne, à cinquante lieues de Londres, et dans une ancienne famille établie là depuis plusieurs générations.

"Nous avons passé toute la soirée ensemble. Il laisse entièrement à mon jugement tout ce qui regarde l'illustration de mon livre. Ce que j'ai aimé dans cette maison, comme dans toutes les personnes que j'y ai trouvées, a été l'absence complète de toute affectation. Tout est homogène et je n'ai encore jamais vu une maison de campagne ayant cet aspect là. Mon respect pour Macmillan s'est considérablement augmenté de ce qu'on ne rencontre chez lui aucune splendeur vulgaire : rien ne parle d'argent chez lui.

"La conversation a été très générale. Quand je suis parti, il m'a reconduit à travers un champ pour abréger mon chemin à la station. Il a chanté quelques vieilles chansons avec beaucoup de caractère ; j'ai chanté un peu aussi—et pourtant je ne suis guère disposé à chanter. Anne avait montré tant de contentement quand je suis allé la voir à Sheffield—et penser que je ne la reverrai plus. Je souffre aussi pour mon

oncle, je me mets à sa place en pensant à ma petite Mary ; si je la perdais plus tard ! . . . et puis—et puis, tu sais comment viennent les idées noires, et combien un malheur vous en fait craindre d'autres."

"*Dimanche.*

"Je me sens de nouveau fatigué, et cette fatigue semble persister. Il est bien possible que l'ennui et la nostalgie y soient pour quelque chose.

"Figure-toi qu'il y a une jeune *peintresse* qui m'a été recommandée, et dont la situation est bien précaire ; j'ai eu la faiblesse de lui écrire une petite lettre gentille et encourageante et me voilà en butte à des éclats de désespoir ou de reconnaissance ; de reproches et de remerciements. Le plaisir de faire du bien à ceux qui souffrent est tel, que l'on voudrait s'en donner, et le critique est souvent tenté de manger de ce sucre là.

"Je ne regrette pas de m'être établi à Kew ; il n'y a qu'une chose contre Kew, c'est que je n'y connais personne, tandis qu'à St. John's Wood j'ai plusieurs amis. Mais la solitude a aussi ses avantages et quand on voit du monde tous les jours, on peut bien passer la soirée chez soi. Si la petite femme était seulement ici, ce serait parfait."

"*Mardi.*

"Petite femme chérie qui a été gentille puisqu'elle a écrit deux lettres.

"Celle-ci est simplement pour te dire que mon repos a enfin produit son effet et que je suis rentré dans mon état ordinaire. Aujourd'hui je me rends au Musée, et j'ai pû écrire.

"Mon oncle est arrivé hier soir, il partage mon salon, mais je lui ai loué une chambre-à-coucher dans la maison voisine. Il ne parait pas trop abattu ; nous causons beaucoup et je tâche de l'egayer autant que sa position le permet. Il est moins réservé qu'autrefois et me laisse voir davantage le cours de ses pensées qui vont souvent à ses filles et à sa femme. Je l'emmène aujourd'hui à l'Académie. Il y a une chose qui doit te rassurer quant à l'état de ma santé, c'est que je n'ai jamais ces sensations au cerveau dont j'ai

souffert. Le cerveau n'est pas fatigué et en me reposant à temps, je répare rapidement mes forces. Ce qui est vraiment insupportable ce sont les séparations, et j'ai bien de la peine à m'y résigner, et je ne m'y résignerais pas du tout si la peinture rapportait. Mais en mettant les choses au pis pour les affaires d'argent, j'espère que tu me verras toujours courageux et affectueux dans l'adversité ; je me figure que depuis quelque temps j'ai appris à la supporter sans qu'elle puisse m'aigrir. Si je dois vivre de pommes-de-terre, ou même mourir de faim, tu me verras toujours dévoué jusqu'à la mort. Celles-ci ne sont pas de vaines paroles ; je suis prêt à les soutenir dans une pauvre cabane ou sur le lit d'un hôpital."

"*Lundi.*

"T'ai-je dit que j'avais trouvé ici-même un locataire étudiant la botanique à 'l'herbarium' tous les jours, et qu'en nous promenant ensemble au jardin, les soirs, il m'apprend les noms des arbres qui ne sont pas indiqués. J'ai aussi des fleurs sur ma fenêtre : je t'en donne une. Je ne connais pas le langage des fleurs, mais si celle-ci ne te dit pas que je t'aime beaucoup—beaucoup—elle interprète bien mal mes sentiments.

"J'ai lu un peu du livre de Max Müller sur l'étude *comparative* des langues. C'est excessivement curieux. Tu n'as aucune idée de combien l'étymologie est intéressante quand elle est basée sur la connaissance de tant d'idiomes ; on peut tracer la parenté des mots d'une manière étonnante ; les changements dans la façon de les écrire ont pour résultat de les dénaturer tellement que nous avons beaucoup de peine à les reconnaître sans *retracer* toute leur histoire dans la littérature. Mr. Max Müller retrace ainsi, d'une manière ingénieuse, mais bien convaincante, l'usage des mots pour arriver à leurs racines primitives, et puis il forme des théories d'après ces comparaisons—qui sont au moins toujours intéressantes. Ce qu'il y a de remarquable c'est qu'on retrouve les mêmes mots dans les endroits les plus éloignés, des mots Anglais et Français qui ont leur origine dans le Sanskrit ; et de même pour d'autres idiomes. Max Müller diffère des philologues anciens en ceci que tandis qu'ils

étudiaient seulement les langues classiques, lui trouve la lumière et le matériel partout, même dans le Patois : ainsi le Provençal lui a été indispensable et bien d'autres langues encore que les amateurs des classiques négligent généralement."

This interest in languages grew with years. When at Sens, we studied Italian together, but my increasing deafness made me abandon it on account of the pronunciation, whilst my husband, on the contrary, made it a point to read some pages of it every day, and even to write his diary in that language. Later still, he used to send to Florence some literary compositions to be corrected. After the marriage of his daughter, he used occasionally to ask his son-in-law, M. Raillard, for lessons in German, and had even undertaken to write, with his collaboration, a work on philology which was to have been entitled, *Words on their Travels, and Stay-at-Home Words*, which his unexpected death cut short. In the afternoon of the day on which he died, as he was coming back home from the Louvre in a tram-car, he took out of his pockets a volume of Virgil, and read it the whole way. "I furbish up my Latin and Greek when on a steamer or in omnibuses," he said to me; "it prevents my being annoyed by the loss of time."

"*Jeudi soir.*

"Je suis retourné chez Seeley où on m'a traité d'une façon tout-à-fait délicate ; le Professeur est un des hommes les plus sympathiques que j'aie rencontrés. Je t'en parlerai plus longuement de vive voix, et quant à son frère Richmond je n'ai jamais connu quelqu'un avec qui je m'entende aussi facilement. Il y a une chose bien charmante en lui, c'est que, bien qu'il soit à la tête d'une grande maison, il n'a jamais l'air pressé et vous écoute avec une patience parfaite.

"Ce que tu me dis de 'mon courage au travail et à la lutte' me paye pour bien des heures de besogne. Tout ce qui me décourage parfois, c'est ma faible santé qui m'oblige souvent à paraître paresseux sous peine d'être malade.

"Il me tarde tant de te revoir que je suis comme un pauvre prisonnier en pays étranger, loin de la Dame de ses pensées. Alors, tu sais, il faut m'écrire et embrasser les enfants pour moi."

"*Vendredi.*

"J'ai été désolé de ne pas pouvoir t'écrire aujourd'hui ; il est maintenant 1 h. du matin. Je vais *bien*, mais je suis accablé de travaux et pourtant je veux partir bientôt ; je finirai à la maison. Aujourd'hui j'ai terminé mon article juste à temps pour l'impression. Comme notre âne 'Je dors debout' ; aujourd'hui je tombais presque de sommeil dans les rues de Londres.

"Les travaux sur l'eau-forte sont terminés cette fois. À bientôt!"

"*22 Rue de l'Ouest, Paris.*

"*Lundi.*

"Je suis arrivé hier à 5 h. du soir. *Je ne suis pas du tout fatigué*, ce qui semble indiquer une augmentation de force, car tu sais que les longs voyages me fatiguent généralement beaucoup. Je suis allé ce matin dès 8 h. chez Delâtre où j'ai fait tirer mes planches. On fait le tirage de suite et les livraisons paraîtront cette semaine.

"Quant à mes pauvres enfants, je suis désolé de les savoir malades, mais ta lettre m'encourage à espérer qu'ils sont en bonne voie de convalescence. Tu as dû avoir un temps difficile à passer ainsi toute seule ; chère petite femme, je crois que si j'y avais été c'eut été plus facile pour toi : les enfants de mon ami Pearce sont également malades de la scarlatine.

"Hier soir j'ai dîné chez Froment [the artist who paints such beautiful decorative works for Sèvres] ; ce matin j'ai déjeuné chez Froment, ce soir j'y dîne, et ainsi de suite."

M. Froment had been most hospitable to both of us during our stay in Paris; he had given us a day at Sèvres, and had shown us the *Manufacture* in all its details. He was a widower, and inconsolable for the loss of his wife, whose memory was as sacred to him as religion. His two daughters were at home ; the eldest watching maternally over the

younger sister, who, however, died a few years later. M. Froment's feelings, perceptions, and tastes were exquisitely refined, and my husband derived both benefit and pleasure from the friendly intercourse. In after years Gilbert met M. Froment occasionally, and found him always full of kindness and regard.

After nursing the children through scarlatina I caught it myself, and when my husband knew of it, he wrote—

"I write just to say how sorry I am not to be able to set off *at once*, and be at your bedside. I shall certainly not be later than Saturday. I am of course very busy, and have no time for letter-writing. I have seen Docteur Dereims to-day, and told him of your illness. He insists on the necessity of the greatest care during your convalescence. You must especially avoid *cold drinks*, as highly dangerous.

"Things are going on as I wish for my book on Etching. I am getting hold of plates which alone would make it valuable. Pray take care of yourself. I wish I were with you."

On the following day—

"I am very sorry to hear you had such a bad night; but from all I can hear from Dr. Dereims you are only going through the usual course of the illness. I will be with you on Saturday without fail. You may count upon me as upon an attentive, though not, I fear, a very skilful nurse. But I will try, like some other folks, to make up in talk what I lack in professional skill. I am tolerably well, but rather upset by this news from Pré-Charmoy. I could not sleep much last night.

"I am going to the exhibition to-day, and will be thinking of little wife all the time. I have met with a quantity of very fine paper for etching, of French manufacture, and have obtained Macmillan's authority to purchase it for the *text also.* It will be a splendid publication. I feel greater and greater hopes about that book.

"Only forty-eight hours of separation from the time I write."

The day after—

"Enfin il y a bien peu de chose à faire à mes planches, et j'espère que dans un jour ce sera terminé.

"J'ai beaucoup de choses à te dire mais ce sera pour nos bonnes causeries intimes. Je voyagerai toute la nuit de vendredi afin d'arriver samedi dans la matinée. Quand je pense à toi et aux enfants, à la petite maison, à la petite rivière et à tous les détails de cette délicieuse existence que nous passons ensemble, il me faut beaucoup de courage pour rester ici seul à terminer mon travail."

When my husband reached home, I was still in bed and unwilling to let him come to me for fear of infection, but he would not hear of keeping away. "I never catch anything," he said gaily, "don't be anxious on my account," and he insisted upon sleeping on a little iron bedstead in the dressing-room close to our bedroom, to nurse me in the night.

He soon recovered his usual health, with occasional troubles of the nervous system, but he had grown careful about the premonitory symptoms, and used to grant himself a holiday whenever they occurred. Having been told, whilst in London, that novel-writing paid better than any other literary production, he now turned his thoughts towards the possibility of using his past experience for the composition of a story. It would be a pleasant change from criticism, he said, and would exercise different mental faculties. Very soon the plan of *Wenderholme* was formed, and we entertained good hopes of its success.

In the month of September 1866, the wedding of my sister Caroline took place quietly at our house, Mr. Hamerton being looked upon as the head of the family since the death of my father. Although he prized his privacy above everything else, he was ready to sacrifice it as a token of his affection for his sister-in-law, and went through all the necessary trouble and expense for her sake. She married a young man who had formed an attachment for her ever since

she was fifteen years old—M. Pelletier—and they went to live at Algiers, where he was then Commis d'Économat at the Lycée. It was agreed that they should spend the long vacation with us every year.

There are a good many days of frost in a Morvandau winter, and the snow often remains deep on the ground for several weeks together; there was even more than usual in 1867, so my husband devised a new amusement for the boys by showing them how to make a giant. Every time they came home, they rolled up huge balls of snow which were left out to be frozen hard, then sawn into large bricks to build up the monster. The delight of the boys may be imagined. Every new limb was greeted with enthusiastic shouts, they thought of nothing else; and, perched on ladders, their little hands protected by woollen gloves, they worked like slaves, and could hardly be got to eat their meals. But how should I describe the final scene, when in the dark evening two night-lights shone out of the giant's eyes, and flames came out of its monstrous mouth? . . . It was nothing less than wild ecstasy. Their father also taught them skating; there was very little danger except from falls, for they began in the meadows about the house, where they skated over shallow pools left in the hollows by rain-water or melted snow; but when they became proficient, we used to go to the great pond at Varolles. As my husband has said in one of his letters, all that was very good for him.

In January 1868 he left again for London, and felt but little inconvenience on the way and during his stay. Knowing that I should be anxious, he formed the habit of sending me frequent short pencil notes, to say how he was. I give here a few of them.

"*Londres.*
"*Vendredi soir.*

"J'ai été très occupé aujourd'hui au musée Britannique. Demain j'irai voir des expositions. Je compte partir dimanche pour Paris."

"*Samedi matin.*

"J'écris dans une boutique. Je vais bien. Je dîne au Palais-de-Cristal avec un Club."

"*Samedi soir.*

"Je vais bien. Pauvre petit Richard! embrasse le bien pour moi; tu as dû être bien inquiète."

This was about a serious accident which had happened to our youngest boy. Whilst at play with his brother on the terrace, and in my presence, he ran his head against a low wall, and was felled senseless to the ground by the force of the blow; the temple was cut open, and his blood ran over my arm and dress when I lifted him up, apparently lifeless. The farmer's cart drove us rapidly to Autun, where we found our doctor in bed—it was ten at night. The wound was dressed and sewn up, and the pain brought back some signs of life. I asked if I ought to take a room at the hotel to secure the doctor's attendance at short intervals, but I was told that blows of that kind were either fatal or of little importance; the only thing to be done was to keep ice on the head and renew it constantly. The poor child seemed to have relapsed into an insensible state, and remained so all night. In the early morning, however, he awoke without fever, and was quite well in about three weeks.

I had asked my husband to take the opinion of an aurist about my increasing deafness, and he tenderly answered—

"Sérieusement je ne crois pas que ta surdité augmente. Avant de te rendre compte combien tu étais sourde, tu ne savais pas quels bruits restaient pour toi inaperçus. Maintenant tu fais de tristes découvertes; moi qui suis mieux placé pour t'observer, puisque j'entends ce que tu n'entends pas, je sais que tu es très sourde, mais je ne vois pas d'augmentation depuis très longtemps et je crois que tu resteras à peu près comme tu es. J'en ai parlé aujourd'hui avec Macmillan dont une amie a été comme toi pendant longtemps et qui éprouve maintenant une amélioration graduelle, mais très sensible. Tâche surtout de ne pas trop t'attrister, parcequ'il

parait que le chagrin a une tendance à augmenter la surdité. Quant à parler d'aimer mieux mourir, tu oublies que mon affection pour toi est bien au dessus de toute infirmité corporelle, et que nous aurons toujours beaucoup de bonheur à être ensemble ; du moins je parle pour moi. Et même si ta surdité augmentait beaucoup, nous aurions toujours le moyen de communiquer ensemble en parlant très haut : en France nous parlerions Anglais, et en Angleterre, Français."

He sympathized so much with my trouble that, unlike many other husbands, who would have been annoyed at having to take a deaf wife into society, he urged me to go with him everywhere, kindly repeated what I had not heard, and explained what I misunderstood. He always tried his best to keep away from me the feeling of solitude, so common to those who are deprived of hearing.

Just as I was rejoicing over the thought that my husband had prosperously accomplished this last journey, I had a letter from him, dated "Hôtel du Nord, Amiens," in which he said he was obliged to stop there till he felt better, for he could eat absolutely nothing, and was very weak. The worst was that I dared not leave my poor little Richard yet, to go to his father: the wound on the temple was not healed, and the doctor had forbidden all excitement, for fear of brain-fever after the shock. I was terribly perplexed when the following letter reached me—

"*Hôtel de l'Aigle Noir, Fontainebleau.*
"*Mercredi.*

"Tu apprendras avec plaisir que j'ai regagné un peu d'appétit hier soir. J'ai mangé un dîner qui m'a fait tant de bien que ce ne serait pas cher à une centaine de francs. Cet hôtel est très propre et la cuisine y est faite convenablement sans mélange de sauces. Toute la journée de lundi à Amiens, j'ai vécu d'un petit morceau de pain d'épices. Le soir à 10 h. ½ j'ai mangé une tranche de jambon. Je suis parti à minuit pour Paris où je suis arrivé à 4 h. du matin. Pour ne pas me rendre plus malade, je n'ai pas voulu rester dans

la grande ville qui j'ai traversée d'une gare à l'autre immédiatement. J'ai pris une tasse de chocolat et écrit quelques lettres en attendant le train pour Fontainebleau qui est parti de la gare à 8 h. C'était un train demi-express, mais je l'ai bien supporté. En arrivant à Fontainebleau je n'ai pas pû déjeuner et je n'ai rien mangé jusqu'au soir quand j'ai bien dîné. C'est très économique de ne pas pouvoir manger. J'ai sauté plusieurs repas, qui par conséquent ne figurent nullement dans les notes.

" Hier soir je me suis promené un peu dans les jardins du palais qui est lui-même vaste, mais c'est un amas de construction lourdes et de mauvais goût, du moins en général. Cela me fait l'effet d'une caserne ajoutée à une petite ville. Les jardins, les arbres sont magnifiques. Je me trouve bien ce matin, mais un peu faible par suite du peu de nourriture que j'ai pû prendre depuis quelques jours. Enfin, je suis en train de me refaire. Je désire vivement être chez moi et j'y arriverai aussitôt que possible sans me rendre malade. Embrasse pour moi les enfants et ta mère ; à toi de tout cœur."

He reached home safely, but the fatigue and weakness seemed to last longer than previously, and insomnia frequently recurred. He did his best to ensure refreshing sleep by taking more exercise in the open air, but it became clear that he must abandon work at night, because when his brain had been working on some particular subject, he could not quiet it at once by going to bed, and it went on—in spite of himself—to a state of great cerebral excitement, during which production was rapid and felicitous—therefore tempting ; but it was paid for too dearly by the nervous exhaustion surely following it. It was a great sacrifice on his part, because he liked nothing better than to wait till every one had retired and the house was all quiet and silent, to sit down to his desk under the lamp, and write undisturbed—and without fear of disturbance—till dawn put out the stars.

He now changed his rules, and devoted the evenings to reading.

CHAPTER IX

1868

Studies of animals—A strange visitor—Illness at Amiens—Resignation of post on the *Saturday Review*—Nervous seizure in railway train—Mrs. Craik—Publication of *Etching and Etchers*—Tennyson—Growing reputation in America.

In the course of the years 1865-67 Mr. Hamerton had made the acquaintance of several leading French artists, Doré, Corot, Daubigny, Courbet, Landelle, Lalanne, Rajon, Brunet-Debaines, Flameng, Jacquemart, etc. The etchers he frequently met at Cadart's, where they came to see proofs of their etchings; the painters he went to see for the preparation of his *Contemporary French Painters*, and *Painting in France*. Together with these works he had begun his first novel, *Wenderholme*, and had been contemplating for some time the possibility of lecturing on æsthetics. I was adverse to this last plan on account of his nervous state, which did not seem to allow so great an excitement as that of appearing in public at stated times; I persuaded him at least to delay the realization of the project till he had quite recovered his health, despite the invitations he had received both from England and America. He continued to paint from nature, with the intention of resigning his post on the *Saturday Review* in case of success, but now devoted more of his time to the study of animals, principally oxen, as he liked to have models at hand without leaving home.

Desiring to be thoroughly acquainted with the anatomy of

the ox, he bought one which had died at the farm, and had it boiled in parts till the flesh was separated from the bones, which were then exposed to dry in the sunshine. When thoroughly dried they were kept in the garret, and successively taken to the studio to serve for a series of drawings, of which I still possess several. As we had a goat, and sometimes kids, he also made numerous sketches from them, as well as from ducks, sheep and lambs, hens and chickens. There was also a Waterloo veteran who came weekly as a model, and who was painted in a monk's dress, which my husband used afterwards, and for a long time, as a dressing-gown.

This habit of sketching animals whenever he had a chance gave rise to some amusing incidents before our peasant neighbours knew that he "painted portraits of dumb beasts, as well as of Christians." Some farmer's wives, alarmed at the sight of odd pennies in the pockets of their offspring, accused them of pilfering, but on being told that the "gros sous" had been given them by "le père Anglais," came to our house to ascertain how and why; for, unlike the people of the South, they would not have tolerated begging. They were quieted by the assurance that the money had been honestly earned by the children for holding their goat or donkey whilst its portrait was taken; nay, they even felt a little proud that an animal of theirs should have been thought worthy of such an honour.

Etching in all its forms was pursued at the same time with lithography and photography; even a new kind of transparent etching ground was invented by Mr. Hamerton, which made it possible for etchers to see the work already done upon a plate after having it grounded again for correction or additional work.

A strange incident occurred during this winter. My husband's rising reputation had, it appears, given to many people a desire for his personal acquaintance, or for intercourse by correspondence. The first desire brought him many unexpected visitors, the second quite an appreciable increase of

work, as he hardly ever left a letter unanswered. To give the reader an instance of the extraordinary notions entertained by some people, I shall relate the true history of one visitor amongst others. Some letters at short intervals, from England, signed—let us say—Beamish, mentioned a mysterious project which could not possibly be explained otherwise than by word of mouth, and which might be both profitable and agreeable to Mr. Hamerton, if realized. He was asked to call upon the correspondent for an explanation if he should happen to go to London soon ; if not, Mr. Beamish begged leave to come over and see him. Of course the leave was given, and the gentleman having written that on such a day he would be at such an hotel in Autun, Gilbert went to fetch him in the pony-carriage—for Dort-debout had tired out our patience, and had been replaced by a beautiful and energetic little pony called Cocote.

When we met Mr. Beamish, we found him a most prepossessing young man, of elegant manners and refined speech, in short a gentleman. He begged me to allow his portmanteau to be placed in the carriage ; and as I observed that he was not expected to dress for our family dinner, he answered that it only contained papers that he should want.

Two other friends, understanding English, joined us at dinner. The conversation was animated, but Mr. Beamish never hinted at the mysterious project. In the evening, engravings and etchings were shown to our guest, but failed to excite his interest, for he soon fell asleep on the sofa, and let our friends go without awaking. Unwilling to disturb him, we remained till nearly one o'clock, when I decided to retire whatever happened afterwards ; and I was so tired that after going to bed I never awoke till morning, when I asked my husband at what time Mr. Beamish had gone. "Gone," he answered ; "why, I don't know that he has gone at all, for I left him after three, just where he was." I hardly dared peep into the drawing-room ; however, it was empty ;

but when the breakfast-bell was rung, Mr. Beamish came in unconcernedly to have his share of the simple meal, during which he talked pleasantly and intelligently of his experiences in India, where he had spent the greater part of eighteen years. Nothing was said of the project, and after vainly waiting for some mention of it, my husband returned to his study, after letting Mr. Beamish know that he was not to be disturbed till eleven o'clock, for it was the time of his morning work. "Very well," answered our guest; "meanwhile I shall put my books and papers in order." At the same time he requested me to send rather a large table into the room where he had slept (it was the room in which his portmanteau had been put), and to tell the servants to be careful not to interfere in any way with what he would leave upon it, not even to dust, *so long as he remained with us.* I then believed that Gilbert had invited him to stay some time, but I was undeceived in the course of the day, and told that the mysterious project had been unfolded at last, and was a proposition that he should undertake a journey to Palestine in the company of Mr. Beamish, to join Holman Hunt, who was painting studies in the Holy Land. "But what made you think I was ready to undertake such a pilgrimage?" Mr. Hamerton had asked in great astonishment. "Because I read that you liked camping out," was the reply; "and thought also that, being an artist, you would be glad to meet with Holman Hunt, who, like you in the Highlands, works directly from nature. I thought, moreover, that, as I intend to go myself, you would be agreeable and profitable society."

Although my husband had declined to give the slightest consideration to this plan, Mr. Beamish still remained, and vaguely hinted that a still more mysterious project detained him at Autun.

He went on foot, alone, to the college, on three successive afternoons, begged to see our boys, and tipped them so

generously that the principal thought it his duty to ask their father whether he had authorized these visits—clearly implying that he doubted the soundness of the visitor's mind.

We had learned in the course of conversation that our guest was of a benevolent and charitable disposition, and that he had spent much money in India in founding hospital-beds for poor women, whose sufferings he warmly compassionated. He was also full of sympathy for the Indian people, and spoke of their wrongs not without a certain degree of excitement, but still in a manner to arouse our interest. Altogether, although he was a self-imposed guest, we had already learned to like him, and were unwilling to remind him, with ever so little rudeness, that he was in the way. My husband said that his conduct might be explained by the fact that he had lived so long in India, where the dwellings of Europeans are often at great distances from each other, and where a visitor is always made at home and welcome; that Mr. Beamish was only acting as he had been accustomed to do for the greater part of his life, for he was still a young man of about thirty-six.

After about a week's stay, he began to talk of leaving us within a short time, but did not say when—that would depend on *certain* circumstances. However, on a bitterly cold evening, with the snow deep on the ground, he requested to be driven to Autun, and took a friendly leave of us all without explanation. But the principal of the college related the following strange story to Mr. Hamerton—

"Your friend, Mr. Beamish, whom I had met at your house, came here under pretext of seeing your sons, but called upon me, and asked point-blank if I would give him my help in a charitable deed of some importance. 'What is the nature of the deed?' was my first question. 'The salvation of a soul.' 'In what form?' I did not get a direct answer, but I was told that the idea had sprung from religious motives, and that knowing my strong attachment

to religion—though it was the Roman Catholic religion—he hoped I should have sufficient moral courage to help him in his deed of mercy—in fact he had resolved to reclaim a fallen woman. Vainly did I attempt to turn him from his generous but impracticable resolution. He threatened to act alone if I refused him the sanction of my presence, but he hoped that the Aumônier would see his action in its true light, and putting himself above popular suspicion, would accompany him 'to the very den of sin to offer salvation to a lost but *repentant sheep*.' It was useless to try to make him understand that it was impossible for the Aumônier to risk his character, even with the hope of doing good, and at last Mr. Beamish expressed a desire to meet him in my presence, on the morrow. Our worthy Aumônier was horrified at the idea of the kind of sinners he would have to meet, and declined to have anything to do with the wildly charitable scheme."

The next news was brought to Autun four days later by the woman whom poor Mr. Beamish thought he had rescued at the cost of four hundred francs for her liberation from debt, and about two hundred more for decent clothing. He had taken her as far as Dijon, where he had left her in some kind of reformatory; but after enjoying the change, and with her purse replenished to carry her through the first difficulties of an honest life, she hastened back to the old haunt to jibe and jeer at her benefactor.

Another queer visitor was an English gentleman, past middle age, who could never find his way back to our house, but invariably appeared at meal-times in the dining-room of some neighbour, who had to escort him to Pré-Charmoy.

The opening of the Academy exhibition had come round again, and Mr. Hamerton had to go and criticize it as usual, but after reaching Amiens, he felt so poorly that he resolved to send his resignation to the *Saturday Review*, and to return home as quickly as he could. Here is his letter to me—

"*Hôtel du Nord, Amiens.*
"*Dimanche.*

"BONNE CHÉRIE—

"Je suis arrivé à Amiens samedi matin de bonne heure, ayant l'intention de me reposer un peu à l'hôtel et puis de continuer mon voyage le tantôt, mais en me levant j'ai senti que j'avais besoin d'un repos un peu plus prolongé après les fatigues de Paris. Le plus ennuyeux c'est que je peux à peine manger quelque chose. Comme ce manque d'appétit m'affaiblera inévitablement s'il continue longtemps et que l'affaiblissement amènerait probablement un mauvais état du système nerveux, je crois que le plus sage serait de renoncer pour cette fois au voyage en Angleterre et de revenir au Pré-Charmoy comme un faux billet indigne de circuler. Mon intention est donc de retourner, et pour changer je prendrai probablement la ligne de Dijon, en m'arrêtant un jour à Sens pour voir Challard. [An artist who had copied some drawings of Jean Cousin for the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*.]

"Comme je te l'ai promis, je fais ce qui me semble être le plus sage. Je reviendrai le plus vite que je pourrai sans hasarder ma santé.

"J'ai loué un petit bateau hier avec lequel j'ai exploré la rivière d'Amiens—la Somme—en haut de la ville. Il est impossible d'imaginer rien de plus pittoresque. Il y a une grande quantité de petites maisons et baraques au bord de l'eau et je vais prendre là le matériel d'une eau-forte. J'espère que cette retraite n'est pas trop ridicule. Un bon général, dit-on, se distingue tout autant dans la retraite que dans l'avance; et comme par le fait il y a manque de vivres—puisque je ne peux pas manger—il me semble que la prudence conseille ce que les Américains appelaient 'un mouvement stratégique' quand ils avaient été battus."

"*Amiens.*
"*Lundi matin.*

"Comme je n'avais pas encore regagné d'appétit hier j'ai pensé qu'il serait plus sage de rester ici encore un peu et je suis allé canoter sur la rivière.

"Mr. Cook avec une grande et charmante bonté m'a fait

des remontrances : il me dit que le ton de ma lettre l'a blessé et que mes 'menaces' lui ont fait de la peine ; qu'il n'a jamais manqué de largesse envers ses écrivains et que l'excedent de mes dépenses en livres, voyages, etc. sera toujours défrayé par la Revue. J'ai été réellement touché de la manière affectueuse dont il m'a fait ses observations auxquelles il a sû joindre des compliments, en me disant que j'avais découvert la meilleure façon de faire la revue des expositions et que mes articles sont précisément ce qu'il lui faut. J'ai répondu que quant à la peine que cela avait pû lui faire, je le regrettais sincèrement, mais que les 'menaces' etaient tout simplement l'expression d'une résolution très décidément prise, et dans un moment où j'étais à la fois trop malade et trop pressé pour procéder avec plus de formes.

"Comme ma promenade sur l'eau m'a fait du bien hier je vais la renouveler.

"Ton Mari qui te reverra bientôt."

I decided at once to go to him ; my mother, who had come to stay with me during his absence, approved my resolution, and undertook the management of the house and the care of the children : so without asking for his leave, I wrote that I was on my way to Amiens.

His joy was great when he saw me, and his progress towards recovery was so rapid that he abandoned the idea of retracing his steps, and encouraged by my presence, thought he could accomplish the journey to London without danger. It was of great importance that he should keep his post on the *Saturday Review*, because it was his only *regular* income, everything else being uncertain ; and we knew that if he could undertake the work again it would be readily entrusted to him.

We only stayed two days at Amiens, and as my husband was never sea-sick or nervous on the sea, everything went on satisfactorily so far, but as soon as we had left Dover for London, I perceived signs of uneasiness in his behaviour. He closed his eyes not to see the moving objects we passed ;

he uncovered his head, which seemed burning by the flushed face; he chafed his cold, bloodless hands, and shuffled his feet to bring back circulation. For a long time he attempted to hide these alarming symptoms from me, but I had detected them from the beginning; his eyes had a far-reaching look and unusual steely brilliancy; the expression of his countenance was hard-set, rigid, almost defiant, as if ready to overthrow any obstacle in his way, and indeed it was the case, for unable to control himself any longer, he got up and told me hoarsely that he was going to jump out of the train. I took hold of his hands, and said I would follow; only I entreated him to wait a short time, as we were so near a station. I placed myself quite close to the door of the railway carriage, and stood between it and him. Happily we *were* near a station, else I don't know what might have happened; he rushed out of carriage and station into the fields, whilst I followed like one dazed and almost heart-broken. After half-an-hour he lessened his pace, and turned to me to say, "I think it is going." I could not speak for fear of bursting into tears, but I pressed his hand in mine and held it as we continued our miserable way across the fields. We walked perhaps two hours, at the end of which Gilbert said tenderly, in his usual voice—"You must be terribly tired, my poor darling; I think I could bear to rest now, we may try to sit down." We sat down upon a fallen tree, and after some minutes he told me that if I could get him a glass of beer somewhere it would bring him round. I went in search of an inn and discovered a closed one, for it was Sunday and the time of afternoon service. Nevertheless I knocked so perseveringly that a woman came forth incensed by my pertinacity, and peremptorily refused with indignation any kind of drink: to obtain a bottle of beer I had to take an oath that it was for a patient.

The glass of ale at once calmed and revived my husband, and when the bottle had been emptied—in the

course of an hour or so—he was himself again and felt hungry.

We did not know the place,—it was Adlsham,—we had no luggage, and as to resuming our journey it was out of the question, for some time at least. So I went again to the inn, and asked the woman if she could give us a room. "No; there was not one ready; and then it was so suspicious, people coming like that through the fields and without luggage." I offered to pay in advance. "But we might be runaways." My husband had his passport, and I explained that he had been taken ill suddenly, and that our luggage could be sent to us from London. "If the gentleman were to die here it would be a great trouble." I had to assure her that it was not dangerous, and that rest only was required. At last she consented to show me into a very clean, freshly-papered room, deprecating volubly the absence of curtains and bedstead in such an emergency, but promising to put them up shortly if we remained some time.

The bedding was laid upon the carpet; the mattresses had just undergone a thorough cleaning, and the sheets and counterpane smelt sweet. When night came we were thankful to rest our tired limbs even on the floor, and to hope that sleep would bury in oblivion the anguish of the day, at least for a while.

Oh, the weary, weary time spent there, without work, without books, and with but little hope of better days. How should we get out of it, and when? . . . It was now clear that these terrible attacks were due to railway travelling. Then how should we ever get home again? . . .

Our luggage had been telegraphed for and returned, and the appearance of the trunks had evidently inspired some confidence in our landlady. Materially we were comfortable enough: a clean bedroom, a quiet, rather large sitting-room (it was the usual public dining-room, but it being early in the season, there were no boarders besides ourselves); and the

cookery, though simple and unvaried, was good of its kind—alternately ham and eggs, beef-steak and chops with boiled potatoes, rice pudding or gooseberry tart.

Morning after morning my husband wondered if he would feel equal to resuming the journey; but the necessary self-reliance was found wanting still. We walked out slowly and aimlessly, and we chose for our long walks the most solitary lanes. Gilbert felt that the air, impregnated by sea-salt, was gradually invigorating him, and after three weeks of this melancholy existence made up his mind to order a carriage to take us as far as Canterbury. The long drive and change did him good, and he was well enough to take me to the Cathedral, and show me the town, where we lingered two days, and then took another carriage for Croydon. At that stage my husband told me that we were not far from Beckenham, and proposed that we should call upon Mr. and Mrs. Craik on the following day. I shall never forget the kindness of the reception nor the sympathy of our hostess. I was surprised to see my husband enjoying conversation and society so much, because when he was unwell he shrank from meeting with any one, and required complete solitude; he only wished to feel that I was near him, without fretting and in silence. But the charming simplicity of the welcome in the garden, the peacefulness, not only of the dwelling, but still more the calm and sweet aspect of the celebrated authoress, together with her husband's friendly manner, acted soothingly upon the nerves of their visitor. He told without reticence what had happened, and soon changed the subject to fall into an animated and interesting conversation.

After lunch Mrs. Craik made me walk in the garden with her, and inquired more closely into the particulars of this strange illness; she encouraged and comforted me greatly. She was tall, and though white-haired, very beautiful still, I thought. As we walked she bent her head (covered with the Highland blue bonnet) over mine, and as she clasped my

shoulders within her arm, I could see her hand laid upon my breast, as if to soothe it; it was the loveliest hand I ever saw; the shape so perfect, the skin so white and soft. We spoke French together; she was interested about France, and liked talking of its people and customs. Before we left she asked me to write to her, and offered to render me any service I might require.

The journey to Todmorden was not to be thought of this time, and Gilbert had begged his uncle and aunt to meet us at Kew, if they could manage it. They answered in the affirmative, and he found lodgings for them not far from ours, nearly opposite to the church.

Knowing that his book must now be ready, he longed to see a copy of it, and feeling well enough one morning, he started with me for London; but as soon as we were in the heart of the town, its bustle, crowd, and noise drove my husband to the comparative peace of the nearest park. There, as usual in such cases, we had to walk till his nerves were calmed, and then to sit down for a long time. He did not think he would be equal to the busy streets that day, and asked me to take a cab and see if I could bring him back a copy of his book. Reluctantly I left him, though he assured me the attack was over; only he was afraid of bringing it on again if he went into the street. So I was driven to Mr. Macmillan's house of business, and immediately received by him. He was evidently truly sorry to hear that my husband was unwell, and *Etching and Etchers* being upon his table, he took up a copy, and with many warm praises insisted upon placing it himself in my cab. The book was everything that its author had desired, and taken so much pains to ensure; he was gratified by the result, and gratefully acknowledged the liberality of the publishers. One of the first visits paid by Mr. Hamerton when he felt well again was to Mr. Cook, of the *Saturday Review*, who was himself out of health through over-work. He feelingly expressed his regret that

my husband could not continue to act as regular art critic, but trusted that he would still contribute to the *Saturday* as much as possible, and on subjects he might himself select.

Next we saw Mr. Seymour Haden, and I begged him to try and discover what was the nature of my husband's ailment. It was no easy matter, as the patient refused to submit to examination and to prescriptions of any kind. Mrs. Haden, who was full of sympathy and kindness, apprised her husband of this peculiarity, and he undertook to *passer-outre*. So the next time we called by invitation, he looked steadily at his guest for some time, and said to him deliberately—"You are *very* ill; it's no use denying it to *me;* you must give up all work—not in a month, or a week, or to-morrow, but to-day, instantly." My husband flushed, so that I trembled in fear of another seizure, and answered angrily—"I cannot give up work; I *must* work for my family; I shall try to work less." . . . "I say you are to give up all mental labour immediately; I shall see, later, what amount of intellectual work you are able to bear, according to the state you will be in. You may break stones on the road, but I forbid you to hold a pen for literary composition; and once back home, you must renounce railway travelling as long as it produces uncomfortable sensations." All this was said imperatively, and although it drove my husband almost to desperation, I thanked Mr. Haden in my heart for his courageous and timely interference, and Gilbert did the same after recovering from the shock.

This time he did not feel either so sad or so despondent as formerly, when he had suffered alone; he knew now for certain that the causes of his trouble were over-work and railway travelling, and he took the resolution of avoiding both dangers as much as possible. Whenever he felt nervous we remained quietly at Kew, reading or sketching or walking in solitary places with his uncle and aunt, and when he thought himself well enough we went to London by boat or omnibus, to the British Museum, the National Gallery, or South Ken-

sington Museum, and to the public or private art exhibitions. We also paid calls, and on one of these occasions I was introduced to George Eliot and to Mr. Lewes; the latter sat by us on a sofa outside of the inner circle (the room was full), and talked with wonderful vivacity and great discrimination of the state of French literature. He judged of it like a Frenchman; his conversation was extremely interesting and suggestive, and he appeared to derive great pleasure from a rapid exchange of thoughts. Undeniably he was very plain, when you had time to think of it, but it was with him as with the celebrated advocate, M. Crémieux—so much caricatured—neither of them seemed at all plain to me as soon as they spoke; both had expressive eyes and countenance, and the interest awakened by the varying expression of the features did not allow one to think of their want of symmetry and shape.

The person who sat next to George Eliot seemed determined to monopolize her attention; but as a new-comer was announced she came forward to meet him, and kindly taking me by the hand, made me sit in the chair she had herself occupied, and motioned to my husband to come also. He remained standing inside the circle, whilst the Monopolizer had, at once, to yield his seat to the mistress of the house, as well as a share of her conversation to others than himself.

I immediately recognized the description given of her by my husband; her face expressed at the same time great mental power and a sort of melancholy human sympathy; her voice was full-toned, though low, and wonderfully modulated. We were frequently interrupted by people just coming in, and with each and all she exchanged a few phrases appropriate to the position, pursuit, or character of her interlocutor, immediately to revert to the subject of our conversation with the utmost apparent ease and pleasure.

Mr. Lewes offered tea himself, because the worshippers surrounded the Idol so closely that they kept her a prisoner

within a double circle, and they were so eager for a few words from her lips, that as soon as she moved a step or two they crowded about her in a way to make me think that, in a small way and in her own drawing-room, she was mobbed like a queen at some public ceremony.

The next time we called upon George Eliot she had heard of our meeting with Mr. Tennyson, and said—

"So you have seen the great man—and did he talk?"

"Talk?" answered my husband; "he talked the whole time, and was in high spirits."

"Then you were most fortunate."

We understood what was implied, for Mr. Tennyson had the reputation of not being always gracious. However, we had learned from himself that nothing short of rudeness could keep his intrusive admirers at a distance, so as to allow him some privacy. He told us of a man who so dogged his steps that he was afraid of going out of his own garden gates, for even in front of those locked gates the man would stand and pry for hours together, till the poet's son was sent to him with a request that he would go elsewhere.

In the case of his meeting with Mr. Hamerton it was totally different, for he had himself expressed a wish for it to Mr. Woolner. Of course my husband was greatly flattered when he heard of it, and readily accepted an invitation to lunch with Mr. Woolner's family, and to meet the poet whom he so much admired. I sat by Mr. Tennyson, and endeavoured to suppress any outward sign of the interest and admiration so distasteful to him. Nevertheless, I was greatly impressed by the dignity of his simple manners and by the inscrutable expression of the eyes, so keen and yet so calm, so profound yet so serene. His was a fine and noble face, even in merriment, and he was very merry on that day, for the string of humorous anecdotes he told kept us all laughing, himself included. I am sorry now not to remember them, the more so as they generally concerned himself. Several were con-

nected with his title of "Lord of the Manor," but the only one I can remember in its entirety is the following, because he was addressing himself to me—a Frenchwoman—the scene of the story being the Hôtel du Louvre, in Paris.

Mr. Tennyson began by remarking that there were a good many stories current about him ; some of them were true, but most of them apocryphal.

"And is the one you are going to relate true?" I asked.

He smiled, and answered—

"I think it is capital ; you will have to guess. I had occasion to go to Paris with a friend who was supposed to speak French creditably, and who fancied himself a master of it. On the morning following our arrival in the French capital, being somewhat knocked up by the journey, we had a late breakfast at a small side-table of the dining-room, of which we were soon the only occupants, under the watchful and, as I thought, suspicious eyes of a waiter, whose attention had probably been attracted by the conspicuous difference between our stature and garb from that of his little dandified countrymen. Having caught a slight cold on the passage I felt more inclined to stay by the fire, with a newspaper, than to go out, and did so, whilst my friend, who had some business in the town, left me for some time. As I drew my chair up to the hearth I heard the waiter answering with alacrity to some recommendation of my friend's—'Oh, monsieur peut être tranquille, j'y veillerai.' I thought it was some order about our dinner, and resumed my political studies. Was it my cold which made me dull and inattentive? It is quite possible, for my eyes kept wandering from my paper, and, strange to say, always met those of the French waiter riveted upon me. At first I felt annoyed : what could be so strange about my person? Then I was irritated, for though that queer little man was making some pretence at dusting or replacing chairs, still his eyes never left me for a moment, and, at last, being somewhat drowsy, I

had the sensation that one experiences in a nightmare, and thought I had better resort to my room and make up for a shortened night. No sooner, however, had I got up from my chair than the waiter was entreating me to remain, offering to heap coals on the fire, to bring me another paper or a pillow if I was tired, and 'Did I wish to write a letter? he would fetch instantly what was required; or should I like something hot for my cold?' His voice had the strange coaxing tone that we use to pacify children, and made me stare; but I answered angrily that I only wanted a nap, and to be let alone, and I made for the door in spite of his objurgations. Then he ran in front of me, and barring the door with arms outstretched, besought me to await my friend. This unaccountable behaviour had rendered me furious, and now I was determined to force my way out, despite the mad resistance and loud gibberish of the waiter, and I began to use my fists. It was in the midst of this tremendous row that my astonished friend re-appeared in the dining-room, and was greeted with this exclamation from my adversary—'Ah, monsieur, vous voyez, j'ai tenu ma parole: je ne l'ai pas laissé sortir *le fou;* mais ça n'a pas été sans peine, il était temps que vous arriviez.'

"It turned out that my friend, anxious for my comfort, and noticing that the fire was getting low, had said in his easy French before leaving—'Garçon, surtout ne laissez pas sortir le fou' (*feu*)—(meaning, 'Don't let the fire go out'), and the intelligent foreigner had immediately guessed from my appearance that I was *le fou*."

Amidst general laughter I said—

"It is cleverly invented."

"I see you do not believe it," Mr. Tennyson answered; "yet it has passed current in society and in the newspapers."

Sitting close to Mr. Tennyson, as I did, I noticed the large size, and somehow plebeian shape, of his hands. They did not seem to belong to the same body as the head,

indicating merely physical strength and fitness for physical labour. His dress also struck me as peculiar: he was wearing a shirt of coarse linen, starchless, with a large and loose turned-down collar, very like a farmer's of former days, and shirt and hands looked suited to each other. After remarking this I happened to look up into Mr. Tennyson's face, which then wore its habitual expression of serious and grand simplicity; and I thought that the rough and dull linen, with the natural, unstiffened fall about the neck, formed a most artistic sculpturesque setting for the handsome head well poised above it.

After lunch Mr. Woolner took the gentlemen to his studio for a smoke, and my husband told me afterwards that Mr. Tennyson had continued as talkative there as he had been at lunch, and was only interrupted by the entrance of Sir Bartle Frere, who had a great deal to say on his own account.

It was very gratifying to me to notice that whenever my husband met with celebrities he was treated by them on a footing of equality, and although still a young man, his opinions and views were always accepted or discussed with evident respect, even by his seniors. His presence invariably awoke interest and confidence, and in most cases sympathy. It was felt that he was one of the few to be looked up to, and I have heard people much older than himself tell me that they prized highly a private hour spent with him, because his influence made them feel more desirous of striving for noble aims and elevated thoughts which seemed so natural and easy to him. It is true, indeed, that whatever he thought, said, or did bore the stamp of genuine uprightness, for his nature was so much above meanness of any kind that he had great difficulty in admitting it in others; whenever he met with it his first attitude was one of charitable hesitation, but when he recognized it unmistakably his indignation was as unbounded and unrestrained as in cases of cruelty.

In spite of the impediment to social intercourse caused by

his intermittent nervous state, Mr. Hamerton enjoyed rather a large share of cultivated and intelligent society at this time. His worst moments happened in the morning and in bright sunshine; the evening was in general entirely free from disagreeable sensations, and a rainy day or clouded sky most favourable. This peculiarity enabled him to accept invitations to dinners, at which he met the persons whose acquaintance he cared for.

Mr. Thomas Hamerton and his sister had left us at Kew to go back home, and we wished it were as simple for us to do the same, but we could only think of the journey with the saddest forebodings; yet we longed to be through it, and safely restored to our peaceful rustic life and to a sight of our children.

It was a very tedious, trying, and harassing journey; we travelled only at night, by the slowest trains, and went but short distances at a time. Sometimes my husband was unable to proceed for a few days; but, with admirable courage and resolution, he managed to reach the much-desired goal.

And now what was to be done? Mr. Haden allowed literary work only on two consecutive days in the week, and when Gilbert was unwell on those days, there was no remunerative production, and his anxieties became almost intolerable. He resolved to try every day of the week if he were fit for work, and to go on whenever he felt suitably disposed till the two days' work had been done, and then to leave off till the next week. This succeeded for a while, but as he naturally became anxious to produce as much as possible during these two days, he felt driven and suffered in consequence. He then attempted to devote only two hours to literary composition at a sitting, and to repeat the attempt twice a day when he did not feel his powers over-taxed. To this new rule he adhered till the end of his life—at least, generally speaking, for in some circumstances he had to

write throughout the day, but he was careful to avoid this extremity as much as possible.

We waited impatiently for news of the reception of *Etching and Etchers* by the public, and Mrs. Craik having been so kind as to offer any service she could render, I wrote to her on the subject, and she answered—

"*Beckenham.*
"*July* 19, 1868.

"MY DEAR MRS. HAMERTON—

"I can quite understand how *you* care about the book—perhaps more than your husband even, and I wish I could send you news of it. But there have been no reviews as yet, and this being the dull time of year, the sale is slow. Whatever reviews come out you shall have without fail from the firm. It is so valuable and charming a book that I do hope it may gradually make its way. I do believe it is only the dreadful cities which make your husband ill—and no wonder; in peaceful Autun he will flourish I trust; and you too recover yourself, for I am sure you were very far from well when you were here. It was so kind of you to come to us that Sunday, and to believe that we are both people who really mean what we say—and say what we think: which all the world does not. If ever I can do anything for you, pray write. And some day in future ages I shall write to you to ask advice upon our little tour in unknown French towns and country, when we shall certainly drop upon Autun *en route.* Not this year, however.

"With very kind remembrance to you both, believe me, dear Mrs. Hamerton,

"Yours sincerely,
"D. M. CRAIK."

My sister, Caroline Pelletier, had now come to Pré-Charmoy with her baby-daughter, to escape from the drought prevailing at Algiers, and her presence was a great pleasure to my recluse. She often read to him to keep up her English, and accompanied him in his drives when I was prevented, aware that he did not much like to

venture away alone since he had been ill. At his request she had brought an Algerian necklace and bracelets made of hardened paste of roses, which were intended for Aunt Susan, who had greatly liked the odour of mine, and who acknowledged the little present in a very cordial letter.

My younger brother Frédéric was at that moment very ill with typhoid fever, and I had asked my husband to let me go to help my mother in nursing him; however, with greater wisdom and firmness he refused his leave, and made me understand my duty to our children. "If you brought back to them the germs of disease, and if they died of it, you never would forgive yourself," he said. But after the fatal ending he allowed me to attend the funeral, on condition that I should not enter the house, but come back directly after the painful duty was accomplished. At the same time, he kindly invited my mother to come to us, after taking all necessary precautions against the danger of bringing infection to her grandchildren.

The society of M. Pelletier, who used to follow his wife to Pré-Charmoy as soon as he was free, proved quite a boon to Gilbert in his solitude, and a solid friendship was soon formed between the two brothers-in-law. M. Pelletier's mind was inquisitive and receptive; he had read much, and in the family circle we called him our "Encyclopædia." He made it his duty and pleasure to clear up any obscure point which might embarrass any of us, and often undertook long researches to spare my husband's time. They regularly sat up together long after the other inmates of the house had gone to their rest, talking and smoking, or walking out in the refreshing breeze of the summer night.

My brother Charles also joined us at times, and, being a capital swimmer, taught his nephews all sorts of wonderful aquatic feats. We all went daily to the pond at Varolles, and though the men and boys were all proficient in swimming, Charles astonished them by taking a header preceded by a

double somersault from the top of the wall, and kindling thereby a jealous desire to rival him, so that in a very short time my husband, who hitherto had remained but an indifferent performer, now trod the water, read aloud, or smoked in it, with the greatest ease. It was very good exercise for him.

For some time past Mr. Hamerton's reputation had been growing in America, but he did not derive the slightest profit from the sale of his books there, till Mr. Niles, the representative of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, proposed to pay him a royalty upon the works that should be published by them in advance of pirated editions. This offer was accepted with pleasure and gratitude, and the pecuniary result, though not very important, proved a timely help. Moreover, Mr. Niles admired Mr. Hamerton's talent, and in very flattering terms acknowledged it, besides doing much for the spread of his reputation in America.

In the autumn, bad news of Aunt Susan's health reached Pré-Charmoy. The reports soon became alarming, and her nephew was made very miserable by the impossibility of going to her bedside. When we had taken leave of each other at Kew, she was very despondent on account of my husband's illness, and expressed a fear that she might die without our being near her. No one could say when the taboo on railway travelling could be withdrawn for him, but I gave our aunt a solemn promise that in such an emergency as she mentioned, I at any rate would go to her when she called me, and Gilbert had ratified the engagement. From her letters it was easy to see that she wished very much for my companionship and nursing, being very low in spirits and feeble in body, yet she was reluctant to ask, with the knowledge that her nephew also frequently required my care. At last we agreed that the proposal should come from us, my husband, as usual, sacrificing his own comfort to the claims of affection. The offer was gratefully accepted.

As I had never travelled much alone, and am entirely destitute of the gift of topography, it was not without misgivings that my husband saw me off; but he had taken the trouble of writing down for my guidance the minutest directions, and though he told his uncle that he should not be astonished to hear that I had turned up in New York, I reached London safely.

He was very lonely at Pré-Charmoy, with only his little girl and a maid, the boys being at college, but he frequently went to dine there with the principal, M. Schmitt, from whom he needed no invitation, and who always made him welcome. He was also cheered by my letters, which told him of his aunt's rapid improvement in health and strength. We went out together upon the hills as often as the weather allowed, and when threatened with an attack of nervous dizziness—which she dreaded unspeakably—she derived confidence from my apparent composure, and tided over it when I firmly grasped her round the waist, and made her take a few steps in the keener and purer air of the garden.

When our aunt was restored to her usual state of health, rather more than a month after my arrival, I took leave of my kind relatives loaded with presents for every one of the children, and even for their parents. Of course I wished to spend Christmas at home, and I arrived just in time to realize my wish. Gilbert had come to meet me at the station, and as soon as we had exchanged greetings and news he began to tell of a plan for an artistic periodical which had mainly occupied his thoughts during my absence. As we were driving home he entered into all the details of the scheme as he conceived it, and said he believed he might undertake the management of such a periodical, even where he was situated, if Mr. Seeley gave his valuable help. He was full of the idea, and his thoughts were continually reverting to it.

CHAPTER X

1869—1870

Wenderholme—The Mont Beuvray—Botanical studies—La Tuilerie—Commencement of the *Portfolio*—The Franco-Prussian War.

THE uncertainty of finding sufficient literary work after the resignation of his post on the *Saturday Review* had been a cause of great anxiety to Mr. Hamerton, though he had enough on hand at that time, but he wondered very much if it would last. He wrote for the *Globe* regularly; for the *Saturday Review*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Atlantic Monthly* occasionally, though he had a great dislike for anonymous writing, as he bestowed as much care and labour upon it, as if it could have added to his reputation. He worked with greater pleasure and some anticipation of success at his novel of *Wenderholme*, the first volume of which had been sent to Mr. Blackwood, who agreed to give £200 for the copyright. Here are some passages from his letter, which of course was very welcome. After a few criticisms—

"The narrative is natural and taking. Your description of the drunken habits of Shayton are *excellent*, and not a bit overdone. It reminds me of a joke of Aytoun's when there was a report of an earthquake at a village in Scotland notorious for its convivial habits. He remarked—'Nonsense; the whole inhabitants are in a chronic state of D.T. that would have shaken down the walls of Jericho.'

"The picture of poor Isaac's struggles and his final breakdown at his own home is very well done, and so is that of his old mother, with her narrow fat forehead.

"I particularly like Colonel Stanburne. He *is* like a gentleman, and I hope he has a great deal to do in the remaining part of the story. Little Jacob is very nice, and promises to make a good hero.

"The style is throughout pleasant and graceful. I shall look anxiously for vols. 2 and 3, but I feel confident that you will not write anything unkind or inconsistent with good taste."

Encouraged by the favourable opinion of Mr. Blackwood, the author went on as diligently with the novel as his health allowed. From time to time I find in his diary "too unwell to work," or "obliged to rest," or "not well enough to write." Still, he was remarkably free from bodily pain, as it is generally felt and understood; he never complained of aches or sickness, and to any ordinary observer he looked vigorous and unusually healthy; but from me, accustomed to scrutinize the most transient expression of his face and countenance, he could not hide the slightest symptoms of nervousness, were it merely the bending forward of the body, the steady gaze or unwonted cold brightness of the eyes. Whenever I detected any of these threatening signs at home, I begged him to leave work and to go out, and if we happened to be in an exhibition or any crowded place, we had to resort to some secluded spot in a public garden—to the parks if we were in London; and I believe it must be on account of the repeated anguish I suffered there that I never wished to visit them for my pleasure: those horribly painful hours have deprived them of all charm for me. What my husband had to bear was a terrible apprehension of something fearful —he did not know what—now increasing, as if a fatal end were inevitable; now decreasing, only to return—ah! how many times?—till sometimes only after hours of strife, and sometimes suddenly, it left him calm but always weakened. At the very time that he was most frequently subject to these attacks, the American papers were giving numerous notices

of his works, and brief biographies in which he was invariably presented to the public as an athlete in possession of the most robust health.

The doctors agreed in saying that this disorder was only nervous, and not the result of any known disease; that the only remedy lay in rest for the brain, and active exercise for the body in the open air. But it was indeed difficult to give rest to a mind incessantly thirsting for knowledge, and finding an inexhaustible mine of interest in the most trivial events, in the simplest natures and the monotonous existence of the rustics, as well as in the philosophy of Auguste Comte and John Stuart Mill, or in the æsthetics of Ruskin and Charles Blanc. It was a mind which turned all that came in its way into the gold of knowledge, and which spent it generously afterwards, not only in his writings but in familiar conversations: his friends used to say that they always gained something when with him, on account of the natural elevation of mind which made him treat all questions intellectually. He had no taste for sport or amusements or games, with the exception of boating and chess, but chess-playing can hardly be called mental rest, and boating is not always practicable, requiring several hours each time it is indulged in, particularly when one is not close to a lake or river.

Riding Cocote was a pleasant relaxation to her master, as she was a spirited little creature, and the two often went together to the Mont Beuvray (the site of the ancient Bibracte of the Gauls), to find the learned and venerable President of the Société Eduenne busy with his researches among the ruins, but nevertheless always ready to receive them hospitably. The use of one of his huts was given to his young friend, and his four-footed companion was turned loose to browse on the fine, short grass which grew thickly under the shade of the noble oaks and chestnut trees of the mountain.

On these occasions, a valise containing sketching material

and books was strapped on behind the rider, on the horse's back; at other times, when I accompanied my husband, we went in a light cart, which was left with Cocote at a farm-house about half-way up the hill.

My husband liked me to read to him whilst he sketched, and I see by his diary of 1869 that some of the works he listened to in the course of that year were: *Les Couleuvres*, by Louis Veuillot; Victor Jacquemond's *Voyage en Italie; l'Art en Hollande* and *La Littérature Anglaise* by Taine; *Le Post-scriptum;* George Eliot's *Silas Marner;* Sidney Colvin's *Academy Notes;* Tennyson's *In Memoriam;* Légouvé's *l'Art de la lecture; Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire, Béranger et de Sénancourt*, by Sainte-Beuve, whose talent as a critic he greatly admired.

The rambles and drives which he took in quest of picturesque subjects inclined him to botanical studies, and he began to form a herbarium; the search for plants gave a zest to the long walks recommended by the doctors, which might have become tedious had they been aimless. The prettiest or most remarkable of these plants were sketched or painted before being dried, to be used in the foregrounds of pictures. Gilbert's mind was also inventive; the reader may have remarked in the autobiography that he had made various models of double-boats, the principle of which he wished to see more generally adopted on account of their safety; but in 1869 it was not with boats that this faculty of invention was busy, it was with a plan for a carriage which would meet our requirements. The little donkey-cart was so rickety now that it had become unsafe, and the carriage-builders could not show anything sufficiently convenient of a size and weight to suit Cocote. The elegant curves above the fore-wheels reduced the stowage room to a mere nothing, and we required plenty of space to carry, safely protected from rain and dust, many things—amongst them change of garments when we went to Autun for a

wedding, a funeral, or a soirée, and plenty of wraps for the drive back in the cold or mist of midnight. A good deal of room was also wanted for the provisions regularly fetched from the town—grocery, ironmongery, etc. My husband succeeded in contriving a carriage perfectly answering our wants: it was four-wheeled, and provided with a double seat covering a roomy well, there was also a considerable space behind to receive bundles and parcels, or at will a small removable seat. Six persons could thus ride comfortably in the carriage, and as we were expecting a visit from Mr. T. Hamerton and his sister, we wished very much to have it ready for their use.

With the tender thoughtfulness which characterized my husband, he had contrived a low step and a door at the back part of the carriage to allow an aged person, like his aunt or my mother, to get inside with ease and safety, and to get out quite as easily in case of danger.

They arrived in the middle of July, and spent a month with us. They were both in very good health, and Aunt Susan, in spite of her seventy years, rivalled her little grand-niece with the skipping-rope. She wrote afterwards from West Lodge on August 20—

"My dear Nephew and Niece—

"We arrived at home all safe and well at five o'clock on Monday to tea, and to-day it is a week since we left your most kind and hospitable entertainment, and I can assure you a most true, heartfelt pleasure and gratification it has been to me to spend a month with you, for which you must accept our best thanks for your kindly studied attentions and exertions to make our visit pleasant. I am sure I am much better for my journey; I feel strong and more vigorous; the drives in the little carriage were no doubt the very thing that would conduce to my getting strong, as I had then fresh air and exercise without fatigue. [There follows a description of the journey, according to a careful itinerary prepared by her nephew.] How is little Lala, lal, a, lala? [her little

niece, who was always singing]. We often talk of her interesting ways and doings, and I often wish I could give other English lessons to my nephews. I think we should have made some progress, as both sides seemed interested in their business."

Shortly after the departure of his relatives, Mr. Hamerton was informed by his landlord that he would have to leave the little house and garden and stream he liked so well, because it was now the intention of the proprietor to come to it with his family to spend the vacations. He was offered, instead, another house on the same estate, called "La Tuilerie," larger and more convenient, but a thoroughly *banale maison bourgeoise*, devoid of charm and picturesqueness, close to the main road, and without a garden; moreover, in an inconceivable state of dirtiness and dilapidation. I felt horror-struck at the notion of removing to such a place; however, I was at last obliged to submit to fate. My husband, though very disinclined to a move, thought that since it could not be avoided, it was as well to make it as easy, cheap, and rapid as possible. He could not afford to lose time, and his health prohibited long travels in search of a new abode, since he could not make use of railways. We went as far in the neighbourhood of Pré-Charmoy as Cocote could take us in a day in different directions, but found nothing suitable, probably because we did not wish to be at a distance from the college, which would prevent the boys from coming home as they had been accustomed to do.

The greater space and conveniences offered at La Tuilerie were a temptation to my husband. We had, besides two entrances, a large dining-room, drawing-room, kitchen, six bedrooms, lots of closets, cupboards, dressing-rooms, and an immense garret all over the first floor, well lighted by two windows, and paved with bricks. In the extensive courtyard was a set of outbuildings, consisting of a gardener's cottage, cartshed, and stable for six horses; and as on the ground

belonging to the house there had formerly existed a tile-kiln (*tuilerie*) with drying sheds, there was ample space for a garden after removing the rubbish which still covered it.

The fact is that circumstances allowed of no choice, and we had to resign ourselves to the inevitable. Gilbert saw at once that with a certain outlay and a great deal of ingenuity he could make La Tuilerie not only tolerable, but even convenient and pleasant—though I doubted it—and he explained how the outbuilding might be used as laundry, laboratory, and carpenter's shop—there being three rooms of different sizes in it; and what a gain it would be so to have all the dirty work done outside the house. Another attraction was the good views from all the windows; that of the Beuvray, with the plain leading to it; the amphitheatre of Autun, with the intervening wood of noble trees, and beyond it the temple of Janus; the range of the Morvan hills, the fields of golden wheat and waving corn, and the pastures which looked like mysterious lakes in the moonlight when the white mist rose from the marshes and spread all over their surface —endlessly as it seemed. He promised me to plan out a garden, and there being several fine trees about the kiln and on the border of the road—oaks, elders, elms, and spindle trees—he said he would contrive to keep them all, so as to have shade from the beginning, and to give the new garden an appearance of respectable antiquity.

The workmen were set at once to their task of repairing, painting, and papering, and though my husband deprecated both the time spent on supervision and the unavoidable expense (for the landlord, under pretext that the rent was low, refused to contribute to the repairs, which he called *améliorations*), was unmistakably elated by the prospect of having the use of a more spacious dwelling; for he very easily suffered from a feeling of confinement, and tried to get rid of it by having two small huts which could be moved about to different parts of the estate according to his convenience, and

to which he resorted when so inclined. Even when they were not used, it was for him a satisfaction to know that he had in readiness a refuge away from the house whenever he chose to seek it. This dislike to confinement was betrayed unconsciously when he sat down to his meals by his first movement, which pushed aside whatever seemed *too near* his plate—glass, wine-bottle, salt-cellars, etc. I remember that he would not use the public baths in France, because the cabins are small and generally locked on the outside. It was therefore a great pleasure to devise stands and cupboards and shelves in the large room which was to be his laboratory, and which he adorned with a cheap frieze of white paper with gilt edges, and "Lose no Time" in black-and-red letters, repeated upon each of the four walls, so as not to escape notice whichever way you turned.

The carpenter's shop also had its due share of attention, and was well provided with labelled boxes of all dimensions for nails, screws, etc., whilst a roomy closet, opening into the studio, was fitted up with a piece of furniture specially designed to receive the different-sized portfolios containing engravings, etchings, and studies of all kinds, together with a lot of pigeon-holes to keep small things separate and in order. All this was done at home, under his direction, and he has let his readers into the secret of his taste when he wrote in *Wenderholme*—"For the present we must leave him (Captain Eureton) in the tranquil happiness of devising desks and pigeon-holes with Mr. Bettison, an intelligent joiner at Sootythorn, *than which few occupations can be more delightful.*" About the pigeon-holes, a friend of my husband once made a discovery which he declared astounding—"I well knew that Mr. Hamerton was a model of order," he said to me; "but I only knew to what extent when, having to seek for string, I was directed to these pigeon-holes. I easily found the one labelled 'String,' but what it contained was too coarse for my purpose. 'Look above,' said Mr. Hamerton. I did, and sure enough

I saw another label with 'String (thin).' I thought it wonderful."

Yes, Gilbert *loved* order, and strove to keep it; but as it generally happened that he had to do many things in a hurry (catching the post for instance), he could not always find time to replace what he had used. When this had gone on so as to produce real disorder, he gave a day to restoring each item to its proper place—this happened generally after a long search for a mislaid paper, the finding of which evoked the oft-repeated confession—"I love order better than she loves me, as Byron said of Wisdom."

The correspondence relating to the foundation of the *Portfolio* was now very heavy; everything had to be decided between Mr. Seeley and Mr. Hamerton; suitable contributors had to be found, subjects discussed, illustrations chosen. The only English art magazine of that day confined its illustrations to line engravings and woodcuts, and its plates were almost always engraved from pictures or statues. It was intended that the *Portfolio* should make use of all new methods of illustration, and should publish drawings and studies as well as finished works. But it was the dearest wish of the editor that the revived art of Etching should receive due appreciation in England, and that, with this object, etched plates should be made a feature of the new magazine.

The contents of the first volume will best show the plan, which was quite unlike that of any existing periodical. A series of articles on *English Artists of the Present Day* was contributed by Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Beavington Atkinson, and the editor. These were illustrated by drawings most willingly lent by Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Poynter, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Mr. Calderon, Mr. H. S. Marks, Mr. G. D. Leslie, and other painters; and by paintings by Lord Leighton, Mr. Armitage, and Mr. A. P. Newton. The reproductions were made by the autotype (or carbon) process of photography, which

was then coming into high estimation as a means of making permanent copies of works by the great masters. Every copy of these illustrations was printed by light, a process only possible in the infancy of a magazine which could count at first on the interest of but a small circle, and had to form its own public. The editor contributed a series of papers, entitled *The Unknown River*, illustrated by small etchings by his own hand. These were printed on India paper, and mounted in the text, another process only possible in a magazine addressed to a few. The first volume also contained a very fine etching by M. Legros, and others by Cucinotta and Grenaud. Articles were contributed by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, Mr. G. A. Simcox, and Mrs. Mark Pattison (Lady Dilke). A paper on *A New Palette* of nine colours was the forerunner of the elaborate *Technical Notes* of later years. The imposing size of the new magazine, itsbold type, fine, thick paper, and wide margins were much admired, and prepared the way for the many editions *de luxe* issued in England in the next quarter of the century.

In the second year the slow autotype process had to be abandoned for the quicker Woodburytype, by which were reproduced drawings kindly contributed by Sir J. E. Millais, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Woolner, Mr. G. Mason, Mr. Hook, and others. The editor commenced a series of *Chapters on Animals*, illustrated with etchings by Veyrassat. Other etchings by M. Martial, Mr. Chattock, Mr. J. P. Heseltine, and Mr. Lumsden Propert appeared. Mr. Basil Champneys, Mr. W. B. Scott, and Mr. F. G. Stephens contributed articles.

In the third year a series of *Examples of Modern Etching* was made the chief feature. It included plates by M. L. Flameng, Sir F. Seymour Haden, M. Legros, M. Bracquemond, M. Lalanne, M. Rajon, M. Veyrassat, and Mr. S. Palmer. The editor wrote a note upon each, and had now the pleasure of seeing one of his objects accomplished, and the public appreciation of his favourite art extending every day.

In subsequent years the various methods of photo-engraving were employed instead of the carbon processes of photography, and the *Portfolio* was one of the first English periodicals to give reproductions of pen-drawings.

Several of M. Amand-Durand's admirable facsimiles of etchings and engravings by the old masters adorned its pages. In 1873 appeared one of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's first contributions to literature—if not his first—a paper on *Roads*, signed "L. S. Stoneven." This was followed by other articles in the years 1874, 1875, and 1878, bearing his own name.

The fear of running short of work was not realized; on the contrary, my husband had always too much on his hands; for he dreaded hurry, and would have liked to bestow upon each of his works as much time as he thought necessary, not only for its completion, but also for its preparation, and that was often considerable, because he could not slight a thing. When he was writing for the *Globe* he polished his articles as much as a book destined to last; he always respected his work, and the care given to it bore no relation to the price it was to fetch. He often expressed a wish that he might labour like the monks in the Middle Ages, without being disturbed by mercenary considerations; that simple shelter, food, and raiment should be provided for himself and for those dependent upon him—he did not foresee any other wants—so that he might devote the whole of his mental energy to subjects worthy of it. But I used to answer that if he had such liberty he never would publish anything; for whenever he sent MS. to the printer it was inevitably with regret at not being able to keep it longer for improvement. Still, the second volume of *Wenderholme* had been sent to Mr. Blackwood, who wrote on Sept. 24, 1869—

"There is no doubt that I like vol. 2 very much. The story is told in a simple, matter-of-fact way, which is very effective, by giving an air of truth to the narrative.

"The fire and the whole scene at the Hall is powerfully

described. The love at first sight is well put, and the militia quarters and the landlord are true to the life."

My husband read to me the MS. of the novel as fast as he wrote it, and I was afraid that some of the original characters might be recognized by their friends, being so graphically described; however, he believed it unlikely, people seeing and judging so differently from each other.

In the summer, as usual, we had several visitors who afforded varying degrees of pleasure; a strange lady-artist amongst others, whose blandishments did not succeed in making my husband acquiesce in her desire of boarding with us, free of charge, in return for the English lessons she would give to our children. She resented the non-acceptance of her proposition, and having begged to look at the studies on the easel, feigned to hesitate about their right side upwards, by turning them up and down several times, and retiring a few steps each time as if in doubt.

A more desirable visit was that of M. Lalanne, who besides his talent had much amiability and very refined manners. Ever after he remained, if not quite an intimate friend of my husband, at least more than an acquaintance, and whenever they had a chance of meeting they made the most of it. Gilbert, after one of these meetings—a *déjeuner* at M. Lalanne's—told me the following anecdote. Some one asked him if he had not the "Légion d'honneur"? and being answered that it had not been offered, went on to say that it was not "offered," but "accordée" through the influence of some important personage, or by the pressure of public opinion; "and I think this should be your case," M. Lalanne's friend went on, "for you have rendered, and are still rendering, such great service to French art and to French artists, that it ought to be acknowledged. As you do not seem inclined to trouble yourself about it, a deputation might be chosen among your admirers to present a petition

to that effect to the Ministre des Beaux-Arts." Mr. Hamerton having replied that he should prize the distinction only if it were spontaneously conferred, M. Lalanne remarked that decorations were of small importance, and asked without the slightest pride—"Do you know that I am one of the most *décorés* of civilians? . . . No; well then, I will show you my decorations." Then ringing the bell, he said to the maid who answered it—"Bring the box of decorations, please." It was a good-sized box, and when opened showed on a velvet tray a number of crosses, stars, rosettes, and ribbons of different sizes and hues, all vying in brilliancy and splendour. The first tray removed, just such another was displayed equally well filled, and M. Lalanne explained that, having given lessons to the sons of great foreign personages, they had generally sent him as a token of regard and gratitude some kind of decoration—maybe in lieu of payment.

At the end of 1869 *Wenderholme* was published, and the first number of the *Portfolio* made its appearance on January 1, 1870, and from that date it became for the editor an undertaking of incessant interest, to the maintenance and improvement of which he was ever ready to devote himself, and for which he would have made important sacrifices. The dedication of *Wenderholme* was meant for Aunt Susan, and after receiving the book, she wrote—

"Accept my most sincere and highly gratified thanks for the copy of your novel, and its dedication. We have heard that the *Times* and the *Yorkshire Post* had each favourable articles on the merits of your novel. We have detected nearly every character, even those that take other forms, but we do not even whisper any information in this neighbourhood. Mr. and Mrs. W—— were immediately struck with the 'hoffens' and 'hirritation' of the doctor, but I pretend to think it not individual, but that it was the case among the people you were writing about."

In May 1870, Mr. Hamerton removed to La Tuilerie, about five hundred yards from Pré-Charmoy. He continued to date his letters from Pré-Charmoy—the new house being on the estate so called; his motive was to avoid possible confusion in the delivery of his letters. He was greatly tickled to hear the peasants call his new abode "le château de l'Anglais," and to see them staring admiringly from the road at the windows, which were left open that paint and plaster might dry before we came to live in it. Though perfectly independent of luxury, my husband liked cleanliness and taste in the arrangement of the simplest materials, and he contrived by a good choice of patterns and colours in the papering of the rooms, with the help of fresh matting on the floors, and the judicious hanging of fine engravings and etchings in his possession, to impart quite a new and pleasant aspect to the *banale maison bourgeoise*. Gradually I became reconciled to it, on account of its greater convenience, and I even came to like it when the vines and wistaria and golden nasturtiums hid the ugly bare walls, and the fragrance of mignonette and roses and petunias was wafted into the rooms looking over the garden, and that of wild thyme and honeysuckle into those which looked over the fields; when the tall acacias began to shoot upwards straight and graceful from their velvety green carpet, and scattered upon it their perfumed moth-like flowers; while we listened to the humming of the happy bees in the sweet-smelling lime trees, and to the wondrous song of the rival nightingales challenging each other from bower to bower in the calm, warm nights of summer-time. And such a great change did not take very long to realize: the ground had been well drained and plentifully manured, and it was almost virgin soil, unexhausted by previous vegetation, so that the elm-bower was soon thickly leaved and with difficulty prevented from closing up, the climbing vines became heavy with grapes, whilst the spreading branches of the acacias speedily formed a vast

parasol, and afforded a pleasant shelter from the glare of the August sunshine. Hardy fruit trees of all kinds had been planted all along the garden hedge, and in the third year began to yield cherries—in moderation—but plums of different species we had in great quantities, also quinces, sometimes apples, apricots, and figs—the two last, however, were frequently destroyed by frost, the spring being generally very cold in the Morvan. As to pears, we had to wait somewhat longer for them, the pear trees requiring strict pruning to preserve the quality of the fruit; but we used to have a small cart-load of them when the year had been favourable. There was nothing my husband liked better than to pick gooseberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, or plums, and eat them fresh as we took a walk in the garden; he was very fond of fruit, and unlike most men, he would rather do without meat than without vegetables or dessert. His tastes in food, as in everything else, were very simple, but he was particular about *quality*. I never heard him complain of insufficiency, though, situated as we were, there was sometimes only just enough; and even that lacking which might have been considered as most necessary, namely, a dish of meat. For Gilbert, however, it was not a privation when occurring occasionally; nay, he even enjoyed the change, and as I generally went to Autun on Fridays and could get fish, we made it a *jour maigre*, though not from religious motives. It was understood that if eggs were served they must be newly laid; if potatoes, mealy and *à point;* if fish, fresh and palatable; he would not have tolerated the economy of one of our lady neighbours, who abstained from buying fish at Autun because it was too dear, she said; but who used to bring a full hamper when she came back yearly from Hyères where it was cheap, enough to last for a week *after the journey*, and who considered the unsavoury hamper an ample compensation for the absence of fish from her menus during the remainder of the year.

The removal did not hinder or interrupt Mr. Hamerton seriously in his work, for the new house was quite ready to receive the furniture, and the place of every piece having been decided beforehand, the farmers merely handed them out of their carts to the workmen who carried them inside the rooms, according to previous directions.

The difficulty of getting proofs of the different states of his plates whilst etching them, incited my husband to invent a press for his own laboratory, that he might judge of his work in progress by taking proofs for himself whenever he liked. Considering the present state of our affairs I was not favourable to the idea, but I was over-ruled, as in all cases concerning expenses deemed necessary to artistic or literary pursuits. He had few material wants, and therefore thought himself justified in providing for his intellectual needs—for instance, by the gradual formation of a library. He often deprecated the necessity of apparent extravagance in such things; "but you see," he would say, "I cannot stand stationary in the acquirement of knowledge if I am to go on teaching others—I must keep ahead—without mentioning the satisfaction of my own tastes and cravings, to which I have a certain right." Indeed it was truly wonderful that he should have been able to achieve so much work, and work of such quality, in the intellectual solitude and retirement of these seven years passed out of great cities where libraries, museums, and human intercourse constantly offer help and stimulus to a writer. Luckily for him he bore solitude well. He has said in *The Intellectual Life*—"Woe unto him that is never alone, and cannot bear to be alone!" And again—"Only in solitude do we learn our inmost nature and its needs." Further on—"There is, there *is* a strength that comes to us in solitude from that shadowy awful Presence that frivolous crowds repel." He often sought communion with that awful Presence in the thick forests of the Morvan and on the highest peak of the Mont Beuvray, and found it.

For some time our minds had been disturbed by the unsettled aspect of French politics, and the possibility of a war with Prussia had been a cause of great personal anxiety to my husband on account of his nationality. He has related in *Round my House* how the news of the declaration of war reached us on a Sunday, as we were bringing the children home after spending the day peacefully in the fields and on the river-banks of a picturesque little village.

It is probable that if my husband had been able to bear a long railway journey, we might have accepted the hospitality so kindly offered in the following letter—

"*West Lodge.*
"*August* 12, 1870.

"MY VERY DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE—

"I am most grievously and fearfully concerned to hear of your sad condition in consequence of the terrible and needless war that is now spreading misery, desolation, and perhaps famine all over the Empire, just to gratify the unbounded ambition of one man. We wish you and your three children could fly over to us and be in safety. Really, if you get at all alarmed, do not hesitate to come all of you, with as much of your property as you can pack and bring; we can and shall be pleased to find you refuge from any pending evil you may be dreading. Dear P. G., you would find your articles about the state of your country had got copied into the *Manchester Courier*, but we wish to caution you about what you put in them. Remember whose iron heart could punish you, and what would become of your wife and family if you were cast into prison?

"The little grandson and his nurse are coming here on Tuesday next for a month; they will only occupy one bedroom, so there will still be the best bedroom and a very good attic, and half of my bed if little Mary Susan Marguerite dares trust herself with me."

Although Mr. Hamerton had always taken great interest in politics, he never wished to play an active part in them;

from time to time he wrote a political article about some cause he had at heart, or some wrong which he wished to see redressed, or again on some obscure point which his experience of two countries might help to clear up, but he never consented to supply regular political correspondence to any newspaper. Having had rather a lengthened connection with the *Globe*, he was offered the post of war-correspondent, which he declined.

He has passed over many interesting incidents of this war-time in *Round my House*, although he has given a few. One of the most striking was certainly his guiding a Garibaldian column *en reconnaissance* across the bed of the river Ternin, on a bitterly cold day, mounted on his spirited little Cocote, who showed quite a martial mettle, and may well have felt proud of leading a number of great cavalry horses. She took no harm from her cold bath, but her master, whose legs had been in the icy water (on account of her small height) up to the thighs, was not so fortunate: he caught a serious chill, accompanied with fever and pains, which confined him to the house over a week. He mentions in the book our anxiety when the spy mania was at its height, and the workmen had almost decided to attack us in a body, but he refrains from detailing how, day after day, when the "hands" congregated in the village inns after dinner in the twilight, we used to take our children by the hand and pass, with hearts in anguish for their safety, but with as confident a countenance as we could command, before their infuriated groups; never knowing whether some fatal blow would not be dealt from the next group or the one following. The men stood on the door-steps, or in the very middle of the road, awaiting us with lowering brows and sullen looks of suspicion, when with sinking hearts and placid faces we stopped to say a few words to one of our *present* enemies to whom we had formerly rendered some help in illness or destitution. The truth is, they generally looked somewhat

ashamed on such occasions, and always answered politely, but without the frank and pleased looks of other days, when they were proud of our notice and interest; they would rather have done without it now, especially in the company of their fellow-conspirators against our safety. I dare say the innocent unconcern of our children, who laughed and played freely in their happy ignorance of danger, proved our best safeguard, but still every night after reaching home we could not help thinking—"How will it be to-morrow?"

Just at the beginning of the hostilities, my husband had deprecated the rashness of the French people, which was blinding them to the unprepared state of their army, and to its numerical inferiority when compared with the German force. But when he saw that, although the King of Prussia had said that the war was not directed against the French people, he was still carrying it on unmercifully after the fall of Napoleon III., his sympathies with the invaded nation grew warmer every day, and he did all that was in his power to spare from invasion that part of the country where we lived, and which we knew so well. He put himself in communication with General Bordone—Garibaldi's aide-de-camp (Garibaldi himself being very ill at that time), and explained how Autun might be surprised by roads which had been left totally unguarded. He made a careful map of the country about us for Garibaldi, and shortly after, outposts were placed according to his directions, so as to prevent the enemy from reaching Autun by these parts, without resistance.

He used to go to Autun with Cocote almost every night for news, and met there with Garibaldian officers whom he often drove to inspect the outposts, and they gave him the password for the sentinels on his way home. One night, however, he had remained even later than usual, having taken an officer to a very distant outpost, and when he reached the road leading to La Tuilerie, the password had been

changed, and he was detained in spite of all he could say to be allowed to proceed on his way. He would have submitted easily to the discomfort of a few hours in the guard-room had it not been that he realized how anxious I must be, and when he heard the order of march given to a patrol, he asked to be allowed to join it as it was going his way, observing that the soldiers would have the power of shooting him if he attempted to run away.

The permission was granted, and he set off on foot, in the midst of the patrol, followed by his dog, Cocote having been left at the inn.

It was freezing hard, and the snow lay deep on the ground; the march was a silent one—the men having been forbidden to talk—and it was a miracle that Gilbert's dog escaped with its life, for every time he barked or growled it was threatened with instant death. His master, however, artfully represented that in case enemies were hidden in the ditches or behind the hedges bordering the road, "Tom" would soon dislodge them and help in their capture. This seemed to pacify the men, together with the prospect (no less artfully held out) of a glass of rum each when they reached La Tuilerie.

It was a weary march for Gilbert and an anxious watch for me, and as soon as I heard the joyful bark of our dog announcing his master's return, I hastened down-stairs and made a great blaze for the half-frozen patrol and its prisoner, and served to them all some hot grog which was duly appreciated.

I have no doubt it seemed hard to the poor soldiers to leave the seats by the leaping flames to resume their slippery march in the creaking snow, but they did it promptly enough, somewhat cheered by the renewed warmth they were carrying away with them.

Mr. Hamerton has described in *Round my House* how he watched the battle which took place at Autun, from our garret window. With the naked eye we could only see the

dark lines of soldiers without being able to follow their strategical movements; but to my husband, with the help of his telescope, every incident was instantly revealed, and he communicated them to us in succession as they occurred.

It is needless to say what a relief we experienced when we heard that the enemy was falling back—ever so slightly. Then every one of us, women and children, wanted to look through the telescope, and for once I *did* see in it, and hailed with heartfelt thanksgivings the scarcely perceptible retreating movement of the Germans.

At that moment the light of day was fading fast, and in the twilight I could just see my husband turning towards our awestruck children and saying to them—"I am certain that you will never forget this day, and what a horrible thing a war is."

And they answered—"Oh! never!"

Despite these painful preoccupations, Mr. Hamerton had prepared the *Etcher's Handbook* and its illustrations, and was writing a series of articles on the "Characters of Balzac," for the *Saturday Review*. To save time I read to him *Le Père Goriot*, *Eugénie Grandet*, *Ursule Mirouet*, *Les Parents Pauvres*, *La Cousine Bette*, etc. Mr. Harwood approved of the series, but although my husband admired Balzac's talent greatly, he disliked the choice of his subjects in general, and complained to me of the desponding state of mind they produced in him; he called it "withering" sometimes. In consequence he became convinced that it was not a good study — mentally — for him, and rightly abandoned the series, for it was of importance that he should be in the healthiest mental condition to write *The Intellectual Life*, the form of which was giving him a great deal of trouble. He had already begun it twice over, and each time had read to me the preliminary chapters, without giving to my expectant interest entire satisfaction. He had had the plan of the book in contemplation for years, and the gathered

materials were rich and ready, but the definite form had not yet been found. He was in no way discouraged by repeated failures, and told me he "was sure to grasp it some time," only he grew excited in the struggle. The prudent rule which forbade work at night had been cast aside, and it was about two o'clock in the morning when I was awakened to listen to the first chapters of *The Intellectual Life* as they now remain. I was very happy to be able to praise them unreservedly: hitherto my part had been but a sorry one. I could only say—"I don't think this is the best possible form," without suggesting what the best form ought to be; but now I felt sure it answered exactly to my expectations, and my husband rejoiced that "he had hit it at last."

CHAPTER XI

1870—1872

Landscape-painting—Letters of Mr. Peter Graham, R.A.—Incidents of the war-time—*The Intellectual Life*—*The Etcher's Handbook.*

An American clergyman, Mr. Powers, after reading Mr. Hamerton's works, had become one of his most fervent admirers, and there came to be a regular correspondence between them. Mr. Powers used to gather all the information he could about the progress of his friend's reputation in the United States—newspaper articles, criticisms, encomiums, notes, etc., and to send them to Pré-Charmoy. He was a great deal more sensitive to strictures on my husband than the victim himself; and I see in the letter-book of 1870 this entry—"April 28. Powers. To console his mind about the article on me."

Now Mr. Powers longed to see some pictures from the hand of Mr. Hamerton, and had so often expressed this wish, that the artist, out of gratitude for the constant interest shown in his work, rashly promised to paint two landscapes as a present. It was very characteristic that he did not promise one only, but two, and at a time when he was so overwhelmed with work that he hardly knew how to get through the most pressing; and still more characteristic is this other entry in the letter-book—"February 7, 1871. Powers. Sending him measures of his pictures, so that he may get frames for them."

It is true that one of the pictures was begun, but before

it was brought to completion several years were to elapse, though the pictures were both—at intervals—on the easel; always undergoing some change either of effect or of composition, even of subject, for the painter could never be satisfied with them. He felt that he lacked the power of expressing himself, and said to me—"These are not *my* pictures, I *dream* them differently;" whilst when he had seen Mr. Peter Graham's "Spate in the Highlands," he exclaimed—"This is one of my *dream*-pictures; I should like to have painted it." Entirely devoid of the false pride which prevents learning from others, he had written to Mr. Peter Graham about what he considered his failures, and had received the following reply—

"With regard to what you say of yourself in your last letter, I have never had an opportunity of seeing a picture of yours; but I cannot imagine any one to fail in landscape who has the high qualifications for it which you obviously have—a sensitively impressionable nature, a strong, loving admiration for whatever in heaven or earth is beautiful or grand in form, colour, or effect. Then you have the faculty of observation, without which a mind, however sensitive to the impressions of nature, will not be able to do anything, will be passive, not active. The mechanical difficulties of our art must be to some extent overcome before our thoughts and intentions can be realized and our impressions conveyed to others. After all, every artist feels that his work is a failure, the success of rendering what he wishes is so exceedingly limited in his mind. I am talking of what you know as well as I do; but my only reason is that you spoke of yourself as failing in landscape, 'probably from want of natural ability,' which I cannot believe. My method of getting memoranda, which you inquire about, is to study as closely as I can; to watch and observe and make notes and drawings, also studies in colour, and patient groping after what I wish to learn, are my only methods. I feel unable to enter into details, so much would need be said on the subject. I believe I am much indebted to my long education as a figure-painter for any little ability I may have in rendering the material of nature.

I was a figure-painter many years before I touched landscape. Continued study from the antique and painting from the nude in a life-class give, or ought to give, an acquaintance with light and shadow which to a landscape-painter is invaluable—nature affects our feelings so much in landscape by light and shadow. In Edinburgh we had a long gallery with windows from the roof at intervals, and the statues were arranged there; a splendid collection. I shall never forget the exquisite beauty of the middle tint or overshadowing which the statues had that were placed between the windows; those which were immediately underneath them were of course in a blaze of light, and we had all gradations of light, middle-tint, and shadow. When I came to study clouds and skies, I recognized the enchantment of effect to be caused by the same old laws of light I had tried to get acquainted with at the Academy. Of course colour adds immensely to the difficulty of sky painting, and the amount of groping in the study of grey, blue, etc., is very disheartening. I need not longer weary you, however, on this subject, but shall just again say that I really see no reason why you should not succeed in landscape-painting if such be your wish, and therefore cannot think of you as having failed."

Then, in a subsequent letter, I find this passage—

"Since receiving your last letter I have read, and with great pleasure, your *Painter's Camp in the Highlands*. I am stronger than ever in the belief that it is merely from your never having devoted the necessary amount of *time to art in the right direction* that unqualified success has not been attained by you as an artist. I think it unfortunate that you 'learned painting with a clever landscape-painter.' You probably far excelled him in sympathy with nature, power of observation, and all the gifts especially required for a landscape-painter. What you really needed, study under a figure-painter, or better still at an Academy, would have given you. Landscape nature is too complicated to be a good school to acquire the mastery over the mechanical difficulties in art. I don't agree with you that you ought to have filled your note-books with memoranda from nature instead of painting pictures at Loch

Awe. Your experience there was very valuable. A note-book memorandum from nature is of little or no use for a picture in oil without previous study of similar subjects or effects in the same vehicle. You ask my opinion of your present method of study. I think it excellent, and would make only two suggestions. You might safely discontinue the study of botany and dissection of plants; there is not the slightest fear of a want of truth in your pictures, and the time might be devoted to some more pressing work. Then I think you might paint the human figure with much profit, even to landscape-painting and writing on art."

The reader may have remarked that Mr. Hamerton had frequently painted from a model at Pré-Charmoy, though not from the nude, for he was of opinion that this kind of study was no great help to him at this stage, though it might have been earlier.

A more serious impediment than technical difficulties soon stopped all progress with Mr. Powers' pictures. It was a recurrence of the cerebral excitement, almost in a chronic form. My husband had made a plan for issuing—separately—proofs of the etchings appearing in the *Portfolio;* but he was so ill that he could not hold a pen; and to explain the details of this plan to Mr. Seeley I acted as amanuensis under his dictation. His aunt was very much grieved to hear of this illness, and wrote— .

"Suppose you tried a ten or twenty miles journey by train, in some direction whence you could return by water or conveyance if necessary. I assure you I can do valiant things with impunity that the very thinking of them would have made me ill about thirteen months ago."

He did not need courage to be preached to him, he had a sufficient store of it; indeed, his nervousness had nothing to do with fear: he used to drive or ride Cocote after she had been running away, upsetting the carriage and breaking the harness, till she was subdued again into docility. Once at

Dieppe, in a storm, he had volunteered to steer a lifeboat which was making for a ship in distress, but his services had been refused when it was known that he had a family. He rode fearlessly one of the high, dangerous bicycles of that time, about which Aunt Susan humorously said in one of her letters that "they often prove rather restive, and are given to, or seized with, an inclination to butting the walls, and also of lazily lying down on the road over which they ought to be almost imperceptibly passing along." And during the war he kindly received, fed, and helped several *francs-tireurs* and stray French soldiers, perfectly aware that he was risking his life in case the Prussians came near; he even conveyed one of them to the Garibaldian outposts in his carriage. Of his own accord he attempted time after time to get the better of this peculiar nervousness, but it had lately increased to such a point that, for a time, when we reached Autun in the carriage and came *in sight* of the railway bridge, he had to give me the reins, jump down, and go back to wait for my return outside the town; for I could not go with him, having to take our boys to the college. I never knew how I might find him when we met again. Unlike the majority of patients, who make the most of their ailments to excite sympathy, he considerately let me know immediately of the slightest improvement, and kept repeating—"It will soon be over now, don't distress yourself."

I believe that the great excitement and anxiety of the war-time had caused the recurrence of the ailment, and no wonder, for we knew several cases of mental derangement in the small circle of our acquaintances, even amongst peasants, who are far from imaginative or nervous. In Gilbert's case there were only too many reasons for anxiety, besides the uncertainty of his situation. His brother-in-law, M. Pelletier, then Économe of the Lycée at Vendôme, was in the thick of the strife, and his post was not unattended with danger—though the Lycée had become an International Ambulance.

It was sometimes hard for him to restrain his indignation before the insolence and partiality of the victors: once, for instance, he appealed to the general in command to obtain for the French wounded an equal portion of the bread given to the Prussians; but he was pushed by the shoulder to an open window, from which the French army could be seen, and the general exclaimed—pointing to the soldiers in the distance—"Vous n'aurez rien, rien! tant que nous ne les aurons pas battus! . . . allez! . . ."

Another time M. Pelletier had to go to Château Renaud to fetch several things sorely wanted at the ambulance. It was forbidden by the enemy, under penalty of death, to carry any letters out of the city, which they had declared in a state of siege, but M. Pelletier could not find in his heart to refuse a few from desolate mothers and wives, and these letters were carefully sewn up at night, by his wife, in the lining of his overcoat. Who betrayed him? . . . No one knows, but just as he was about to descend the stairs, some one rapidly brushed past, whispering hurriedly—"Leave that coat behind." He understood, went back to his apartment, threw the coat to his terrified wife, merely saying "Burn," and had only time to seize another great-coat hanging in the passage and rush to the omnibus waiting with the escort. He was, however, stopped by a Prussian officer, who said—"You shan't go—you are carrying letters, and you know that you have put yourself in the way of being shot." The coat was taken from him *and the lining cut open.* On finding nothing, the officer said, with a dry smile—"You have been warned; but let it be a lesson to you, you might not escape so easily another time."

My brother Charles, despite his being the only son of a widow and *soutien de famille*, had been enlisted, and his letters did not always reach their destination, though his regiment was at Chagny, not far from Autun, and for a while Mr. Hamerton had lost all traces of his mother-in-law. Madame Gindriez had gone to Vendôme to be near her younger

daughter, Madame Pelletier, in the hope of keeping clear of the bloody conflict, but found herself in the very centre of it after the occupation of Vendôme by Prince Frederick Charles, and was thus shut off from all news of her son. After vainly attempting to get a safe-conduct during the hostilities, she at last succeeded after the armistice, and left the town to go to Tours, where she had friends willing to receive her, and where she expected to hear from her son. The omnibus in which she travelled was escorted by Bismarck's White Cuirassiers, pistol in hand, till it reached Château Rénaud. In the night, Madame Gindriez was awakened by loud rappings at her bedroom door, and ordered to give up her room to some Prussian sergeants who had come back from an expedition. She dressed quickly and went to the kitchen—the only place in the hotel free from soldiers—to await the morning as she best could. Her breakfast was served upon a small table, apart from the long one in the centre of the room, which was reserved for the German officers. They were very much elated, it seemed, by the armistice, thinking that it might lead ultimately to a peace, for which they openly expressed their desire, ordering champagne, clinking their glasses together, and politely offering one to Madame Gindriez with the words—"You won't refuse to drink with us *à la paix*, Madame?" "À la paix, soit," she courageously answered; "mais sans cession de territoire." They did not insist.

It may be easily surmised that such tidings, reaching my husband from time to time, kept him in an anxious state far from beneficial to his health. After the armistice, I find a great many entries in the letter-book of letters inquiring about friends, and how they had fared during this terrible war-time. Despite this chronic state of anxiety, Mr. Hamerton was writing *The Intellectual Life*, and had offered it for publication in America to Messrs. Roberts Brothers. Mr. Niles answered—

"We like the title and the plan of your new work, as outlined by you, and presuming it will be larger than *Thoughts about Art*, we will give you fifty pounds outright for the early copy, or we shall allow you a percentage on it, after the first thousand are sold, of ten per cent. on the retail price, provided we are not interfered with by competing editions."

The author had the satisfaction of receiving another letter from Mr. Niles, dated July 21, 1871, in which this passage occurs—"*Thoughts about Art* is quite popular; you have many very dear friends in this country, and the number is increasing."

In September of the same year Mr. Haden wrote, in reference to the projected *Etcher's Handbook*—

"Your new processes interest me immensely, and I am glad you are going to give us a handbook on the whole subject. Let it be concise, and even dogmatic, for you have to speak *ex cathedrâ* on the matter, and people prefer to be *told* what to do to being *reasoned* into it."

Ever anxious to improve himself, my husband had asked Mr. Lewes to advise him about his reading preparatory to the new book he had begun to write on the Intellectual Life. Here is the answer—

"*The Priory*,
"21 *North Bank, Regent's Park.*
"*Nov.* 2, 1871.

"My dear Hamerton—

"We so often speak of you and your wife, and were so very anxious about you during the war, that we have asked right and left for news of you, and were delighted at last to get such good news of you both.

"As to the books to be suggested for your work, partly the fact that no one can really suggest food for another, partly the fact that I don't clearly understand the nature of your work—these perhaps make a good excuse if the following list is worthless. It is all I have been able to gather together.

"Littré, *Vie d'Auguste Comte*,
St. Hilaire, *Vie et travaux de Geoffroy St. Hilaire.*
Gassendi, *Vita Tychonis Brahei, Copernici.*
Bertrand, *Fondateurs de l'Astronomie Moderne.*
Morley, *Life of Palissy* (passionate devotion to research).
Morley, *Life of Cardan.*
Berti, *Vita di Giordano Bruno.*
Bartholmess, *Vie de Jordano Bruno.*
Muir's *Life of Mahomet.*
Stanley's *Life of Arnold.*
Mazzuchelli, *Vita di Archimede.*
Biot's *Life of Newton.*
Drinkwater's *Kepler and Galileo.*

"All these are first-rate, especially the two last, published by the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, together with some others under the title of *Lives of Eminent Persons.*

"The *Biographie Universelle* will give you, no doubt, references as to the best works under each head.

"We did not go abroad this year, but buried ourselves in absolute solitude in Surrey—near Haslemere, if you know the lovely region; and there I worked like a man going in for the Senior Wranglership, and Mrs. Lewes, who was ailing most of the time, went on with her new work. This work, by the way, is a panorama of provincial life, to be published in eight parts, on alternative months, making four very thick vols. when complete. It is a new experiment in publishing. While she was at her art, I was at the higher mathematics, seduced into those regions by some considerations affecting my personal work. The solitude and the work together were perfectly blissful. Except Tennyson, who came twice to read his poems to us, we saw no one.

"No sooner did we return home than Mrs. Lewes, who had been incubating an attack, *hatched* it—and for five weeks she was laid up, getting horribly thin and weak. But now she is herself again (thinner self) and at work.

"She begs me to remember her most kindly to you and to Mrs. Hamerton.

"Ever yours truly,
"G. H. Lewes."

Almost in every letter that my husband received from Mr. Lewes, he had this confirmation of what George Eliot had told him about the heavy penalty in health attending or following her labours.

Mr. Lewes had not mentioned his lives of Goethe and Aristotle, but they were ordered with the other books he had recommended, and I began to read them aloud to my husband whilst he was etching the plates for an illustrated edition of the *Painter's Camp*, that he had always hoped to see accepted by Mr. Macmillan.

M. Pelletier had been promoted from Vendôme to Lons-le-Saunier, and after spending a month of the vacation at our house with his wife and three children, now invited his host and family to go back with him for the remainder of the holidays. However, the boys only went, for their father was incapacitated for railway travelling, and the little girl Mary could not be persuaded to leave her parents, even to go with her cousins and her aunt Caroline, whom she so much loved.

The nervous state into which my husband had been thrown back had produced a morbid sensitiveness to noise and to the sight of movement, which isolated him more and more, even from his nearest friends, and during these last vacations he had seldom been able to take *déjeuner* with us. In consequence he had a little hut erected near the river, *au buisson Vincent*, whither he retired almost daily, and to which I took or sent him his lunch; there he read, wrote, or sketched, surrounded only by silent and motionless objects. This morbid sensitiveness decreased with the light of day, and when the sun had set we generally joined him to admire the beauty of the after-glow fading slowly into twilight in the summer evenings. He always dined with us all, and after dinner he either listened to music, of which he was very fond, or even played a little himself on the violin, or walked out in company. We made quite a little procession on the road now—six children romping about, my sister and her husband, my mother and

my brother Charles, the master of the house and myself; and since it had transpired that my husband was not so well, some of his friends at Autun or in the neighbourhood came as often as they could to make him feel less out of the world. He has said himself—"The intellectual life is sometimes a fearfully solitary one. Unless he lives in a great capital the man devoted to that life is more than other men liable to suffer from isolation, to feel utterly alone beneath the deafness of space and the silence of the stars. Give him one friend who can understand him, who will not leave him, who will always be accessible by day and night—one friend, one kindly listener, just one—and the whole universe is changed." In his case the friendly and intelligent intercourse kept up with his wife's relatives alleviated in a great measure the sense of isolation.

The life in the hut, together with the botanical studies and the formation of the herbarium, suggested the plan of the *Sylvan Year*,[1] and thereby lent additional interest to these pursuits, though at that time his main work was the prosecution of *The Intellectual Life*, now that he had finished the correction of the hand-book on etching. This last work brought him many pleasant letters from brother artists, but I shall only quote what Mr. Samuel Palmer said about it, because it was his praise, and that of Mr. Seymour Haden, which gave the author the greatest satisfaction, coming from authorities on the subject.

"*Redhill.*
"*January* 1872.

"DEAR MR. HAMERTON—

"Had I thanked you earlier for your 'hand-book,' which came long ago, I could not have thanked you so much: for it is the test of good books, as of good pictures, that they improve with acquaintance. I had a little *Milton* bound with brass corners, that I might carry it always in my

[1] Contributed to the *Portfolio*, and afterwards published separately.

waistcoat-pocket—after doing this for twenty years it was all the fresher for its portage. Your invention of the positive process is equally useful and elegant; useful because the reverse method lessens the pleasure of work, elegant because the materials are delicate and the process cleanly and expeditious."

In this letter Mr. Palmer expressed his desire to publish a translation of Virgil's *Eclogues* in verse, and asked for his correspondent's advice about it.

Another source of satisfaction to Gilbert was the increasing success of his works in America. In January 1872 he had a letter from Mr. Niles, in which he said—

"We have mailed you a copy of *The Unknown River*. It has proved a success, and has been generally admired. It is a charming book, and we should like to bring out a popular edition. *Thoughts about Art* is selling better than we expected—it has given a start to the *Painter's Camp*, which we are now printing a second edition of.

"We think you are getting to be well known and appreciated in this country."

Enclosed in the letter was a remittance for £49 8*s*., which proves that an author has need of a good many successes to pay his way; still, these remittances from America made a difference in Mr. Hamerton's circumstances, and were exclusively devoted to the education of his boys. Though unambitious, he was not indifferent to the increase in his reputation, for he had written in *The Intellectual Life*—"Fame is dearer to the human heart than wealth itself." He certainly cared infinitely and incomparably more for his reputation—such as he wished it to be, pure, dignified, and honoured—than for wealth; his only desire about money, often expressed, was "not to have to think about it."

CHAPTER XII

1873—1875

Popularity of *The Intellectual Life*—Love of animals—English visitors—Technical notes—Sir F. Seymour Haden—Attempts to resume railway travelling.

THE dedication of *The Intellectual Life* was a perfect surprise to me when I first opened my presentation copy: the secret had been well kept. I felt grateful and honoured to be thus publicly associated by my husband in his work, though my share had been but humble and infinitesimal—more sympathetic than active, more encouraging than laborious. Our common dream had been to be as little separated as possible, and he had attempted soon after our marriage to rouse in me some literary ambition, and to direct my beginnings. I first reviewed French books for *The Reader*, and he was kind enough to correct everything I wrote; then he induced me to try my hand at a short novel, reminding me humorously that some of my father's friends used to call me "Little Bluestocking." He took a great deal of trouble to find a publisher for my second novel, and was quite disappointed to fail. He wrote to encourage me to persevere—

"The reviews of your first novel have all been favourable enough, but the publishers told me they had *never* published a one-volume novel that had succeeded, and that they had now made up their minds *never* to publish another, no matter who wrote it. I rather think they would publish your new novel, but I earnestly recommend you to try * * * *I am*

quite sure you have something in you, but you want wider culture, better reading and more of it, and the difficulty about household matters is for the present in your way, though if I go on as I am doing now we will get you out of that."

A copy of *The Intellectual Life* was sent to Aunt Susan, who received it just as she was going to visit her sister, Mrs. Hinde, whom she found in failing health, and who died shortly after. It was a new grief for my husband, to whom she had always been very kind. As soon as tranquillity was re-established in France, after the war and Commune, Mr. Hamerton had renewed a regular correspondence with his friends, and, being greatly interested in the technique of the fine arts, consulted those friends whose experience was most to be relied upon. Mr. Wyld's letters are full of explanations about his own practice, as well as that of Decamps, Horace Vernet, Delaroche, and Delacroix. In one of them I find this interesting passage—

"I very much doubt if the talent of colouring can be *learnt*. I think it is a gift like an ear for music, which if not born with you can never be perfectly acquired (I for instance, *I am sure*, could never have *perfectly* tuned a violin). Doubtless if the faculty exists intuitively, it may be perfected, or at all events much improved by study and practice, but he that has it not from birth, *I* think, can never acquire it."

Mr. S. Palmer, in a long letter also devoted to the technical part of painting and etching, turns to literature to say—

"My pleasure in hearing of the success of *The Intellectual Life* is qualified only by the comparative apathy of the English. Of *such a book* one edition here to three in America is something to be ashamed of."

The sale of the book was rapid, both in England and in America, but the American sale continued to be incomparably the larger. As early as February 1874 Mr. Niles wrote—

"*The Intellectual Life* is a complete literary success in America; it has been the means of making you almost a

household god in the most refined circles. We are now selling the fifth thousand. Our supply of the English *Chapters on Animals*[1] is all sold, and we are now stereotyping the book. We hope to sell a good many."

The motive which prompted my husband to write these "chapters" was purely his love and pity for all dumb creatures. He never could do without a dog—and the dog was always the favourite, being even preferred to the saddle-horse, and when out of compassion for its infirmities it had to be put out of pain, his master never shirked the painful duty, but performed it himself as mercifully as he could. One of his dogs, which had long been treated for cancer, was at last chloroformed to death, his master helping the veterinary surgeon all the time. Another, which became suddenly rabid and could not be prevented from entering the house, to the imminent peril of us all, he met and stunned at a blow with a log of wood, having no weapon ready. Poor Cocote was not sold when she became useless, but allowed to divide her old age peacefully between the freedom of the pasturage and the comfort and plenty of the stable, till her master asked the best shot of the place (a poacher) to assist him in firing a volley, which quickly put an end to her life, as she was unsuspectingly coming out of the field. And he only came to this decision when we left the country. Out of love or pity my husband was interested in all animals, and I believe that animals were instinctively aware of it. Dogs always sought his caresses; he used to remove *with his hands* toads from the dangers of the road, and they did not seem afraid. He never was stung by bees, though he often placed his hand flat in front of the opening in the hive, so that they were obliged to alight upon it before entering. Of the rat only he had a nervous horror, but it remained unconquerable; he disliked the sight of one, and if he met one accidentally, he always experienced a disagreeable

[1] Contributed to the *Portfolio*, and afterwards published separately.

shock. When he tried to find out the reason he was inclined to attribute it to the disquieting rapidity and restlessness of its movements.

In 1874 Mr. Hamerton began to write for the *International Review*, principally on the fine arts, and continued his contributions till 1880. Mr. Niles expressed a wish that he would reserve the publications in book form to the firm of Roberts Brothers, which had done so much for his reputation.

At the beginning of April he heard from Boston that they were printing the sixth thousand of *The Intellectual Life*, and had written to Messrs. Macmillan that they were willing to unite in bringing out a new edition of *Etching and Etchers*. In October the seventh thousand of *The Intellectual Life* was being printed; the second edition of *Chapters on Animals* and the second of *Thoughts about Art* were about half gone, and *A Painter's Camp* was going off quite freely. About the last Mr. Niles added—"This book ought to sell better. I have reason to congratulate myself that it so fascinated me that I ventured to republish it. I am a Nature lover, and I delighted to keep the company of one who loves her and is able to tell of it as you can."

Of course we cheered Aunt Susan with the list of these successes, and she answered—"I wish, my dear P. G., that all your admirers would be as generous with their money as they are with their flattery, for flattery is not a commodity to supply a family with means of subsistence." In the same letter she told of Mr. Hinde's death and funeral, and of her hopes of seeing her nephew, Ben Hinde, succeed to his father's living.

Early in 1874 Mr. Hamerton had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with one of the most distinguished of the contributors to the *Portfolio*—Mr. Sidney Colvin, who now came to pay a visit to the editor, after nursing his friend R. L. Stevenson through one of his dangerous attacks of illness. My husband esteemed highly Mr. Colvin's knowledge and acquirements. During his short stay this esteem

expanded into personal regard, and in after years, whenever a meeting with him was possible, it invariably afforded gratification.

In the summer our house was turned into a sort of temporary hospital by an epidemic of measles brought to it by the boys from their college. Having had it in my youth, I luckily was spared to nurse in succession the three children and my husband, whose case was by far the most serious. However, he would not take to his bed, but remained in his study with a good fire at night, sleeping upon an ottoman or in an arm-chair, wrapped up in his monk's dress, and the head covered with an Algerian chechia. In due course he got through the distemper without accident, but for fear of chills he continued to wear the chechia and monk's dress in the house some time after his recovery, and he was so discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pattison when they paid us an unexpected visit. It happened thus. I had driven my sister and her youngest boy to Autun, where he had been invited to stay a few days at his godmother's, and as we alighted in the courtyard of the hotel I was told that an English gentleman and his wife had ordered an omnibus to call upon Mr. Hamerton, and were on the point of starting. On learning that I was at the hotel they came to propose that I should go back to La Tuilerie with them, which proposition I accepted with pleasure. I left the pony-carriage, told my sister that I would fetch her in the evening, and drove off with Mr. and Mrs. Pattison, the latter very much interested by what I could point out to her on the way—the Temple of Janus, the Roman archways, the double walls of the town, and Mont Beuvray.

The drive from Autun to La Tuilerie is a short one, and we soon arrived at the garden gate. As we stopped, the study window was quickly, almost violently, thrown open, my husband's anxious face appeared through it, and he shouted to the bewildered coachman—"What has happened?" At the sight of an omnibus he had been afraid of an accident (not at

all unusual with Cocote's tendency to take fright, run away, and upset carriage and all), and had fancied me hurt, and brought back laid upon the cushioned seat. But as soon as he saw me safe and sound, and noticed my companions, he hastened down to receive his visitors. We spent the afternoon very pleasantly, but as it was getting cooler and a little damp after sunset, my husband, who was not fully recovered, had to excuse himself from accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Pattison back to Autun, and to let me go instead. I had the pleasure of a second meeting with them on the following morning at the hotel, when we took leave of each other.

I have always remembered an incident in connection with this visit that Mr. and Mrs. Pattison never knew of. There had been in our entrance hall for the last four months at least a manuscript notice written very legibly by Mr. Hamerton, and carefully pasted up with his own hands, in a very good light by the side of the drawing-room door, to this effect—"English visitors to this house are earnestly requested not to stay after seven o'clock p.m. if not invited to dine; and when invited to dine not to consider themselves as entitled to the use of a bedroom, unless particularly requested to remain."

This had been done in a moment of legitimate anger and vexation (of course without consulting me), and I had thought it the best policy to ignore it for some time—particularly during winter, when it was put up, for there was little probability of English visitors at that time. As to French visitors, it was unlikely that they could make out its meaning, and if they did, as it did not concern them, they would consider it as a humorous *boutade*. After a fortnight, however, I begged my husband to remove the "notice," but his anger had not cooled a bit, and he said in a tone that *I* knew to admit of no opposition that the "notice" was meant to remain there *permanently*. And there it remained, at first partially, and by degrees almost entirely, covered up by the shawls or mantles that I artfully spread as far as possible over the

obnoxious manuscript, till, emboldened by non-interference, and under pretext that the wall-paper about the door was soiled, I got leave to have a new piece hung, and took care to have it laid *over* the notice. This took place on the very day that Mr. and Mrs. Pattison paid their friendly visit.

I must now explain the cause of my husband's temporary ukase. As I have said before, M. Bulliot, President of the Société Eduenne, was a friend of his, and on one occasion, a Scotchman having applied to him for permission to see a precious book kept in the archives of the learned society, M. Bulliot, finding him well-bred and interesting, took the trouble of bringing him to La Tuilerie, in the hope that Mr. Hamerton and Mr. W—— would derive pleasure from the meeting. It was so, and Mr. W——'s researches at Autun requiring a few days only, he was invited to dinner for the morrow. He duly arrived and dined, but as he gave no sign of going away, I asked him a little before ten if he was a good walker, as the hotels at Autun closed at eleven. He merely answered—"No matter." Looking already like an old man, and weak besides, I felt certain that he could not possibly reach the town in time for a bed, and I quietly retired to mine. My husband told me in the morning that he had shown Mr. W—— to the spare room, unwilling to turn an old man out in the cold and mist of an early morning. I foresaw a repetition of what had happened at Pré-Charmoy. And so it proved, for Mr. W—— quartered himself upon us for two days, and it is impossible to say how much longer he would have stayed if my husband had not at last insisted peremptorily on driving him back to Autun.

On reaching home Gilbert immediately went up to his study to write his "Notice to English visitors," and without saying a word securely pasted it up at the entrance. A few days later he heard from the proprietor of the Hôtel de la Poste, that before leaving Mr. W—— had said—"Mr. Hamerton will settle the bill."

It was a good thing for my husband that he gave so much consideration to the bringing up of his children, for indirectly he derived from it some benefit to his own health; for instance, not wishing them to be always confined to college, he used often to drive them to and from Autun; and in the summer, as he came back, he would just stop the pony for a few minutes at our gate to pick up the rest of the family and a hamper, then take us to a cool and shady dell divided from a little wood by the river Vesvre—the coldest water I ever bathed in; and as soon as Cocote was taken out of harness and left in the enjoyment of the fresh grass, we all tumbled into the icy water, and swam till our appetites were thoroughly sharpened for a hearty dinner in the lingering twilight.

The children were also taken by their father to the hills, where they climbed about whilst he sketched; his little daughter Mary liked nothing better than to spend a day "au Pommoy" above the beautiful valley of the Canche, where the parents of our servant-girl lived. They were farmers in a very humble way, but they offered us heartily the little they possessed—the new-laid eggs, the clotted cream, which the children delighted in, thickly spread upon black bread, and which the mother prepared in perfection; also frothy goat's milk, with walnuts and chestnuts in their season. Cocote, too, had free access to the dainty grass and crystal spring of their pasturage in the hollow behind the cottage. Whilst my husband painted and I read to him, we watched the children, who, bare-footed and bare-legged, turned up the stones in the river-bed seeking for trout and cray-fish. In the course of these pleasant excursions Gilbert entered into conversation with every one he met—farmers, shepherdesses, cow-boys, and even beggars, learning what he could of their lives and thoughts, sympathizing with their labours and their wants, often conveying useful information to their minds, frequently on politics, sometimes on geography or science. He tried to explain to them the railways and telegraph, for many of the

dwellers in these hilly regions had never seen a railroad, especially the old folk, who could no longer walk any great distance, and remembered Autun only as it was in the time of the diligences. He liked the polite, deferential manners of the French peasants and their quiet dignity; and they felt at ease with him because of his serious interest in what concerned them, and total absence of pride in the superiority of his station or learning. Wherever he went he liked to see the parish church, and generally found it worth his while, either artistically or historically. The curé was frequently to be met with, and not sorry to talk with a person better informed than most of his parishioners: it was for Gilbert another field to glean from, and on such occasions he generally managed to bring home a sheaf with him. It was most remarkable to see how well he got on with the Roman Catholic clergy, although his religious opinions were never hidden from them, and his attitude by no means conducive to hopes of conversion; but on the other hand, he was not aggressive, and did not turn into ridicule ceremonies or beliefs to which he remained a stranger. Perfectly firm in his own convictions, he respected those of other people, because his large sympathy understood the different wants of different natures, even when he had no share in them. He was always on visiting terms with *our* curé (the one officiating at Tavernay—the nearest village to La Tuilerie), and on friendly terms with the Aumônier de l'Hôpital and the Aumônier de Collège (although the boys were not under his spiritual direction, their father considering it as a duty to let them choose their own religion when they were of age); later on l'Abbé Antoine, professor at the seminary, became a faithful and welcome visitor to La Tuilerie; even Monseigneur the Bishop of Autun gave a signal proof of his respect for Mr. Hamerton's character, which will be related in due course, and visited him afterwards so long as we remained in the Autunois.

The technical difficulties of painting, which were giving

my husband so much trouble to conquer, led him to speak not unfrequently of the advantages formerly afforded to students by the privilege of working in the same studios with their masters, and even of having some portions of the masters' pictures to execute under their personal and invaluable direction. He realized what a gain it would be, not only for beginners, but even for artists, to be acquainted with the best methods of the best artists, and at last, counting upon their well-known generosity, he resolved to make a general appeal to their experience. They were almost unanimously favourable to the idea, and furnished valuable notes, the substance of which was published in the *Portfolio*. The letters are too technical, though very interesting, to be quoted here, but the eminent names of the writers will be a proof of the importance attached to the subject. I find those of Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Gilbert, Watts, Holman Hunt, Samuel Palmer, Calderon, Wyld, Dobson, Davis, Storey, etc., etc., in the notes still in my possession.

My husband was himself in the habit of making experiments in painting and etching, though he deplored both the time and money so spent, and repeatedly resolved not to meddle any more with them, but he could not keep the resolution. His mind was so curious about all possible processes and technicalities, and his desire of perfection so great, that not only did he experiment in all the known processes, but invented new ones. Entries in the note-book like the following are of frequent occurrence—

"Experiments with white zinc did not succeed."

"This month tried sulphur with success. I discovered also that the three-cornered scraper is excellent for obtaining various breadths of line in the background."

"I made a successful experiment in sandpaper mezzotint."

"M. de Fontenay and I made crême d'argent very cheaply indeed."

"To-day I tried experiments on grains: the grains given

by the sandpaper and rosin. That given by the fine glass-paper was the best."

"Quite determined to put a stop to all experiments, in view of typographic drawings."

Here is an important entry, August 19, 1875—

"RESOLVED in future to confine myself exclusively to oil-painting and etching in all artistic work done for the public, except the designs for the bindings of my books, which may be done in water-colours.

"RESOLVED also that there shall be as little as possible of copying and slavery in my artistic work, but that Etching shall be Etching, and Painting Painting."

He had been working very hard, copying etchings for the new edition of *Etching and Etchers*, and was thoroughly tired of it. I see in his diary—

"Finished my plate after Rembrandt. N.B.—Will never undertake a set of copies again."

"Felt it a great deliverance to be rid of plates for *Etching and Etchers*."

A later note—

"There is no technical difficulty for me in etching. I ought therefore to direct my energies against the artistic difficulties of composition, drawing, light and shade. Haden's 'Agamemnon' is the model for the kind of work I should like to be able to do in etching. Comprehensive sketching is the right thing."

Meanwhile our boys were growing, and giving great satisfaction to their father by their application to and success in their studies; they always kept at the head of their class, and carried off a great number of prizes at the end of every scholastic year. The younger boy, Richard, evinced an early taste for the pictorial arts, and was gifted with a sure critical faculty and a natural talent for drawing. Although he had never taken regular drawing-lessons, he had often watched

his father at work, had occasionally sketched and painted under his direction, and was receiving a sort of artistic education by what he saw at home of illustrated periodicals, engravings, and etchings sent for presentation or criticism. He was early tempted to try etching, and of course received encouragement and help; the first attempt was a success, as far as it went, and Mr. S. Palmer wrote about it—

"Your son's etching has given pleasure to other than 'parental eyes.' 'What a sweet little etching,' said my wife, who saw it lying on the table; 'it is like an old master.' There is something touching in the sight of a beginner, full of curiosity and hope. My yearning is, 'O that he may escape the rocks on which I split—years wasted, any one of which would have given a first grounding in anatomy, indispensable anatomy, to have gone with the antique.' The bones are the master-key; the marrowless bones are the talisman of all life and power in Art. Power seems to depend upon knowledge of structure; all surface upon substance; knowing *this*, and embued with the central essence, we may venture to copy the appearance, perhaps even imitate it."

Mr. Seeley also wrote, with sly humour—"Your boy's etching is capital. It would be interesting to know what processes this remarkable artist employs."

Richard frequently expressed his intention of being a painter, but his father, though much pleased to notice in the boy a real tendency towards art, did not at all feel certain that there were in him the gifts indispensable to the making of an artist. I was often told that, despite the cleverness of his copies, and even of his caricatures, he seemed to lack invention and originality. However, it was understood that he would be allowed a fair trial, but only after taking his degree of "Bachelier ès-lettres," for his father was of opinion that perhaps more for artists than for men in other professions, a liberal education was necessary to the development

of the finest aptitudes. He also thought that the boys might now appreciate English poetry, and selected short passages from the best poets, which he read aloud in the evenings, whilst they followed with books in their hands; it accustomed them to the rhythm and to the music of the language, and the peculiar qualities of each piece were explained to them afterwards. Little Mary Susan also received encouragement in the practice of her music, for I see this entry on March 7, 1875—"My little daughter and I played piano and violin together to-day for the first time."

Very slowly and gradually his health had improved, and he was in 1875 almost free from nervousness, but he had not yet dared to attempt railway travelling; he had occasion to write to Mr. Seymour Haden, and here is part of the reply—

"First, I am delighted to hear that the improvement in your health maintains itself—next, that I shall be very happy to do you a plate for the *Portfolio*. I was with Macmillan the other day, and heard from him that you were at work upon a new edition of *Etching and Etchers*. He spoke so well of you and of your work, that I am *empressé* to report him to you in this. It must be a great satisfaction to you, after the extraordinary life you have led, to find that it is producing such satisfactory results. May it and the good effect which attends it continue! And this brings me to speak of your railway malady. It does not differ from other cases of the kind in any one particular. It is an idiosyncrasy. It is not to be got over by medicine (certainly not by chloral), but by time—or rather, by the difference induced in the constitution by age. A man may be subject to all you describe at forty, and actually free from such symptoms at fifty—and I should advise you to *test* yourself, after so long an abstinence from this mode of travel, by a short journey now and then. No accumulative mischief could arrive—and you *may* find, to your great satisfaction, that you have entirely lost your enemy. If you do, by all means come, pay us a visit, and see what we are doing in England. I have done an etching

of Turner's 'Calais Pier,' 36 *inches square*, which is by many degrees the finest thing (if I may be permitted so superlative an expression) I have done or ever shall do. I mean to publish it about the close of the year. I have *built* a press for printing it, and am having paper *made* expressly, and real sepia (which is magnificent—both in colour and price), got from the Adriatic for the ink! so that great things ought to *result*."

And the result was certainly by far the finest of modern etchings, according to Mr. Hamerton's opinion; in some particulars he preferred the "Agamemnon," but the size of "Calais Pier" as an increase of difficulty was to be considered, and if the "Agamemnon" was an original conception, it cannot be said that "Calais Pier" was a copy—so much being due to interpretation. Later on, when my husband was in possession of this *chef-d'œuvre* it always occupied the place of honour in the house.

Following Mr. Haden's advice, he now tried short railway journeys at intervals, by slow trains, so that he could get out frequently at the numerous stations—not to allow the accumulating effect of the vibration—and generally in the night. There are some short entries about it in the diary—

"October 7, 1875. Went to Laisy in boat with M. de Fontenay; the day was most lovely. Came back in the train without feeling any inconvenience."

"October 12, 1875. Went from Laisy to Etang by the river. Dined there; returned by train in the evening all right. We had no accidents, except on a little sunken rock after Chaseux, when M. de Fontenay's boat was upset."

In this manner he used to go to Chalon (there was rather a long stoppage at Chagny for change of train) to stay two or three days with my mother and brother, who lived there. He was still anxious and uneasy, but he nerved himself to bear the discomfort, in the hope that he would get inured to

it in time, and he used to close his eyes as soon as he was in the carriage, and to draw the curtains to avoid seeing the objects that we passed on the line.

In the summer of 1875 he received from the new owner of Innistrynich an invitation to re-visit the dear island. Nothing could have given him more pleasure. Mr. Muir gave him all the details of the improvements he had effected, but said—

"I retained the old cottage, with its twelve small apartments, and added a new front, containing five rooms.

"I saw Donald Macorquodale [whom my husband often had in the boat with him]; he was much pleased to hear that you had been inquiring about him. He is now getting frail, and not very able to work. He requested me to say that he was very glad to hear of you, and would be delighted to see you at Loch Awe. He sold the boats you were so kind as to give him, but he only received a small sum for them, having kept them too long."

My husband never forgot his old servants, and showed his interest in them whenever he could; they had great affection and respect for him, mingled with awe, well knowing that, although he gave his orders kindly, he meant to be obeyed. There was a very trusty widow, who came to our house twice a week, and I remember finding her in tears, and asking what was the matter. "Ah! c'est Monsieur qui m'a grondée," she sobbed desperately. "But what has he said to put you in such a state?" "Oh! he did not say much; only, 'Lazarette, why will you scratch off the paint with the matches?' . . . 'Mais quand Monsieur gronde,'" . . . and there was a fresh explosion.

It was well that my husband's health was better, for it enabled him to bear the saddening news of his uncle Thomas's approaching end; he had, for the last few months grown weaker and weaker, till his sister wrote—

"*West Lodge.*
"*September* 1875.

"The loss of my dear worthy brother is indeed a sad blow to me, and I was not able to attend the funeral. . . . I am better now, though the doctor is still in attendance upon me. I should indeed have liked you both to have been here, but I could not press you, or even expect you to run such a risk. . . . Still, I look forward to the pleasure of seeing you all at West Lodge before the winter sets in."

It may be here briefly explained that Miss Susan Hamerton greatly needed her nephew's advice about money matters; they had been hitherto managed by her brother, and she had had no care about it; but now, after entrusting what she possessed to a person recommended by Mr. T. Hamerton, she had become aware that it was not safe, and was afraid of losing the savings she had been able to make, for she had no control over the capital.

It was difficult to explain all this by letters, and she was anxious to give all the details by word of mouth, consequently she grew more and more pressing in the expression of the desire that her nephew should attempt the journey; he was not to be detained by the consideration of expense, for she intended to make him a present of some bank-shares which she no longer wanted, since her brother had left her an increase of income for her life.

My husband resolved to undertake the long journey in the course of 1876, and to arrange his work in view of it. Besides his contributions to different periodicals, he had in the year 1875 entirely written *Round my House*, prepared the new edition of *Etching and Etchers*, got the notes necessary for the *Life of Turner*, and given much consideration to a plan mentioned thus in the note-book—"December 28, 1875. Feel inclined to write a book on remarkable Frenchmen, such as the Ampères, Victor Jacquemont, the Curé d'Ars, and a few others who interest me."

CHAPTER XIII

1876—1877

Round my House—Journey to England after seven years' absence—Visit to Mr. Samuel Palmer—Articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—Death of my sister—Mr. Appleton.

THE note-book for 1876 opened with the following rules, written by my husband for his own guidance—

"Rise at six in winter and five in summer. Go to bed at eleven in winter and ten in summer. There must be two literary sittings every day of two hours each. The first to be over as soon as possible, in order to leave me free for practical art work; the second to begin at five p.m., and end at seven p.m.

"*Something* really worth reading must be read every day, the quantity not fixed.

"I must go out every day, whatever the weather may be.

"Time may be taken, no matter when, for putting things in order. The best way is to do it every morning before setting to work. It is better to try to keep things in order than to accumulate disorder.

"Keep everything *quite* in readiness for immediate work in literature and art.

"When tired, rest completely, but never dawdle. Be either in harness or out of harness avowedly. Special importance is to be given to painting this year. Pictures are to be first painted in monochrome, in raw umber and white. Read one thing at a time in one language. All rules suspended during fatigue."

At the beginning of the year Mr. Niles had asked for a photograph of the now popular author of *The Intellectual Life*. In April he acknowledged the receipt of two, and was sending some copies of the engraving from them. He also said—

"Suppose I should wish to bring out an edition of *Wenderholme* this autumn, would you abridge and re-write it? Condensation would be likely to make it more powerful and more interesting. Or perhaps you would rather write an entirely new novel? I think such a novel as you could write would have a large sale.

"The accompanying letters will interest you as proofs of your growing popularity. I mail you to-day, by request of Miss May Alcott, a copy of her father's clever little volume, *Concord Days*. A fine old gentleman he is, the worthy father of the most popular of American authoresses."

Here is Miss May Alcott's letter.

"My dear Mr. Hamerton—

"I am pleased and proud that you should have considered my letter worthy an answer, and I am still more gratified to be allowed the satisfaction of selecting the best pictures of Concord's great man for you. Mr. Emerson has been for more than thirty years the most intimate friend of my father, as also Mrs. Emerson and mother; the daughters and myself growing up together. And as father is thought to know and understand the poet perhaps better than any other contemporary, I venture sending by post one of his books, which contains an essay on Mr. Emerson, which may interest you. It was thought so fine and true on its first appearance that it was published in illuminated form for private circulation only; but as there is not a copy of the small edition to be obtained, I send *Concord Days* instead. This morning, on receipt of your very kind reply to my letter, I went to Mr. Emerson's study and read him the paragraph relating to himself, which pleased him exceedingly; and while his daughter Ellen stood smilingly beside him, he said—'But I know Mr. Hamerton better than he thinks for, as I have read his earlier works, and though I did not meet him while in England, I

value all he writes.' Then I showed him the two pictures which father and I thought the preferable likenesses, which I enclose by mail to you, though he produced a collection taken at Elliot and Fry's, Baker Street, London, from which we find none better on the whole than this head, which gives his exact expression, and the little one giving the *tout ensemble* of the man we admire so much."

Few things could have given greater pleasure to Mr. Hamerton than to learn that his works were appreciated by such a writer and thinker as Mr. Emerson, whose books he studied and enjoyed and quoted very frequently. But he was quite put out by the engraving of his portrait, which, indeed, could not be called a likeness. He wrote as much to Mr. Niles, who replied—"I am not a bit disappointed to hear that you don't like the head, for I have come to consider the dislike of all authors to similar things as chronic." He offered, however, to have the plate corrected according to the victim's directions, and added—"But take heart upon the fact that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand who look upon it believe it to be a facsimile of yourself, and where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

In another letter he says again—

"The head, which to you is an insurmountable defect, is favourably looked upon by everybody. If Mrs. Hamerton should hear the praise from fair lips she would certainly be jealous. However, the engraver will see how nearly he can conform to your wishes, and perhaps we may be able to please you yet."

No praises from lips however fair would have induced me to put up with the portrait, and I said so frankly, without being at all influenced by jealousy, for in my opinion the original was far handsomer in expression and bearing than the likeness; but Mr. Niles, who had never seen the original, still clung to the obnoxious engraving, and wrote again—"If *we* are deluded, and happy in that delusion, why should *you*

care? Mrs. Hamerton, she must confess it, is jealous of our fair countrywomen." Nevertheless it was withdrawn in deference to our wishes.

Mr. Powers was now and then discreetly reminding Mr. Hamerton of his promised pictures, and after hearing from the painter that they were *safe* (whatever that may have brought to his mind) sent these verses—

MY PICTURES.

"A famous artist over the sea
Promised to paint two pictures for me.

"He wrought, but his colours would not show
His pure ideal and heart's warm glow.

"And so the paintings are still unsent,
Though years ago their spirit went.

"Two pictures hang in my treasured thought—
My dream of those the artist wrought.

"They are sweet and fadeless, and soothe my sight,
When weary and sad, with a strange delight.

"But the light which shows their marvellous art
Is the generous glow of the painter's heart.

"This is the way that there came to me
The gift of pictures from over the sea."

ANSWER.

"There's a parson out West, in Chicago,
To whom I did promise—long ago
A couple of pictures
Not fearing strictures
Of the critical folk of Chicago.

"Time passed, and the works were not finished,
Time passed, yet with hope undiminished,
That parson he wrote,
And my conscience he smote
And so was I greatly punished.

"For a promise is not a pie-crust,
And 'I will' is changed to 'I must'
When you say to a friend—
'Two pictures I'll send,'
And he orders the *cadres* in trust.

"Then the parson he sighed in despair—
'Where are my two pictures?—O where?
In regions ideal
Far, far from the real,
Like cloudscapes that melt into air.

"And then I thought—'Now it grows serious,
For deferred hope is most deleterious;
Yet how can I toil
In colour and oil
In a world where the publishers weary us?'

"Ah me! for a month with the flowers
And the sweet April sunshine and showers,
To paint with delight
From morning till night,
For my dear friend, Horatio N. Powers!"

It may be said here that the pictures were completed and packed off in the beginning of October 1876.

In view of a series of large etchings Mr. Hamerton went to Decize, on the Loire, where he hoped to find material for several subjects. He made twenty sketches of the town, river, boats, etc., and then called upon M. Hanoteau, the painter, who had expressed a desire for his acquaintance. There is a short note relating the visit—

"April 21, 1876. Arrived at ten a.m., and had a pleasant day watching him paint. I also saw the interior of his atelier, and the things in progress. He only paints in the immediate neighbourhood. Always from nature. When we had finished *déjeuner* we went together to a little *étang* in the wood, near to which were some old cottages. He painted that bit on a small panel. After completing his sitting he showed me part of the road to Cercy-la-Tour, and a gentleman with him showed me the rest.

"Had a deal of art talk with Hanoteau, also with a young sculptor called Gautherin."

This young sculptor was poor, but energetic and courageous; he rapidly made his way to fame, but unfortunately died too soon to reap the benefit of his remarkable talent.

The idea of an abridged *Wenderholme* had been accepted by the author, who had written to Messrs. Blackwood about it, and who received the satisfactory answer that, "though they had sustained a loss with the first publication, they thought that the reputation and popularity of the writer having considerably increased, *Wenderholme* would sell well in their 'Library Series of Novels.'" In consequence the revision was begun at once, for Mr. Niles had also written—"Whenever you feel inclined to take up *Wenderholme*, I shall be glad to comply with your demand." And there followed a new proposition in the same letter—

"Since writing you about a new novel, I have had an inspiration, and have already acted upon it—a series of novelettes to be published anonymously, the secret of authorship, for a period, to rest entirely with the author and publisher. I shall call it the 'No Name Series,' and issue it in neat, square 18mo volumes of about 250 pages, to sell for one dollar.

"Those to whom I have suggested the idea are mightily pleased, and we are even tickled with the great fun we expect to have—something like a new experience of the 'Great Unknown' days of Sir Walter Scott. I have several promises from well-known authors, and we all agree that you must write one of them. Take your own time to do so, and when you send me the 'copy' I will advance £50 towards the copyright. People say it will be impossible to keep the secret, for an author's style cannot be hidden; but though it may be easy enough to say, 'Oh! this is Hamerton; anybody can tell his style,' *if it is not admitted,* there will be uncertainty enough to make it exciting, and create a demand —I hope a large one."

Although my husband had not been so well in the spring (it was the worst time of the year for him), he decided to start for England early in June to see the Paris Salon and the English Academy. He did not ask me to go with him, for our daughter had had quite recently a bad attack of

bronchitis—at one time we had even feared inflammation of the lungs—and the greatest care against the possibility of colds had been recommended. However, he thought he would be equal to the journey, and gave me a promise to stop whenever he felt unwell. He reached Paris all right, did his work there, and had a kind letter from Mr. Seeley, who said—

"I was greatly pleased to receive your card this morning and learn that you had had a successful journey. Now you will certainly come and see me, won't you? Brunet-Debaines is here, and will remain till the end of next week. If you are with us then, we will get him to Kingston, and have a day on the Thames together, and all of us shall make sketches."

It was very tempting. But the next news was not so good, and Mr. Seeley wrote again—

"If you have lost your appetite in a big town the remedy is plain. Come to Kingston at once. You will not be much troubled with noise there, and you can paddle about on the river and get hungry, or go flying madly about on a bicycle, if you have kept up the practice. There is a big bedroom empty, and waiting for you."

The journey was resumed as far as Amiens, but the enemy proved too strong to be overcome by courage and resolution, and after resting two days my husband came back home by easy stages, having only told me the truth after leaving Amiens, to prevent my going to him at any cost. He reached La Tuilerie on the first of July, and I see in the diary—"Rested at home. Very glad to be there." The attempt was not attended by any lasting bad effects; he immediately regained his appetite and usual health; but his aunt Susan was sorely disappointed. He tried to soothe her by explaining what he believed to be the combined causes of his break-down: first the intense heat, which had made his stay in Paris very trying; the fatigue he had undergone there; and lastly the weakness supervening after the loss of

appetite also due to the abnormal heat, which was causing several sunstrokes every day, even in England. He announced his intention of making another attempt with me in the autumn, when the chances would be more in his favour.

Since the beginning of the year the study of painting had become predominant, and had necessitated rather a heavy outlay, because Gilbert's schemes were always so elaborate and complex—drawing-boards of different sizes, every one of them with a tin cover painted and varnished ; some for water-colours, others for charcoals ; canvases for oils and monochromes, wooden and porcelain palettes, pastilles, tubes, portable easels, sunshades, knapsacks, stools, brushes, block-books, papers for water-colours and chalk studies, tinted and white, numberless portfolios to class the studies, and—a gig, to carry the paraphernalia to greater distances and in less time than the four-wheeled carriage required. I was against the gig, but the boys were of course delighted, and declared with their father that it had become "absolutely necessary."

I see in the diary—"July 30, 1876. In the evening went to Autun on Cocote ; enjoyed the ride considerably. Brought back the gig. Wife sulky." The expenses of the year had been very heavy, owing to several causes ; first some house repairs had become inevitable, and the landlord offering us only the option of doing them at our own cost or leaving the house, we had to order them. The roofs were in such a state that in stormy weather we had our ceilings and wall-papers drenched with rain-water, and indeed it had even begun to make its way *through* the ceilings into the inhabited rooms. The diary for March 12, 1876, says—"A very stormy day, the wildest of the whole year. We arranged the tents (Stephen and I) in the attic, to prevent the rain from coming into our bedroom." Then there had been boats made for the boys (cheap boats, it is true, made by common joiners). They were well deserved, I acknowledge ; the boys had had each an accessit at the "Concours Académique," and both were

mentioned with praise by the Sous-Préfet at the public distribution of prizes. Besides, what was still more important, Stephen had successfully passed his examination for the "Baccalauréat." Lastly, there had been an expensive and unproductive journey, and there was the prospect of another. All this in the same year somewhat alarmed me. The gig was not an important concern, being made, like the four-wheeled carriage, from designs of my husband's, by ordinary wheelwrights and blacksmiths; but though admitting its usefulness, and even desirableness, I thought we might have done without it.

In the beginning of August my husband told me the plan of *Harmorne* (for the "No Name Series"), and I had been afraid that it would be too melodramatic; however, I was charmed when he read me the beginning, and my fears were soon dispelled by the strength and simplicity of the narrative.

On October 4 we started for England, leaving my mother in charge of the house and children; we stopped at Fontainebleau in the morning, and after *déjeuner* visited the forest pretty thoroughly in a carriage. After dinner we went on to Paris, where we stayed only four days for fear of its effects, and proceeded to Calais by a night-train. Luckily for Gilbert, he could sleep very well in a railway carriage, and sea-sickness was unknown to him. We crossed in the *Castalia*, in very rough weather indeed, the waves jumping over the deck, and covering everything there with foam; at one time there came a huge one dashing just against my husband's block as he was sketching, and drenched him from head to foot. However, he took a warm bath at Dover, changed his clothes, and felt only the better for the passage.

Mr. Seeley's house was reached at midnight, and very happy was Mr. Hamerton to meet his friend again, and to be once more in England after an enforced absence of seven years. On the morrow our kind host and hostess took us to Hampton Court Palace, thence to Richmond Park by

Twickenham, and altogether made us pass a most pleasant day. The following day was reserved for the National Gallery, and I find this note in the diary—"I was delighted to see the Turner collection again, and greatly struck by the luminous quality of the late works. This could not possibly have been got without the white grounds."

On the Sunday we went to Balham to dine early with Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan, and met Mr. Ralston and Mr. Green, the historian. It was noted as a very interesting day by my husband.

On the sixth day we took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Seeley, and took a night-train for Peterborough, where we visited the cathedral and town to await the dusk; then on to Doncaster and Knottingley. From Knottingley we did not see clearly how to reach Featherstone, and were greatly embarassed, when a coachman, who had just driven his master to the station, foresaw the possibility of a handsome tip, and offered to take us—without luggage—in his trap. It was pitch dark, he had no lamps, the road was all ruts, and the horse flew along like mad. We only held to our seats—or rather kept resuming them, in a succession of bumps, now on one side, now on the other, and up in the air—by grasping the sides of the trap with all our might, till a sudden stop nearly threw us all out; at any rate it did throw us in a heap over each other at the bottom of the trap—unhurt. It was with a sense of immense relief that we plodded the rest of our way to the vicarage, where we arrived at eleven. The diary says—"October 17, 1876. Saw my aunt Susan again for the first time since 1869, at which time I hardly hoped ever to see her again."

It was a great comfort to Gilbert to witness the affectionate care taken of his aunt by her niece, Annie Hinde, and her brother Ben, with whom she lived. He had always entertained a great liking for these cousins, but it was increased during his stay at the vicarage by their hospitable and friendly ways, and by his gratitude for their having given to

his dear relative as much of peaceful satisfaction as it was in their power to do. Miss Susan Hamerton was aged, no doubt, but she was still able to do everything for herself, and to occupy her time usefully in housekeeping, sewing, reading, writing, and going out. She still retained her strong will, and manifested it in a way which nearly destroyed all the pleasure of the meeting with her nephew—and would have done so, had he not yielded to it by consenting to a transfer of bank-shares (in his favour) which involved great liabilities. She would not listen to an explanation of the risk, and considered it ungracious to look the gift-horse in the mouth. "It had been a capital investment," she said, and she remained absolutely opposed to the sale of the shares. Her nephew had to accept the gift as it was—so that instead of relieving anxiety it created a new one. However, having come to give her a little of the sunshine of happiness, he decided not to let it be clouded over. We stayed a month in happy and cordial intercourse, my husband spending the intervals of work in long talks and walks with his aunt, and when the time for our departure arrived, the sadness of parting was soothed by the hope of meeting again, now that Gilbert seemed to have recovered the power of travelling.

On our return to London we lunched with Mr. Seymour Haden, who took my husband to the room in which he kept his collections, where they had a long talk on art matters, and where he gave him a proof of the "Agamemnon," whilst I was having a chat over family interests, children, and music with Mrs. Haden.

In the afternoon we called upon George Eliot and Mr. Lewes, who were very friendly indeed. I was greatly struck by George Eliot's memory, for she remembered everything I had told her—seven years ago—about our rustic life, and her first question was—"Are your children well, and do you still drive them to college in a donkey-chaise?" She was gravely sympathetic in alluding to the cause of our long

absence from London, and when I said how great was my husband's satisfaction in being there again, she seized both of my hands softly in hers, and asked in the low modulations of her rich voice—"Is there no gap?" . . . "Thank God!" I answered, "there is none." Then she let go my hands, and smiling as if relieved she said—"Let us talk over the past years since you came," and then she told me of the growing interest manifested by the "thinking world" in the works of my husband. "We are all marvelling at the *maturity* of talent in one so young still, and look forward hopefully for what he may achieve."

The day after we saw Mr. Calderon in his studio, painting two beautiful decorative pictures; there was a garland of flowers in one of them—the freshness of their colouring was admirable. We missed Mr. Woolner, who was out, and thence went to Mr. Macmillan's place of business, and with him to Knapdale, where we dined and stayed all night.

As soon as dessert had been put on the table, Mrs. Macmillan begged to be excused for a short time, as she wished to see that Mr. Freeman (who was on a visit, but not well enough to come down) had been made comfortable. On hearing of Mr. Freeman's presence at Knapdale, my husband expressed his regrets at not being able to see him, and these regrets were kindly conveyed to the invalid by Mrs. Macmillan, who brought back his request to Mr. Hamerton for a visit in his bedroom.

I heard with satisfaction that Mr. Freeman had been very cordial, and had shown no trace of resentment at what had passed at a former meeting at Mr. Macmillan's house. The conversation had then turned on Ireland, and Mr. Macmillan was, like my husband, for granting autonomy. This set Mr. Freeman growling at the use of a Greek word, and he exclaimed—"Why can't you speak English and say Home Rule, instead of using Greek, which you don't know?" My husband flushed with anger, and recalled the irritable

historian—not without severity—to a proper sense of the respect due to their host, at the same time paying a tribute to Mr. Macmillan's remarkable abilities. Later in the evening the word "gout" was mentioned. "There again," Mr. Freeman exclaimed, "why can't we call it toe-woe?" But this was said in a joke, and accompanied with a laugh.

Wherever we went, we heard praises of the *Portfolio*. Throughout his life Mr. Hamerton remained, not only on good terms, but on friendly terms with every one of his publishers; and whenever he went to London he looked forward with great pleasure to meeting them in succession. There were, of course, different degrees of intimacy, but the intercourse was never other than agreeable.

For many years he had wished to know Mr. Samuel Palmer personally, and the wish was reciprocated. Now an opportunity presented itself, and one afternoon saw us climbing Redhill in pleasant anticipation; but when after admiring the view we rang the bell of the artist's secluded abode, we were told that Mr. Palmer had been very ill lately, was still keeping his bed, and could see no one. It was a great disappointment, and some words to this effect were written on a card and sent up to the invalid. Soon after Mrs. Palmer came down and feelingly expressed her husband's sincere regrets; she told us of his illness, which had left him very weak and liable to relapses, and of the pleasure he would have derived from a long talk with Mr. Hamerton on artistic topics. We had been shown into the dining-room, which evidently, for the present, was not used, though it was warmed by a good fire, but darkened by the blinds being down and the curtains drawn. The rays of a golden sunset diffused through the apertures a strange and mysterious glow, which suddenly seemed to surround and envelop an apparition, standing half visible on the threshold of the noiselessly opened door. A remarkably expressive head emerged from

a bundle of shawls, which moved forward with feeble and tottering steps—it was Mr. Palmer. His wife could not trust her eyes, but as soon as she became convinced of the reality of his presence, she hastened to make him comfortable in an arm-chair by the fire, and to arrange the shawls over his head and knees with the most touching solicitude. "I could not resist it," he pleaded; "I have looked forward to this meeting with so much longing." His eyes sparkled, his countenance became animated, and regardless of his wraps, he accompanied his fluent talk with eloquent gestures—to the despair of his wife, who had enough to do in replacing cap and rugs. He put all his soul and energy (and now there was no lack of it) into his speech. The art-talk kindled all the fire of enthusiasm within him, and he told us anecdotes of Turner and Blake, and held us for a long time fascinated with the charm of his conversation. He could listen too, and with so vivid an interest and sympathy that his mere looks were an encouragement. My husband was afraid of detaining him, but he declared he felt quite well and strong—"the visiting angels had put to flight the lurking enemy"; he had even an appetite, which he would satisfy in our company. Nothing loth, we sat down to an excellent tea with delicious butter and new-laid eggs, with the impression of sharing the life of elves, and of being entertained by a genie at the head of the table and served by a kind fairy. This feeling originated no doubt in the small stature of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer; in the strange effect of light under which our host first appeared to us, and lastly in the noiseless promptitude with which the repast was spread on the table, whilst the darkness of the room gave way to brightness, just as happens in fairy-tales.

It is curious that my husband and myself should have received exactly the same impression, and a lasting one.

The journey to Paris was resumed by slow night-trains without disturbance to his health, and the day after his arrival he had a long talk about etching with M. Leopold

Flameng, who encouraged my husband's attempts, and even offered to correct his defective plates rather than see them destroyed, but this was declined, though the valuable advice was gratefully accepted. M. Flameng looked very happy, he was in full success, very industrious and fond of his art; married to a devoted wife of simple tastes, and already able to discern and foster in his son the artistic tendencies which have made him celebrated since. They were a very cheerful and united family. Two days after we had *déjeuner* with M. Rajon. Of all the French etchers who, from time to time, went to London for the *Portfolio*, I believe M. Rajon was the one best known in English society, where his liveliness and amiability, as well as his great talent, found appreciators.

Like almost every other artist, he did not attach so much importance to what he could do well, as to what he could never master. His ambition was to become a celebrated painter, but his pictures gave little hope of it, they were heavy and dull in colour, and entirely devoid of the charm he lent to his etchings. He showed himself very grateful for what Mr. Hamerton had done for his reputation. Accidentally, as he was admiring the design of some very simple ear-rings I wore, I said that I did not care so much for jewels as for lace, on which he answered he was extremely fond of both—on women—and invited me to go and see a collection of old laces he was forming. I was obliged to decline, for our time was running short, but he made us promise to pay a long visit to his studio during our next sojourn in Paris.

We reached home safely, and found my mother and the children all well.

There had been a great step made in the possibility of travelling this year, though it had been attended by many returns of anxiety and nervousness; still, it was a not inconsiderable gain to know that in case a journey became absolutely necessary it might be achieved, and our stay in

London and Paris had been of importance in allowing my husband to study seriously in the public galleries.

Mr. Powers had been delighted to receive his long-delayed pictures, and wrote his thanks in terms of enthusiasm; he said that many people had been admiring them, and that a well-known painter had exclaimed—"Now I swear by Hamerton." About the growing popularity he wrote—"As I said before, you win the hearts of men, and your name is now a household word in many quarters of this country." It was exactly, in almost identical words, what Mr. Niles had already written. And this was true not only in America, for many English letters echoed it.

Round my House was very well received. There was an important and favourable review in the *Times*, and one in the *Débats* by Taine.

In the beginning of the year Gilbert had undertaken the painting and decoration of the staircase and lobby, which occasioned a great amount of labour and fatigue, and interfered with his other work. He gave it up at my entreaty, and only directed the painter, being thus enabled to devote more time to the articles on "Drawing" in preparation for Messrs. Black's new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which were finished in February.

Soon after he told me of a plan for a new book, the title of which he meant to be *Human Intercourse*, and which would require a large number of memoranda. We all liked the idea in the family circle when it was explained, and he began immediately to gather materials. At the same time he continued his readings for the biographies of remarkable Frenchmen, and he contemplated the task with deep interest and earnestness. The year 1877, which had begun so auspiciously, had in store for my husband one of the lasting sorrows of his life. On the morning of March 11 he received a telegram announcing the death of his beloved sister-in-law, Caroline Pelletier, who had died at Algiers of meningitis,

leaving three young children to the care of their desolate father. It was a heavy blow, an irreparable loss. She had been like both a daughter and sister, and her affection had always been very sweet to him. The shock was so great that his health suffered in consequence and the nervousness re-appeared. It was of Caroline he was thinking when he wrote in *Human Intercourse* this passage about a wife's relatives—"They may even in course of time win such a place in one's affection that if they are taken away by Death they will leave a great void and an enduring sorrow. I write these lines from a sweet and sad experience. Only a poet can write of these sorrows. In prose one cannot sing

'A dirge for her the doubly dead, in that she died so young.'"

M. Pelletier still continued with his children to spend the vacations at La Tuilerie, but the joyfulness of these holidays was now replaced by sorrow and regrets; the evenings were particularly trying, for of late years they had been very merry. Our children having taken a great fancy to acting charades, we all took part in them by turns. Their aunt Caroline and their father were the stars of the company, and to this day they recollect her irresistible sprightliness as a coquettish French kitchen-maid attempting the conquest of their father, in the character of the typical Englishman of French caricatures. She smiled, curtsied, and whirled about him, handling her brass pans so daintily, tossing them so dexterously, that the bewildered and dazzled islander could not resist the enchantress, and joined enthusiastically in the chorus of the song she had improvised—

"La femme que l'on préfère
C'est toujours la cuisinière,"

while she played the accompaniment with a wooden spoon upon the lids of the pans.

Her brother-in-law achieved unqualified success in the part of the Englishman. He had kept on purpose an immense

chimney-pot hat and a tartan plaid which he used to perfection, and his "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" were of such ludicrous prolongation, and his gait so stiff, and his comical blunders delivered with so much of haughty assurance, that he "brought down the house."

It was seldom that my husband consented to take an active part in games; he generally preferred being a spectator, but whether acting or listening, charades were one of the few pastimes for which he had a taste—it seems the more strange since he did not care for the theatre, though he liked plays to be read to him. I suppose that the feeling of being penned in a crowded place was insupportable to him.

After the death of my sister, some years had to elapse before we could bear to see charades again.

On May 25 my husband had the pleasure of bringing home from the railway station Mr. Appleton, editor of the *Academy*, for whom he had a great regard. His notes say—

"We passed a very pleasant evening, and did not go to bed till after twelve.

"26th. Walked with Mr. Appleton to Pré-Charmoy in the morning. In the afternoon took him to Autun and showed him the Roman arches, the Gothic walls, the cathedral, the Chemin des Tours, etc., etc. A very pleasant day. We got home in time for dinner, found the boys at home, and talked till one in the morning.

"27th. Took Mr. Appleton to the railway in the morning, with regrets, and a certain sadness on account of his health."

Mr. Appleton was on his way to Egypt by his doctor's advice. He was singularly amiable and sympathetic. He thought, and said simply that very likely he had not long to live, and dared not marry on that account, though he often felt solitary. He suffered from asthma, and could only sleep with the windows of his bedroom wide open, and a bright wood fire burning in the chimney.

He had promised to pay us another visit if he were spared, but alas! we never saw him again.

As the biographies advanced, the author grew uncertain about the title he would give them. It could not be *Celebrated Frenchmen*, because some of them would not exactly answer to the qualification. He had thought of *Earnest Frenchmen*, but Mr. Seeley objected, and said—"The word 'earnest' has got spoilt. It was used over and over again till it got to sound like cant, and then people began to laugh at it. How would *Modern Frenchmen* do?" It was deemed a perfectly suitable title, and given to the book.

At the end of the summer Mr. Seeley and his wife paid us a flying visit on their way back from Switzerland. It was a great pleasure to see them again.

Shortly after them M. Brunet-Debaines came, and I could not help directing my husband's attention to the simplicity of his arrangements for working from nature: a small stool, upon which was fixed a canvas or a drawing-board, and a colour-box were all he required; however, I was told that "wants varied with individuals."

Hitherto Mr. Hamerton's plan about painting had been to begin several pictures at once to allow them to dry, but now he was sick of remaining so long over the same pieces of work, and he decided to paint only two pictures at a time, and to use drying materials.

He had succeeded in mastering the technicality of charcoal drawing, and had made an arrangement with the Autotype Company for the reproduction of some drawings in this medium.

CHAPTER XIV

1878—1880

Marmorne—Paris International Exhibition—*Modern Frenchmen*—Candidature for the Watson-Gordon Chair of Fine Arts—The Bishop of Autun—The *Life of Turner*.

THE important literary works undertaken by Mr. Hamerton in the year 1878 were *Modern Frenchmen* and a *Life of Turner*.

The artistic work remained unsatisfactory to the severe self-criticism of the artist, who kept destroying picture after picture, notwithstanding his serious studies and experiments in various modes and methods of painting. He succeeded better with charcoals and monochromes, and sent several finished subjects to be reproduced by the Autotype Company. Mr. S. Palmer wrote about it—"If I had twenty years before me, I should like to spend them on monochromes and *etching*."

In the same letter he went on—

"Life being spared, your *Marmorne*, the fame of which had already arrived, is the next reading treat on my list. You call it your 'little book,' a recommendation to *me*, for, with few exceptions, I have found small books and small pictures the most beautiful, and I doubt not that you know better than myself how much almost all three-volume novels (including Scott's) would be improved, *as works of art*, by condensation into one.

"Both yourself and Mrs. Hamerton are often mentally present with us here: the evening of our first, and, alas! only meeting is among the vivid pleasures of memory, and

a repetition is a cherished pleasure of *hope*. I will only add that I fear you are killing yourself with over-work, and that you should put yourself under a repressive domestic police."

Some time before, my husband had received from G. H. Lewes a letter with this address—"Mr. Adolphus Segrave, care of P. G. Hamerton, Esq., Pré-Charmoy, Autun." George Eliot and Mr. Lewes had been reading *Marmorne*, and had never entertained the slightest doubt about the authorship, though the book was published under the assumed name of Adolphus Segrave. The story had been greatly appreciated by both of them, and especially the style in which it was told. Such high praise was in accordance with what Mr. Palmer had previously said to Mr. Seeley, namely, that "he considered Mr. Hamerton as the first prose-writer of his time."

It may be remembered that a cousin of my husband's, Mr. H. Milne, had called upon us at Innistrynich, and had since bought his little property. He heard of our last visit to Yorkshire, and, not aware of his relative's trouble in regard to railway travelling, had felt hurt at his apparent neglect. Luckily my husband heard of it through his aunt Susan, and immediately wrote to explain matters. Mr. H. Milne, who had known all about the pecuniary situation, now answered—

"I can assure you that it is very pleasing to me to know that your career has been so successful as to enable you to give your sons an education to fit them to grapple with the difficulties people have to meet with now-a-days to make them comfortable, and to do so is all the more satisfactory when accomplished by their own exertions. My mother [the lady who served as model and suggestion for Mrs. Ogden in *Marmorne*] still retains unimpaired all her faculties, and looks much the same as when you were here. We shall celebrate her eighty-sixth birthday on March 15. She

really is wonderful, and a marvel to every one, and particularly so to her doctor, who on no occasion has ever prevailed on her to take one drop of medicine, notwithstanding he persists in coming to see her twice a week—for what reasons seems quite past my mother's comprehension."

The pecuniary situation had certainly improved, which was a relief to my husband, for his children were growing up, and losses due to non-remunerative work and ill-health had to be gradually made good. There seemed to be a fate adverse to his making money, even by his most successful works. Here is *Marmorne* as an example, published in America, in England, in France, both in Hachette's "Bibliothèque des meilleurs Romans Étrangers," and as a feuilleton in the *Temps*, also in the Tauchnitz collection, unanimously well received by the press; said to be "*le* roman de l'année" by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and still bringing considerably less than £200 to the author's purse. It was a great disappointment to the publishers also. Mr. Niles wrote—"Of *Marmorne* we have only sold 2000 copies; there ought to have been 10,000 sold;" and Mr. Blackwood said—"The sales have been rather disappointing to us after the attention and favourable impression the work attracted; we had looked for a larger and more remunerative demand."

The character of the scenery in the Autunois pleased Mr. Hamerton more and more, though it lacked the grandeur of real mountains. He was particularly sensitive to the beauty of its colour, which reminded him sometimes of the Scotch Highlands, and was said to be very like that of the Roman Campagna in summer-time. Such notes as the following are frequent in his diary—

"January 11, 1878. Went to Fontaine la Mère; beautiful drive the whole way. Was delighted with the Titian-like quality of the landscape. Much of the sylvan scenery reminded me of Ruysdael. Took five sketches."

Throughout this year my husband gave a great deal of his time to his aunt's affairs, which were in a deplorable state, owing to the dishonesty of her lawyers; accounts for several years past had to be gone over, cleared up and settled, and at so great a distance the proceedings involved a heavy correspondence. However, the help given was efficacious, and Miss Hamerton's independence was secured in the end. In the summer Gilbert had to relinquish the river-baths that he enjoyed so much. In the two preceding years he had remarked that he was often unwell and agitated after a swim, but had kept hoping that the effect might be transitory; it was, however, now renewed with growing intensity every time he took a cold bath, so that, with much regret, he had to give them up. He used to say with a shade of melancholy, that we must resign ourselves to the gradual deprivation of all the little pleasures of existence—even of the most innocent ones—but that the hardest for him to renounce would be work.

Having borne the journey to England in 1877 without bad results to his health, he now decided to attempt a visit to the Paris International Exhibition. He was very anxious to ascertain the present state of the fine arts all over the globe, and if possible to make the best of this opportunity. On the day appointed for starting, and whilst he was packing up, Mr. R. L. Stevenson just happened to call without previous notice. What a bright, winning youth he was! what a delightful talker! there was positively a sort of radiance about him, as if emanating from his genius. We had never seen him before; we only knew his works, but he seemed like a friend immediately. Listening to his fluent, felicitous talk, his clear and energetic elocution, his original ideas and veins of thought, was a rare treat, and his keen enjoyment of recovered health and active life was really infectious. He could not remain seated, but walked and smoked the whole of the afternoon he remained with us. Knowing that he had

lately been dangerously ill, I ventured to express my fear that the smoking of endless cigarettes might prove injurious. "Oh, I don't know," he said; "and yet I dare say it is; but you see, Mrs. Hamerton, as there are only a very limited number of things enjoyable to an individual in this world, *these* must be enjoyed to the utmost; and if I knew that smoking would kill me, still I would not give it up, for I shall surely die of *something*, very likely not so pleasant." Although the shutters were closed in all the rooms that were not to be used in our absence, they were opened again to let him see the etchings on the walls, for he had a fine taste, not only for the beauties of nature, but also for artistic achievements. We felt it most vexatious to be obliged to leave that very evening, but my husband managed to remain with Mr. Stevenson till the last available minute, by asking me to pack up his things for him. I remember that after reading the *Inland Voyage* I had told my husband how I had been charmed by it, and had begged to be given everything which came from the same pen; but at that time we were afraid that such a delicate and refined talent would not bring popularity to the author; happily we were mistaken—perhaps only to a certain extent, however—as his most successful works belong to a later and quite different genre.

At the recommendation of M. Rajon, we went to a quaint little hotel in Paris, near La Muette, well known to artists and men of letters, and patronized, for its quietness, by some of the most famous, being usually let in apartments to persons who brought their own servants with them. Its situation, close to the Bois de Boulogne, made our returns from the exhibition easy and pleasant—so easy, indeed, that when we had to spend the evening in Paris, and could find no carriage to take us there, we merely went back to our head-quarters, where we had the choice of railway, tramways, and omnibuses for every part of Paris.

According to our promise we went to meet M. Rajon at

his studio, and amongst other things saw a beautiful portrait of him, which, however, was so much flattered that for some time I hesitated about the likeness. He was represented on horseback, with a long flowing cloak, and a sombrero casting a strong shadow over one of his eyes, which was afflicted with a weakness of the eyelid, which kept dropping down so frequently that the pupil was seldom seen for any time; the horse was a thoroughbred; two magnificent greyhounds (the originals we could admire, at rest upon a raised platform of carved oak and red cushions) ran alongside of him, and this tall-looking, dignified, romantic rider was—little, spare, merry M. Rajon. Gossip whispered that he had been somewhat intoxicated by his sudden fame, and had been, for a while, desirous of showing off, so that he had brought back from England the thoroughbred and the greyhounds to be noticed in the "Allée des Cavaliers," but that not having been accustomed to sit a horse before, his thoroughbred had flung him against a tree so severely that the taste for equitation had gone out of him for ever. Be this as it may, M. Rajon was far from being vainglorious; he knew his value as an artist, frankly and openly enjoyed his success, but remained simple, urbane, and courteous. He told us that he could only give *two hours* a day to original work, and that his mother (a simple woman for whom art remained an incomprehensible mystery) could not admit this limitation. At that time he was spending money rather lavishly—giving *fêtes* in his studio to celebrated actors and actresses, musicians, singers, poets, and artists, and the expenses were sometimes a cause of momentary embarrassment; then his simple mother would say—"Why need you trouble yourself about it? you work very little—then work twice as much, which won't tire you, and you'll have twice as much money." She could not, he said, be made to understand that this prolonged labour would be worthless, because the inspiring flame would be burned out.

Mr. Woolner arrived in Paris a few days after Mr. Hamerton and they spent a whole day together in the sculpture galleries of the Louvre. Mr. Woolner remembered that old Madame Mohl, having read my husband's works, had expressed a wish to renew the acquaintance of former days, and would be glad to see us both at tea-time—any day that might suit us.

A week later we called upon the wonderfully-preserved old lady, who was delighted to receive a visit from a rising celebrity—though a host of celebrities had passed through her drawing-room. She complained of being *délaissée* by the young generation. Still, she remained lively and gracious; her quick intelligence and ready memory were unimpaired by her great age, and it was with eagerness that she seized upon another opportunity for narrating her treasured-up stories of renowned people, particularly of the two Ampères, whom she had known intimately. She was still living in the same house that they had inhabited together, when Mr. Mohl kindly gave them the benefit of his more practical sense in household management. Madame Mohl was rather severe about Jean Jacques Ampère, whom she called a "young coxcomb," and "an egotist." She was not sentimental, and had no sympathy with or pity for the love so long faithful to Madame Récamier; nay, I thought I could detect in her strictures the unconscious feminine jealousy of a lady whose salon had been forsaken by one of its "lions" for a more attractive one, and who had resented it bitterly. But André Marie Ampère she praised unreservedly, with the warmth of most exalted admiration.

It was very funny to see the little lady curled up on a couch, propped by cushions, running over her strings of memories with pleased alacrity, then jumping down in her stockings to pour out tea for her guests in utter disregard of her shoes, which lay idly by the sofa; even when we took leave of her, and as she accompanied us to the door, the white stockings

conspicuously displayed themselves at every step, without the slightest attempt at concealment. (At that time black stockings would have been thought an abomination.)

Almost every morning saw Mr. Hamerton in the exhibition before the crowd of visitors arrived, so that he was able to study in peace and profitably. He had had a card-case, and cards of a convenient size and thickness, made especially to take notes upon, and he devoted a separate card to every picture worth studying. It was a very convenient plan, with alphabetical classification for references; every time he went he took with him a fresh supply, and was not encumbered with those he had already filled up.

Generally some etcher met him by appointment, and together they selected pictures to be reproduced for the *Portfolio*. His evenings were mostly taken up by invitations; and it was well for his wife that she had been mercifully exempted by nature from jealous tendencies, for the ladies paid the author of *Marmorne* such a tribute of admiration that he was sometimes abashed by their fervour, yet never intoxicated. Friends had repeatedly told him that he could win the hearts of men, and if women dared not say as much of themselves, they let him see that he exercised a great and healthy influence over them too; he also enjoyed their society, and though he did not mean it to be a flattery, they accepted it as such.

Amongst artists and men of letters he was acknowledged as a writer of genuine worth and extensive acquirements. There is a proof of it in a letter addressed to him by M. Véron, editor of *L'Art*, on merely *guessing* that Mr. Hamerton must be the writer of a criticism of his *Esthétique* in the *Saturday Review*.

"*Paris*,
"11 *9bre*, 1878.

"CHER MONSIEUR—

"On me communique une revue très remarquable de la *Saturday Review* sur mon *Esthétique*. Ce qui distingue

cet article c'est une sérieuse connaissance du sujet et une puissance d'analyse des plus rares. Cela ne ressemble en rien à ces généralités vagues et flottantes dont se contentent la plupart des écrivains qui font de la critique dans la revue des journaux. Aussi ai-je éprouvé à être loué par un pareil homme une jouissance infiniment plus vive que celle qu'auraient pu me procurer des éloges beaucoup plus hyperboliques, mais moins compétents.

"Cet homme, je suppose que c'est vous. Si je ne me trompe pas, permettez-moi de vous dire que je me sens singulièrement heureux de me rencontrer en fait d'esthétique avec un écrivain capable de raisonner sur ces questions comme l'a fait l'auteur de l'article de la *Saturday Review*."

More acquaintances amongst artists were made during his stay in Paris, including Bracquemond, Protais, Feyen-Perrin, Waltner, Lhermitte, and Munkacsy.

Having finished his work in the exhibition my husband went home to write a notice of it for the *International Review*. In the course of November his eldest son Stephen passed a successful examination for the second part of the Baccalauréat-ès-Lettres, and as the boy was now to study at home, his father frequently employed him to write letters under his dictation. It was very good practice for Stephen, and spared his father's time for painting and drawing.

At the beginning of 1879, Mr. R. L. Stevenson had sent a manuscript to Mr. Hamerton, with a request that he would read it, and recommend it to a publisher if it were thought worth the trouble. It was appreciated, and a successful sale expected. In the interest of Mr. Stevenson, my husband advised him to sacrifice the idea of immediate payment, and to retain the copyright, hoping that it would prove more advantageous. However, the young author preferred the ready cash, which he may have been in need of; nevertheless acknowledging afterwards that it would have been preferable to have acted according to the sound advice given at the time.

As our daughter was fast developing a talent for music, her father felt tempted to resume the practice of the violin regularly, and they often played duets and sonatas together; but the difficulty—nay, the impossibility—of finding time for the prosecution of all the studies he had undertaken was a source of oft-recurring discouragement, because unavoidably he had to replace one by another now and then, it being impracticable to carry them on *de front*. Sometimes he complained, good-humouredly, that I rather discouraged than encouraged him about music—which was certainly true, for well knowing that to become a violinist of any skill involves years and years of regular and steady practice, I was adverse to this additional strain, leading to no adequate reward. I well knew it could not be sustained, and would have to give way to pressure from other quarters—writing, painting, etching, or reading. The study of Italian had also been vigorously resumed, so that in the diary I see this note regularly—"Practised Spohr and Kreutzer, or Beethoven. Read Dante." I also find the following in April—"Spent the greater part of the day in planning my new novel with Charles (his brother-in-law). Worked on plan of my novel, and modified it by talking it over with my wife." I did not like the plan, which, in my opinion, went too much into the technicalities and details of a young nobleman's education; I feared they might prove tedious to the reader; in consequence there is a new entry a week later—"Improved plan of novel with wife. Now reserve mornings exclusively for it, or it will never be finished at all. Make this a fixed rule."

At the end of April some monochromes had been sent for reproduction, but he was greatly disappointed with them, as may be seen by the diary—

"May 31. Had a great deal of trouble this month about reproductions of drawings in autotype. Dissatisfied with the reproductions of the oil monochromes, which came coarse, with thousands of false specks of light. The surface of a

drawing should be *mate* for autotype reproduction. This led me to make various experiments of various kinds, and the latest conclusion I have arrived at is something like drawing on wood, that is, pencil or chalk, going into detail, and sustained by washes of Indian ink, and relieved by touches of Chinese white. The whole business hitherto has been full of difficulties of various kinds."

"June 11. The proofs of the autotypes on white paper with brown pigment arrived to-day. Determined to have second negatives taken of all of them, and to repaint them on the positives."

To turn his thoughts away from his repeated disappointments in artistic attempts, and to a greater disappointment in his novel—which he had entirely destroyed after bestowing upon it two months of labour—Gilbert began to scheme a boat, a river yacht. It was the best of diversions for him, as he took as much pleasure in the planning of a boat as in the use of it. This new one was to be a marvel of safety and speed, but especially of convenience, for it would be made to carry several passengers for a month's cruise, with means of taking meals on board, and of sleeping under a tent. Of course Mr. Seeley had been informed of the scheme, and wrote in answer—"Don't fail to send me notice when your boat may be expected on the Thames, that I may rouse the population of Kingston to give you an appropriate reception."

Another novel was begun, but it was still to be the story of a young French nobleman's life, spent alternately in France and in England, and in the manner of *Tom Jones*. Meanwhile *Modern Frenchmen* was selling pretty steadily, but slowly, the public being mostly unacquainted with the names, though Mr. G. H. Lewes, Professor Seeley, Mr. Lockhart, and many others, had a very high opinion of the work. Mr. Lockhart wrote about the biography of Régnault—

"I have by me at this moment your life of Henri Régnault. I trust you will not consider it an impertinence if I

tell you how it has delighted me, both as a man and a painter. I have the most intense admiration for Régnault, and in reading his biography it has rejoiced me to find the author in such thorough sympathy with his subject. Biographies of artists, as a rule, are the most disappointing of books to artists. This is indeed an exception, and I most heartily congratulate you on your very subtle and delicate picture of a noble life.

"I was in Granada with Fortuny when the news of Régnault's death came. I shall never forget the impression it made on us all. The fall of Paris, the surrender of Napoleon, all the misfortunes of France were as nothing compared to this.

"When I first had the book I thought you a little unjust to Fortuny, and was prepared to endorse Régnault's estimate of him. Since then I have seen the thirty Fortunys at the International Exhibition, and they have moderated my enthusiasm, and brought me back to sober orthodoxy, to Velasquez and Rembrandt."

Mr. G. H. Lewes also wrote—

"We left London before your book arrived, but I sent for it, and Mrs. Lewes has been reading it aloud to me the last few evenings. It has charmed us both, and we regret that so good a scheme, so well carried out, should in the nature of case be one doomed to meet with small public response. No reader worth having can read it without interest and profit, but *il s'agit de trouver des lecteurs.* My son writes in great delight with it, and I have recommended it to the *one* person we have seen in our solitude; but I fear you will find the deaf adder of a public deafer than usual to your charming. A volume of biographies of well-known Frenchmen would have but a slender chance of success—and a volume on the unknown would need to be spiced with religion or politics—*et fortement épicé*—to attract more than a reader here and there.

"We are here for five weeks in our Paradise *without* the serpent (symbol of visitors!); but alas! without the health which would make the long peace one filled with work. As for me, I vegetate mostly. I get up at six to stroll out for an hour before breakfast, leaving Madonna in bed with Dante or

Homer, and quite insensible to the attractions of before-breakfast walks. With my cigar I get a little reading done, and sometimes write a little; but the forenoon is usually sauntered and pottered away. When Madonna has satisfied her inexhaustible craving for knowledge till nearly lunch-time, we play at lawn-tennis. Then drive out for two or three hours. Music and books till dinner. After cigar and nap, she reads to me till ten, and I finish by some light work till eleven. But I hope in a week or two to get stronger and able to work again, the more so as 'the night in which no man can work' is fast approaching."

Mr. R. Seeley agreed with Mr. Hamerton's opinion that *Modern Frenchmen* was one of his best works, "admirably written, full of information and interest."

Professor Seeley had also said—"I wish English people would take an interest in such books, but I fear they won't. There ought to be many such books written."

Mr. G. H. Lewes suggested that the other biographies in preparation should be published separately in some popular magazine; but the author, having been discouraged by the coolness of the reception, gave up the idea of a sequel to what had already appeared, and the material he had been gathering on Augustin Thierry, General Castellane, and Arago remained useless.

The boat in progress had been devised in view of a voyage on the Rhône, for Mr. Hamerton, who greatly admired the noble character of the scenery in the Rhône valley, had longed for the opportunity of making it known by an important illustrated work. He submitted the plan to Mr. Seeley, who answered—

"I like your Rhône scheme; it is a grand subject, but a book on the Rhône should begin at the Rhône glacier and end at the Mediterranean. Have your ideas enlarged to that extent? One cannot well omit the upper part, which the English who travel in Switzerland know so well. The

Rhône valley is very picturesque, and the exit of the Rhône from the Lake of Geneva is a thing never to be forgotten. But don't go there to gét drowned; it is horribly dangerous."

For various reasons—amongst others, the time required and the outlay—the idea of the book entertained by Mr. Hamerton differed considerably from that of Mr. Seeley; it was explained at length, and finally accepted in these words—"I think your plan of a voyage on the navigable Rhône, with prologue and epilogue, will do well."

This plan, however, was never realized, owing to insurmountable obstacles; it was taken up again and again, studied, modified, and regretfully relinquished after several years for that of the Saône, much more practicable, but still not without its difficulties.

And now what might have been a great event in the life of Mr. Hamerton—namely, the possibility of his election to the Watson-Gordon Chair of Fine Arts in Edinburgh, began to occupy his mind. He was strongly urged by his friends to come forward as a candidate, but he hesitated a good deal for several reasons, the most important being the necessity of two places of residence, for he would not have inflicted upon my mother and myself the pain of absolute separation. Still, there were, as it seemed to me, in case of success, some undeniable advantages—first of all a fixed income, and the possibility of seeing, in the course of the necessary journeys, what might be of interest in London and Paris, as well as the possibility of attending more efficaciously to the *Portfolio*. Mr. Seeley, who had always endeavoured to tempt his editor over to England, declared himself delighted at the prospect. He had formerly sent such hints as these—"I wish you had a neat flying machine and could pop over and do the business yourself." Or at Cowes—"I thought of you, and said to myself, how much more reasonable it would be for Hamerton to have a snug

little house here, and a snug little sailing-boat, instead of living at that preposterous Autun. How he would enjoy dancing over these waves, which make me sick to look at them; and how pleasant it would be to tempt him to pay frequent visits to Kingston! There are delightful cottages and villages to sketch in the Isle of Wight, and charming woodland scenery in the New Forest." Again—"When our new house is dry enough, then you will be obliged to come over. It will be better than seeing the Paris Exhibition. And when you are once in England you will take a cottage at Cowes, and buy a boat, and never go back to Autun."

The idea of becoming a candidate was first suggested by T. Woolner after a journey to Edinburgh, where he had heard some names put forward for the Watson-Gordon chair, and amongst them that of Mr. Hamerton, which had seemed to him the most popular. On his part, he had done what he could to strengthen this favourable opinion by spreading what he knew of his friend, not only as an artist and cultured man of letters, but also as a sociable conversationalist, capable of enjoying intercourse with his fellow-men in moments of leisure, and he took care to let my husband know that this point was of importance —the new professor being expected to exercise hospitality, so as to create a sort of centre for the gathering of art-lovers. He said he had heard of a good income, of light duties, and of the almost certainty of success in case Mr. Hamerton should present himself.

Professor Masson had also suggested to Mr. Macmillan that "many persons in Edinburgh would like to secure the best man in Mr. Hamerton," and Mr. Craik wrote about it—"You would be an ornament to the University, and might do useful and important work there. For many reasons the Scotch professorships are enviable, for this particularly — that the session is a short one, and would

require short residence. It will be pleasant for all of us, your friends, if you go to Edinburgh, for it will compel you to come to England and be seen."

Mr. Seeley was also of opinion that "no man ought to be wholly dependent upon literary labour. It tries the head too much."

All the friends who were consulted by my husband answered that they considered him perfectly adapted for the situation — apart from friendly motives. Mr. Alfred Hunt wrote—"I would be very glad to do everything to forward your election. I am indebted to you for a large amount of gratification and profit which I have derived from your books; I am sure you will allow me to say that I am often very far from agreeing with you," etc.

R. L. Stevenson wrote—

"*Monterey*,
"*Monterey Co.*,
"*California.*

"MY DEAR MR. HAMERTON—

"Your letter to my father was forwarded to me by mistake, and by mistake I opened it. The letter to myself has not yet reached me. This must explain my own and my father's silence. I shall write by this or next post to the only friends I have who, I think, would have an influence, as they are both professors. I regret exceedingly that I am not in Edinburgh, as I could perhaps have done more, and I need not tell you that what I might do for you in the matter of the election is neither from friendship nor gratitude, but because you are the only man (I beg your pardon) worth a damn. I shall write to a third friend, now I think of it, whose father will have great influence.

"I find here (of all places in the world) your *Essays on Art*, which I have read with signal interest. I believe I shall dig an essay of my own out of one of them, for it set me thinking; if mine could only produce yet another in reply we could have the marrow cut between us.

"I hope, my dear sir, you will not think badly of me for

my long silence. My head has scarce been on my shoulders. I had scarce recovered from a prolonged fit of useless ill-health, than I was whirled over here double-quick time and by cheapest conveyance.

"I have been since pretty ill, but pick up, though still somewhat of a massy ruin. If you would view my countenance aright, Come—view it by the pale moonlight. But that is on the mend. I believe I have now a distant claim to tan.

"A letter will be more than welcome in this distant clime, where I have a box at the post-office—generally, I regret to say, empty. Could your recommendation introduce me to an American publisher? My next book I should really try to get hold of here, as its interest is international, and the more I am in this country, the more I understand the weight of your influence. It is pleasant to be thus most at home abroad, above all when the prophet is still not without honour in his own land."

Mr. W. Wyld had also written—"I need not say I heartily wish you success—and the more so that it would have the result of my seeing you at least twice a year, a pleasure I shall anxiously look forward to; for the older I grow the more I yearn for that sort of communion of thought which is scarcely ever to be met with in the ordinary way of existence. . . . I have no one I can discuss art with . . . and as for philosophy——"

Miss Susan Hamerton also pressed her nephew to offer himself for the chair, and indulged in bright hopes of frequent meetings.

The result was that, after a long talk with me on March 21, 1880, my husband determined to offer himself as a candidate, and although he did it without much enthusiasm, he began immediately to prepare himself for the new duties that would be involved. First of all, he told me that his knowledge of the history of art was insufficient, and would require additional researches. His plan was to go to Greece first, then to Italy, another year he would go to Holland and

Belgium, then to Spain—— I began to be afraid of this programme, as I reflected that the income from the professorship would hardly cover our travelling expenses, and that very little time would be left for literary work if the lectures required so much preparation; however, I only begged him to wait for the result of the election before he undertook anything in view of it. He agreed, and turned his thoughts towards the *Graphic Arts*, and a new edition of *Etching and Etchers*.

In the beginning of April, Mr. Hamerton attended with his family the wedding of Charles Gindriez, his brother-in-law, and was well pleased with the young lady, who thus became a new member in the gatherings at La Tuilerie.

Three days later, his elder son Stephen started for Algiers, where he had an appointment at the Lycée.

For some time past, the two great political parties at Autun had been at daggers drawn, and the proprietors of the Conservative paper, *L'Autunois*, had brought from Paris a skilful and unscrupulous political writer to crush its opponents and to effect the ruin of the rival paper, *La République du Morvan*, by fair means or foul. The first stabs dealt by the new pen were directed against notable residents, and being a good fencer and a good shot—in fact, a sort of bravo—M. Tremplier, the wielder of the pen, proclaimed loudly after every libel that he was ready to maintain what he advanced at the point of the sword, and to give a meeting to all adversaries. Unacquainted with the real social standing of Mr. Hamerton in Autun, but knowing that he was Président Honoraire du Cercle National, a Liberal institution patronized by the Sous-Préfet and Republican Deputies, M. Tremplier thought it would be a master-stroke to defame his character by accusing him of being the author of some anonymous articles against the clergy which had appeared in *La République du Morvan*.

Though greatly irritated by this unfair attack, my husband contrived to keep his temper, and simply denied the accusation. This denial was endorsed by the editor of the newspaper in which the articles had been published, and the disagreeable incident was expected to end there. But this would not have satisfied the truculent M. Tremplier, and in the next number of his paper he expressed in arrogant terms an utter disbelief in Mr. Hamerton's denial, and venomously attacked him for his nationality, literary pretensions, etc., winding up his diatribe, as usual, by a challenge. This was too much, and my husband resolved to start for Autun immediately, and to horsewhip the scoundrel as he deserved. Mr. Pickering, an English artist and friend of ours, who happened to be at La Tuilerie, offered to assist my husband by keeping the ground clear while he administered the punishment—for M. Tremplier, notwithstanding his bravado, deemed it prudent to surround himself with a bevy of officers, and was seldom to be met alone. I was strongly opposed to this course, and at last I prevailed upon my husband to abandon it by representing that he was being drawn into a snare, for no doubt M. Tremplier was only waiting for the attempt at violence he had provoked to get his victim seized and imprisoned, so as to be able ever after to stigmatize him with the terrible phrase—"C'est un homme qui a fait de la prison." This would be undeniable, and as people never inquire *why* "un homme a fait de la prison," it is as well to avoid it altogether. We agreed upon a different policy, and resolved to prosecute the *Autunois* for libel, and immediately set off to retain a well-known advocate, who belonged to the Conservative party, and was said to be one of the proprietors of the *Autunois*. He knew my husband personally, and also knew that he was incapable of having written the anonymous articles, still less capable of telling a lie, and as we

felt sure of his own honourable character, we boldly asked him to defend a political opponent. This was putting him in a very delicate situation, and he complained of it at once, but my husband insisted, and said that he could not fairly shun this duty. Vainly did this gentleman, supported by the Président du Tribunal and other notabilities of the same party, try to dissuade Mr. Hamerton from seeking redress, by saying that "no one attached the slightest importance to such libels," "that he was too much above M. Tremplier to resent anything that came from his mercenary pen," "that his character was unimpeachable," etc. He was even warned that he had not the remotest chance of a verdict in his favour, because he could not prove that he was not the author of the objectionable articles. "I should have thought that M. Tremplier would be called upon to prove that I had written them," he answered. "Anyhow, if I can't count upon justice here, I will appeal to the court at Dijon." Seeing that his resolution was not to be shaken, he was asked what would satisfy him, and he answered — "An apology from M. Tremplier in the *Autunois*." And M. Tremplier had to submit to the orders of the all-powerful keepers of the purse-strings: he did it with a bad grace—but he had to do it.

One of the articles attributed to Mr. Hamerton had been directed against the Bishop of Autun, whom he highly esteemed, and there was much curiosity as to the opinion of the prelate himself. That opinion was soon publicly expressed by a visit from this dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church to the Protestant tenant of La Tuilerie.

On receiving Monseigneur Perraud, I thanked him first for his good opinion, of which I had never doubted, knowing him to be a reader of my husband's works, and also because there was no fear that a man of his culture could believe the anonymous articles to be written by the author of the biography of l'Abbé Perreyve in *Modern Frenchmen*.

Monseigneur Perraud answered that my husband's character and literary talent were so much above question that he would never have given a thought to this affair had it not been that the *Autunois* was often called *Le Journal de l'Evêché*, though in fact the Bishop had no more to do with it than with its editor, M. Tremplier, whom he had never consented to receive. But unwilling to allow the possibility of any doubt to remain in other people's minds, he had taken this opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with my husband, and of giving a proof of his high regard for him.

Monseigneur Perraud had a reputation for freezing dignity which kept many people aloof; but he talked quite freely with my husband. Dignity he certainly possessed in an unusual degree, and the same might be said of Mr. Hamerton, but it was no bar to interesting intercourse nor to brotherly sympathy, as we found afterwards in sorrowful circumstances.

This first visit certainly enhanced the high opinion which each had formed of the other, and subsequent meetings confirmed the interest they found in each other's views and sentiments.

I mentioned Mr. Pickering in connection with the affair of the *Autunois*, and it may now be explained that after reading *Round my House*, he had fancied he should like to see the scenery described in the book, as it would probably afford him paintable subjects. Although the name of the neighbouring town was not given, and though great changes had been made by the construction of a railway since the publication of the book, Mr. Pickering lighted upon Autun as the very place he was in search of. He soon made my husband's acquaintance, and a friendship between them was rapidly established.

Mr. Woolner, who had kept up for some months a brisk correspondence in behalf of Mr. Hamerton's candidature, now heard that matters were not going so smoothly as he had expected. He was told that the income would not come

up to the sum stated at first; that the formation of an art museum was contemplated, in which case the duties of forming and keeping it would devolve upon the professor. There was also a desire that the students should receive technical instruction; and, lastly, it was rumoured that forty lectures a year would be required. In fact, Mr. Hamerton began to regret that he had offered himself for the post without knowing exactly what he would be expected to do.

Whilst in this frame of mind he was advised to go to Edinburgh in order to call upon each of the electors. No one acquainted with his character could have imagined for an instant that he would comply. "The electors," he said to me, "must be acquainted with my works; I have sent nearly fifty testimonials given by eminent artists, men of letters, and publishers; I consider this as sufficient to enable the electors to judge of the capacities for which an art professor ought to be chosen. If these are judged insufficient, my presence could not give them more weight."

I find this simple entry in the diary—"July 20, 1880. Got news that I was not elected," and though he may have regretted the time wasted in this fruitless attempt, I am convinced that he experienced a sensation of delightful relief when no longer dreading encroachments upon his liberty to work as he thought fit.[1] After all there remained to him as a lasting compensation the tokens of flattering regard for his character and of appreciation of his talents given in the numerous testimonials by such eminent persons as Mr. R. Browning, Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. T. Woolner, Mr. G. F. Watts, Professor Seeley, Professor Sidney Colvin, Professor Oliver, Mr. Mark Pattison, Mr. S. Palmer, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Marks, Mr. A. W. Hunt, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Alma Tadema,

[1] It was also Mr. R. Seeley's opinion when he wrote—"You have felt so much doubt as to the effect of such a change of life upon your health that the decision may come as a relief to you."

Sir G. Reid, Mr. W. E. Lockhart, Mr. J. MacWhirter, Professor Legros, M. Paul Rajon, M. Leopold Flameng, etc.

The testimonials are too numerous to be given here, but they all agreed in the expressed opinion that Mr. Hamerton would be "the right man in the right place," or "the very man."

Although the *Life of Turner* had first appeared in the *Portfolio*, it was again well received by the public in book form, and greatly praised by the press, particularly in America. The *Boston Courier* said—

"We have found this volume thoroughly fascinating, and think that no open-minded reader of *Modern Painters* should neglect to read this life. In it he will find Turner dethroned from the pinnacle of a demi-god on which Ruskin had set him (greatly to the artist's disadvantage); but he will also find him placed on another reasonably high pedestal, where one may admire him intelligently and lovingly, in spite of the defects in drawing, the occasional lapses in colouring, and the other peculiarities which are made clear to his observation by Mr. Hamerton's discussion."

He had found it a difficult subject to treat because of the paucity of incidents in Turner's life; but the painter's genius had made so deep an impression upon him in his earlier years that he had eagerly studied his works and sought information about his personality from the friends who had, at some time or other, been acquainted with the marvellous artist. I believe that my husband hardly ever went to the National Gallery without visiting the Turner Room, and that is saying much, for during his sojourns in London he seldom missed going every day it was open, and sometimes he went twice—once in the morning, and again in the afternoon. Great as was his admiration of Turner's oil pictures, I believe it was equalled by his delight in the same master's water-colours and drawings. When in the lower rooms, where they are exhibited, he could hardly be prevailed upon to go up-stairs again, and I

had to plead fatigue and hunger to recall him to the realities of life. Although his appreciation of Constable was high, it could not be compared to what he felt for Turner, because "Turner was so wide in range that he was the opposite of Constable, whose art was the expression of intense affection for one locality."

CHAPTER XV

1880—1882

Third Edition of *Etching and Etchers*—Kew—The *Graphic Arts*—*Human Intercourse.*

ONCE rid of the perturbation occasioned by the affair of the election, Mr. Hamerton was free to devote himself energetically to the preparation of a new and splendid edition of *Etching and Etchers*, for which he spared neither thought nor pains—being generously entrusted by Messrs. Macmillan with the necessary funds, and given *carte blanche* for the arrangement. Mr. Craik had said, in a letter dated Jan. 10, 1880—"We are disposed to make it a very fine book, and not to grudge the outlay. We must leave all the details for you to arrange." In another, of May 29, he said again—"We are particularly anxious to make it a beautiful book; and I think the plan of making each edition completely different from the preceding gives it an interest and value that will make the book always sought after. The first edition is a scarce and valuable book. The second will rise in value."

Being allowed to do exactly as he liked, the author of *Etching and Etchers* set to his task with delightful anticipation of the result.

At the same time he was also giving a good deal of time to the annotation of certain engravings and etchings presented by himself and some friends to the Manchester Museum, in which he took great interest.

When the vacation brought the boys home in August, it was decided to have a trial trip on the Saône in the *Morvan-*

delle; but after behaving well enough on the water, she filled and sank at anchor whilst her captain was quietly enjoying dinner with his sons at the nearest inn. The boat being made of wood, and divided into a great many compartments to hold stores and luggage, let the water into those compartments as the wood dried and shrank. It became, therefore, necessary to exchange the wooden tubes for iron ones, for it was a double boat. So the crew had to come back home, and Mr. Hamerton sent to a periodical a relation of his impressions and adventures in this brief voyage and shipwreck.

In the summer there was an exhibition at the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, and my husband was asked to send something if possible; but being almost overwhelmed with work, he was obliged to decline the invitation. Mr. R. Walker, the secretary of the Institute, wrote to say how sorry he was not to have his name in the catalogue, and added—

"Our collection of etchings is very good, and during the short time we have been open the people of Glasgow have learned more about etching than ever they knew before. Your book has been a source of infinite delight to many here. A short time ago we all hoped to have you among us. The loss is ours. Sometimes I trust we may have the pleasure of seeing you in Glasgow. You would find us not altogether wanting in appreciation of what is right in art, and there is an increasing number of people here who believe that ledgers are not the only books worth studying."

Although the *Portfolio* was now generally acknowledged to be at the head of artistic periodicals in England, it was the desire of both its editor and publisher to improve it still further. In one of his letters Mr. Craik had said—"What an important part the *Portfolio* is playing! I believe you are affecting the public, and compelling them to recognize the best things in a way they never did before. I think your conduct of the monthly admirable."

It was now proposed to add to its artistic value by giving more original etchings. Hitherto the peculiar uncertainty of the art of etching had hindered the realization of this desire, for there being no certainty about the quality of an etching from a picture, the risk is immensely increased when a commission is given for an original etching. The celebrity of an etcher and his previous achievements can only give hopes that he *may* be successful once more, but these hopes are far from a certainty. Even such artists as Rajon and Jacquemart—to mention only two of the most eminent—who constantly delighted the lovers of art by masterpieces of skill and artistic feeling—and were, moreover, painters themselves—were not safe against failure, and repeated failure, even in copying.

When a commission has been given to an artist, the stipulated price has to be paid whether the result is a success or a failure, unless the artist himself acknowledges the failure —a very rare occurrence; at best he admits that some retouching is desirable, and consents to undertake it; but too often with the result that the plate loses all freshness.

Such considerations, and many more, made it necessary for the publisher and editor of the *Portfolio* to discuss the subject at length and without hurry. In addition to the affairs of the *Portfolio*, there was the choice of illustrations for the book on the Graphic Arts, which was to be published by Mr. Seeley, and for which the presence of the author in London was almost a necessity.

It was then decided that, both our boys having situations, we would take our daughter with us and seek for lodgings somewhere on the banks of the Thames, probably at Kew. Mr. and Mrs. Seeley with their usual kindness invited us to stay with them until we had found convenient accommodation.

We started in October, and as soon as we reached Paris we heard from our younger son Richard that he was far from pleased with his present situation. Instead of having to

devote only a few hours a day to teaching English, as he had been promised, the whole of his time was taken up by the usual drudgery which is the lot of an under-master, so that he could not study for himself. The first thing his father did was to set him free from that bondage, and to devise the best means to enable him to pursue the study of painting which the boy wished to follow as a profession. They went together to consult Jean Paul Laurens, who said that the most efficacious way would be—not to study under one master, but to go to one of Juan's ateliers, where students get the benefit of sound advice from several leading artists. In conformity with this counsel my husband saw M. Juan, and after learning from him the names of the artists visiting the particular atelier where Richard was to study, he got him recommended to Jules Lefebvre and to Gérôme by an intimate friend.

Paul Rajon, as usual, did not fail to call upon us, and we were very sorry to notice a great change for the worse in his appearance. He said he had been very ill lately, and was still far from well; he seemed to have lost all his buoyancy of spirits, and to look careworn. He alluded to pecuniary difficulties resulting from the early death of his brother-in-law, which left his sister, and a child I believe, entirely dependent upon him. Without reckoning on adverse fortune or ill-health, he had built himself a house with a fine studio at Auvers-sur-Oise, to escape from the incessant interruptions to his work when in Paris. But of course the outlay had been heavier than he had intended it to be, and these cares made him rather anxious. Being very good friends, we had formerly received confidences from him about the dissatisfaction created by the loneliness of his home and the want of a strong affection—in spite of his success in society and the flattering smiles and speeches of renowned beauties. In answer to my suggestion that marriage would perhaps give him what he wanted, he had answered—"No doubt; but where shall I find

the wife? The girl I introduce into society as *my* wife must be very beautiful, else what would society think of my taste as an artist? . . . She must also be above the average in intelligence, to meet with the *élite* and keep her proper place; and lastly, she must also be wealthy, for my earnings are not sufficient for the frame I desire to show her in." He was quite serious, but I laughed and said—"I beg to alter my opinion of your wants. The wife you describe would be the mere satisfaction of your vanity, and if you were fortunate enough to meet with the gifts of beauty, intelligence, and wealth in the same person it would be very exacting to expect that in addition to all these she should be domestic, to minister to your home comforts, and sufficiently devoted for your need of affection."

"I told you I thought it very difficult," he sighed.

"If you take other people's opinion about the choice of a wife," my husband said, "you are not ripe for matrimony; no man ought to get married unless he feels that he cannot help it—that he could not live happily without the companionship of a particular woman."

There had been an interval of a few years between this conversation and our present meeting; but M. Rajon had not forgotten it, for he said with a shade of sadness—"It is now, Mrs. Hamerton, that I feel the want of a domestic and devoted wife, such as you advised me to choose; but marriage is out of the question. I am an invalid."

We tried to cheer him up, and my husband's serene philosophy seemed to do him good. He repeated to Paul Rajon his usual comparison of the events of life to a very good cup of coffee to which a pinch of salt is always added before we are allowed to taste it. "Your reputation and talent," he said, "make a capital cup of coffee; but your illness has seasoned it with rather a heavy pinch of salt."

The journey to England was got through without any serious accident to my husband's health, but we had to be

very careful in adhering to our rules of slow trains and night travelling and frequent stoppages.

It was the first visit of our daughter to England, and her father watched her impressions with great interest. She spoke English timidly and reluctantly; but Mrs. Seeley was so kindly encouraging that she overcame her timidity.

Mr. Seeley received us in his pretty newly-built house at Kingston, which, being quite in the country and very quiet, suited my husband's tastes admirably. The proximity of a beautiful park was very tempting for rambles, and when at leisure we much enjoyed going all together for a stroll under its noble trees. Mr. Seeley and his friend sometimes went off to London together in the morning, but it was more desirable for my husband to go to town only in the afternoon, because he felt less and less nervous as the day wore on, and was quite himself in the evening.

We left Kingston to go and stay for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan. The evenings after Mr. Macmillan's return from business were very animated with conversation and music. Sometimes Mr. Macmillan gave us some Scotch and Gaelic songs with remarkable pathos and power; and invariably, after every one else had retired, he remained talking intimately, often confidentially, with my husband far into the night.

A pretty incident occurred before we left Knapdale. One afternoon we found Mrs. Macmillan very busy putting the finishing touches to an embroidered and be-ribboned baby's frock, intended as a present to her husband's first grandchild, on his first visit to Knapdale, which was to be on that very day. After dinner the little man made his appearance in the decorated frock, and took his place upon his grandfather's shoulders. Then we all formed a procession, headed by the still erect form of the grandsire supporting the infant hope of the family, and leading us—parents, relatives, and guests—to the cheerful domain of the cook. She proudly received the

company, standing ladle in hand, by an enormous earthen vessel containing a tempting mixture, in which candied fruits, currants, and spices seemed to predominate. We were expected, every one, to bring this medley to greater perfection by turning over a portion of it with the ladle. It was duly offered first to the little stranger, whose grandsire seized and plunged it into the savoury depths, whilst the tiny baby hand was tenderly laid upon his own.

The second part of the ceremony—tasting—had likewise to be performed by proxy, for the young scion of the house peremptorily refused to trifle with any temptation in the form of mincemeat. We all in succession performed the ancient rite, and my husband said to me afterwards what a capital subject for a picture of family portraits the scene would afford. The contrast in the attire of the cook and her maids with the toilettes of the ladies, together with the picturesque background of the bright kitchen utensils, made a subject in the style of an old Dutch master, with a touch of modern sentiment.

After seeing different places on the banks of the Thames we decided again for Kew, but this time we required larger lodgings—not only on account of Mary, but also for Miss Susan Hamerton and our cousins, Ben and Annie Hinde, whom we had invited to join us there. They had gladly accepted the invitation, and our meeting was happy and cheerful. We had been very fortunate in our lodgings, which were spacious, clean, and with a good view of the Green. Our landlady was a very respectable and obliging person, and she let us have, when we wished, the use of a chaise and a fast-trotting little pony, which greatly added to Aunt Susan's enjoyment of the country, for her nephew drove her to the prettiest places in the neighbourhood, and through Richmond Park whenever the weather allowed it. The beautiful gardens received almost a daily visit from us, and were a most agreeable as well as a convenient resort for our aged aunt, as she

could either walk in the open grounds when it was mild enough, or else visit the numerous hot-houses if she found the outside air too keen for her.

We had been fortunate in this choice of Kew for our temporary residence ; not only did we like the place in itself, but we met with so hospitable and flattering a reception from several resident families, that they contrived to make us feel unlike strangers among them, and ever after, our thoughts turned back to that time with mingled feelings of regret, pleasure, and gratitude ; and whenever we came to contemplate the possibility of moving to England, Kew was always the place named as being preferred by both of us.

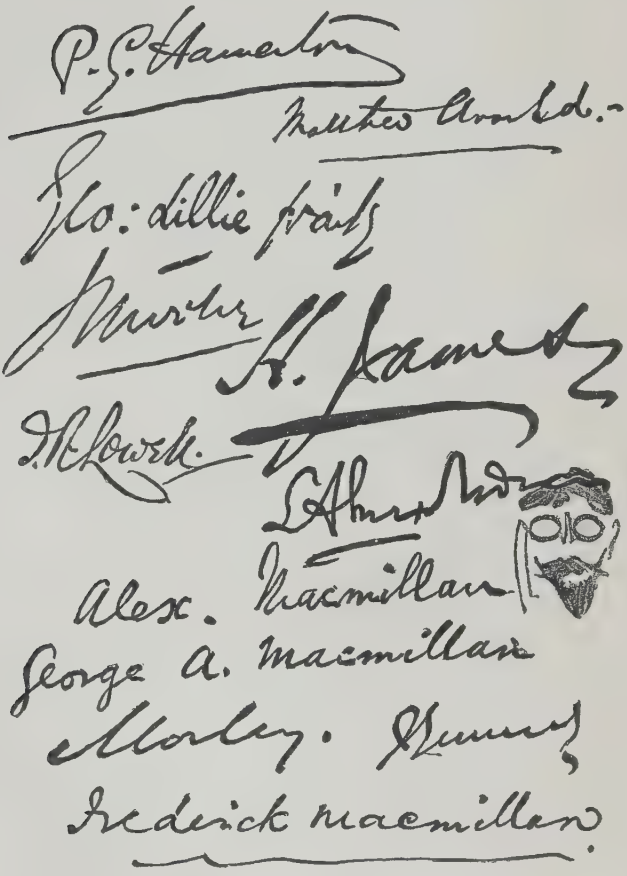
Here we again met Professor Oliver, whom my husband had known since he came to Kew alone for the first time. Being greatly interested in painting, and possessing a collection of fine water-colours by Mr. Alfred Hunt, he took pleasure in showing them to Mr. Hamerton, as well as the Herbarium, of which he was Director.

Professor Church and his wife showed themselves most friendly and untiringly hospitable. Very interesting and distinguished people were to be met at their house, where the master was ever willing to display before his guests some of his valuable collections of jewels, rare tissues, old laces, and Japanese bronzes. We often had the pleasure of meeting at this friendly house Mr. Thiselton Dyer, now Director of Kew Gardens, and his wife, the daughter of Sir John Hooker—a most charming person, who reminded both of us of the lovely women immortalized by Reynolds.

The third edition of *Etching and Etchers*, now on sale, had fulfilled all expectations, and was universally admired and praised. It was a great satisfaction to the author, who had never before enjoyed such a complete recognition. His reputation and popularity increased rapidly, and if he had liked he would have been a good deal lionized, but although far from insensible to this success, he remained true to his

studious habits—going with Mr. Seeley to the National Gallery, British or Kensington Museums, to choose illustrations for the *Graphic Arts*, or quietly writing at his lodgings, and only accepting invitations from his friends and publishers.

In December Mr. Macmillan gave a dinner at the Garrick



Club in honour of the author of *Etching and Etchers*, who was warmly congratulated by the other guests invited to meet him.

I have still in my possession the menu belonging to

Mr. Alma Tadema, who said to my husband—"I dare say Mrs. Hamerton would like to have a *souvenir* of this evening —present her with this in my name," and he handed his menu, on the back of which he had quickly and cleverly drawn a little likeness of himself in caricature, and the guests had signed their names on it. A facsimile is given on the opposite page.

As he had given us an invitation to visit his curious house we did not fail to go, and Mary was especially attracted by the famous grand piano, inscribed inside with the signatures of the renowned musicians who had performed upon it. Knowing that our daughter was seriously studying music, Mrs. Alma Tadema generously expressed the hope of seeing some time the signature of Miss Hamerton by the side of the other names.

My husband also took Mary to Mrs. Woolner's, and she enjoyed greatly the society of the children, who spoke French very creditably, and who were interested in the details she could give them about French life and ways. They took her to their father's studios, and showed her his works. When dinner-time came, however, she was unprepared for being waited upon by her new friends, and in consequence felt somewhat ill at ease. It was a fancy of Mr. Woolner's to make his children wait upon his guests. They offered bread and wine, and directed the maids, their duty consisting chiefly in seeing that every guest received perfect attendance. It reminded one of the pages' service in mediæval times, and was accepted by people of mature age as a gracious courtesy of their host, though it proved rather embarrassing to a girl of fifteen. I don't know how long the custom prevailed, but I did not notice it in succeeding years.

Our cousin, Ben Hinde, had joined us only for a few days, his duties as a clergyman not allowing of a long absence, but our meeting had been very pleasant and cordial. He had left with us his sister Annie, to whom my husband endeavoured to show what was most worthy of attention in

the metropolis. And just as we were thus enjoying our fragrant "cup of coffee," the "pinch of salt" was thrown into it with a heavy hand—for we heard from Richard that he was lying so dangerously ill that he could not move in bed. He had only written a few words in pencil to let us know that the doctor thought our presence unnecessary, because the danger would be past, or the illness prove fatal, before we could arrive.

Of course my first impulse was to rush to my poor boy's bedside; but what was to become of Mary—a girl of fifteen—unused to English ways, and speaking English still imperfectly? Perhaps our aunt, who was to leave us in a few days, would stay a little longer, though the approach of Christmas made it imperative for her companion to get back to the vicarage as soon as possible. But my husband? . . . Could I think of leaving him a prey to this terrible anxiety, and to all the dangers of a return of the old nervous attacks? I saw how he dreaded the mere possibility, though he never said a word to influence my decision, but the threatening insomnia and restlessness had already made their appearance, and warned me that I ought to stay near him.

I wrote to my best friend in Paris, begging her to send her own doctor to our poor boy, and to let me know the whole truth immediately. The answer was reassuring—the crisis was past; there was nothing to fear now, only the patient would remain weak for some time, and would require great care. His friends—particularly one of them, a student of medicine—had nursed him intelligently and devotedly. As soon as he could take a little food my friend sent him delicacies and old wines, and when he could bear the railway he went to his grandmother's to await our return home.

We breathed again, and Aunt Susan and Annie left us comparatively quiet in mind.

My husband now went on with his work as fast as possible, for he longed to see his younger son again. When his

notes for the *Graphic Arts* were completed, we made a round of visits to take leave of our friends, and after another short stay at Knapdale, where we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lockyer, and another very pleasant pilgrimage to Mr. and Mrs. Palmer's hermitage, we set off for Paris.

Mr. Seeley wrote shortly after our arrival in the French capital about several matters connected with the *Portfolio*, and added—"How will you be able to settle down again in that little Autun? You will feel (as Robert Montgomery said of himself in Glasgow) like an oak in a flower-pot."

No, the oak liked to feel the pure air of the Morvan hills blowing about its head, and to spread its branches in unconfined space. It was in great crowded cities that it felt the pressure of the flower-pot.

On arriving at home we found Richard well again, and gifted with an extraordinary appetite—which was the restorative he most needed, having grown very thin and weak through his illness.

My husband had been very desirous to present me with a *souvenir* of the success of *Etching and Etchers*, and pressed me to choose a trinket, either a bracelet or a brooch; but I thought what I possessed already quite sufficient, and though very sensible of his kind thoughtfulness, I said that if he liked to make me a present, I would choose something useful—a silk dress for instance. "But that would not be a present," he said; "when you want a dress you buy it. I should like to offer you some pretty object which would last." I knew that he liked to see me—and ladies in general—wearing jewels; not in great quantity, but simply as a touch of finish to the toilette. When I was young, he would have liked me (had it been possible) to dress always in white, and the fashions not being then so elaborate as they have become, it was easy enough in summer-time and in the country to indulge his taste. So in warm days I often wore a white muslin dress, quite plain, relieved only by a coloured sash. If the

sash happened to be green, he liked it to be matched by a set of crystal beads of the same colour, which he had brought me from Switzerland when he had gone there with his aunt and uncle. When the ribbon was red, I was to wear corals, and with a blue one lapis-lazuli.

At last he remembered that I had admired some plain dead-gold bracelets of English make that we had been looking at together, not far from the National Gallery, and said he would be glad if I would choose one of them. I had, however, taken the same resolution about jewels as his own about pictures, and that was, to admire what was beautiful, but never to buy, because it was beyond our means. The resolution, once taken, left no way open to temptation. Still, I did not mean to deny myself the pleasure of accepting his proffered present, only I did not want it to be expensive, and since I had a sufficiency of jewels, "would he give me a pretty casket to put them in?" "Yes," he readily assented. And when I opened the casket of fair olive-wood, with the delicately-wrought nickel clasps and lock, I found a folded paper laid on the dark-blue velvet tray, and having opened it read what follows—I need not say with what emotions.

"Here in this empty casket, instead of a diamond or pearl,
Instead of a gem I leave but a little rhyme.
She remembers the brooch and the bracelet I gave her when she was a girl,
Deep blue from beyond the sea, not paler from lapse of time.
She will put them here in the casket, the ultramarine and the gold;
And if such a thing might be, I would give them to her twice over;
Once in my youthful hope, and now again when I'm old,
But alike in youth or in age with the heart and the soul of a lover."

This note is entered in the diary—

"January 1, 1881. Faceva i miei doni alla sposa, alla figlia, al mio figlio Stefano. La sposa era felicissima di ricevere la sua cassetta."

Mr. Niles had heard that a new book was in preparation, and he wrote in January 1881—

"Your third edition of *Etching and Etchers* is really a magnificent specimen of book-making, and I understand two hundred copies have been sold in America. At all events, whatever the number *sold*, it is not to be had. I should like to have the American edition of the *Graphic Arts*, and should be glad to receive the novel when it is ready."

But the novel had been put aside, the author being doubtful if it equalled *Marmorne* in quality. The whole of his time for writing was devoted to the *Graphic Arts*, and the remainder to painting from nature, often with Mr. Pickering, and to the consideration of the necessary alterations to the boat in view of a summer cruise on the Saône. The reading of Italian was resumed pretty regularly, whilst the diary was kept in that language.

Early in the spring Mr. Seeley wrote—

"I am afraid it is indispensable that we should meet in Paris, as the selection of engravings for reproduction is very important, though, like you, I grudge the loss of time. But the book is an important one, and we must do our very best to make it a success."

It was then decided that my husband should go to Paris with Richard, and they started on May 4, stopped a day at Sens to see the cathedral again, and to call upon Madame Challard (who had become a widow), and arrived in Paris at night.

The entries in the note-book (kept in Italian) record his visits to the Salon, to the Louvre, and to various public buildings. Also to the Bibliothèque, to study the works of the École de Fontainebleau, and to an exhibition of paintings in imitation of tapestry, which much interested him.

He also went with Richard to see Munkacsy's picture of "Christ before Pilate," and notes Richard's astonishment at it. He considered it himself as one of the finest of existing pictures. He also expresses the great pleasure he derived

from Jacquemart's water-colours, their brilliancy and sureness of execution.

The four following days having been very busy, received only this short note—"In Parigi con Seeley;" then the fifth has—"Seeley e partito stamattina."

The succeeding entries record further visits to the Salon, the Louvre, and Bibliothèque; but on the return journey, at Chagny on the 19th, he notes that he has received sad news of the death of M. de Saint Victor, in a duel with M. Asselin. It was only too true, and had happened on a day which was to have been a *fête*, for Madame de Saint Victor, whose daughter went to the same school as ours, had invited both myself and Mary, with a few other school-fellows and their mothers, to lunch at the Château de Monjeu, of which her husband was Régisseur. The unfortunate lady did not know what had passed between her husband and a gentleman of the locality who was trespassing on the grounds of the château. M. de Saint Victor considered himself insulted, and challenged M. Asselin; he, moreover, insisted upon choosing the sword as a weapon—the most dangerous of all in a serious duel—and on the morning which should have been festive and mirthful, he fell dead in the wood near his home, killed by a sword-thrust from his skilful adversary.

As soon as he was back home, Mr. Hamerton set to work regularly at the *Graphic Arts*. In the diary this phrase is repeated like a litany—"Worked with great pleasure at my book, the *Graphic Arts*." But at the same time there is a complaint that it prevents the mind from being happily disposed for artistic work. I have already said how difficult it was for him to turn from one kind of occupation to another. Here is a confirmation of this fact—

"I lost the whole of the day in attempting to make a drawing for an etching. Was not in the mood. It is necessary to have a certain warmth and interest in a

subject—which I have lost, but hope to recover. For a long time past all my thoughts have turned upon my literary work."

It is easy for readers of the *Graphic Arts* to realize what an amount of knowledge and preparation such a book required; and to present so much information in a palatable form was no less than a feat. Still, the author took great delight in his work. As in the case of *Etching and Etchers*, he was encouraged by the publisher, who wrote in June—"I mean to take a pride in the book." It was exactly the sort of work which suited him—sufficiently important to allow the subjects to be treated at length when necessary, and worthy of the infinite care and thought he liked to bestow upon his studies. In this case, wonderful as it seems, he had himself practised all the arts of which he speaks, with the exception of fresco. As to the other branches of art, namely, pen-and-ink, silver-point, lead-pencil, sanguine, chalk, charcoal, water monochrome, oil monochrome, pastel, painting in oil, painting in water-colours, wood-engraving, etching and dry-point, aquatint and mezzotint, lithography, he had—more or less—tried every one of them. And though he did not give sufficient practice to the burin to acquire real skill, still he did not remain satisfied till he could use it.

The same feeling of conscientiousness led him to become acquainted with all the different processes of reproduction so much in vogue, and he was ever anxious to learn all their technical details.

It was hoped that the *Graphic Arts* might be published at the end of the year, and in order to be ready, the author put aside all other work, excepting that of the *Portfolio*; but he longed for a short holiday, and meant to take it on the Saône. He went to Chalon to a boat-builder, and explained the changes to be made in the *Morvandelle*, set the men to work, and returned to his book.

He had begun to suffer from insomnia, and Mr. Seeley wrote—

"Probably you are right in saying that yachting is a necessity for you; but for the enjoyment of it you are badly placed at Autun. You must look after that cottage at Cowes, which I suggested some time ago; and we must set up a yacht between us; only, unluckily, I am always sea-sick in a breeze."

Certainly the situation of Autun was not favourable to yachting, the streams about it being only fit for canoeing; but the broad Saône was not far off, and as Chalon was my husband's head-quarters when cruising, he was not disinclined to the short journey, which afforded an opportunity for visiting my mother and my brother who lived there.

My husband had thought that a river voyage would be charming with R. L. Stevenson as a companion, and that they might, perhaps, produce a work in collaboration, so he had made the proposal, and here is part of the answer—

"*Rinnaud Cottage,*
"*Pitlochry, Perthshire.*

"My dear Mr. Hammerton—

"(There goes the second M: it is a certainty.) Thank you for your prompt and kind answer, little as I deserved it, though I hope to show you I was less undeserving than I seemed. But just might I delete two words in your testimonial? The two words 'and legal' were unfortunately winged by chance against my weakest spot, and would go far to damn me.

"It was not my bliss that I was interested in when I was married; it was a sort of marriage *in extremis;* and if I am where I am, it is thanks to the care of that lady who married me when I was a mere complication of cough and bones, much fitter for an emblem of mortality than a bridegroom.

"I had a fair experience of that kind of illness when all

the women (God bless them!) turn round upon the streets and look after you with a look that is only too kind not to be cruel. I have had nearly two years of more-or less prostration. I have done no work whatever since the February before last, until quite of late. To be precise, until the beginning of the last month, exactly two essays. All last winter I was at Davos; and indeed I am home here just now against the doctor's orders, and must soon be back again to that unkindly haunt 'upon the mountains visitant—there goes no angel there, but the angel of death.' The deaths of last winter are still sore spots to me. . . . So you see I am not very likely to go on a 'wild expedition,' cis-Stygian at least. The truth is, I am scarce justified in standing for the chair, though I hope you will not mention this; and yet my health is one of my reasons, for the class is in summer.

"I hope this statement of my case will make my long neglect appear less unkind. It was certainly not because I ever forgot you, or your unwonted kindness; and it was not because I was in any sense rioting in pleasures.

"I am glad to hear the catamaran is on her legs again; you have my warmest wishes for a good cruise down the Saône; and yet there comes some envy to that wish; for when shall I go cruising? Here a sheer hulk, alas! lies R. L. S. But I will continue to hope for a better time, canoes that will sail better to the wind, and a river grander than the Saône.

"I heard, by the way, in a letter of counsel from a well-wisher, one reason of my town's absurdity about the chair of Art: I fear it is characteristic of her manners. It was because you did not call upon the electors!

"Will you remember me to Mrs. Hamerton and your son? and believe me," etc., etc.

In September we had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Betham-Edwards, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship.

Having brought the *Graphic Arts* satisfactorily forward, my husband thought that he might indulge in the longed-for holiday on the Saône. He expected to find everything ready

at Chalon, and to have only to superintend the putting together of the sections of the boat. He was, however, sorely disappointed on finding that nothing had been done, and that he must spend several days in pushing the workmen on, instead of sailing pleasantly on the river. After a week of worry and irritation the boat was launched, and the two boys having joined their father on board, they went together as far as Tournus, after spending the first night at Port d'Ouroux, where they had found a nice little inn, with simple but good accommodation. In the afternoon Stephen went back to Autun to fetch his things, for he was obliged to be at his post on the first of October. Richard proceeded with his father down the Saône to Mâcon. The diary says—

"Sept. 30. A beautiful voyage it was. The loveliest weather, favourable wind, strong, delightful play of light and colour on water. I had not enjoyed such boating since I left Loch Awe."

There are these notes in the diary—

"Nov. 26. Corrected the last proof of the *Graphic Arts*, and sent it off with a new finish, as the other seemed too abrupt. Spent a good deal of time over the finish, writing it twice."

"Nov. 27. Worked all day as hard as possible at index to *Graphic Arts*, and got it finished at midnight."

He was in time, but Mr. Seeley wrote—

"Now Goupil's delay [about the illustrations] threatens to become most serious. We have now orders for 1050 copies, large and small, so we have already surpassed the sale of *Etching and Etchers*, third edition."

Alas! there was a very distressing item of news in the letter dated December 1—

"The enclosed letter from Goupil is a complete upset.

It seems that the printing of the Louvre drawings[1] will take five or six months.

"We must decide at once what to do. This is one plan. If we can get all the other illustrations ready, then to publish as soon as we can, putting these three plates in the large-paper copies only, and in the others a slip of paper explaining how tedious the printing is, and promising that these illustrations shall be delivered in the spring to any purchaser who produces the slip.

"This is one plan. If you prefer it, please telegraph *Yes.*

"The other plan is to postpone the publication, and bring out the complete book in the spring. If you prefer this, please telegraph *No.*

"I leave the matter entirely in your hands. Pray decide as you judge best."

This delay was most provoking after the hard work the author had given to the book to have it out in good time, and also because the orders were increasing; they had now reached 315 copies for the large edition, and 868 of the small one. Still, there was no help for it, and the publication must be postponed rather than give an imperfect book to the public. Both author and publisher agreed in that decision.

On December 17, 1881, Mr. Hamerton received the following letter—

"19 *Warwick Crescent.*

"DEAR MR. HAMERTON—

"You will do me an honour indeed by the dedication you propose, and my own little worthiness to receive it becomes of secondary importance when taken with the exceeding importance of the truth you insist upon in connection with it—a truth always plain to me, however moderately I may have been able to illustrate its value.

[1] Two drawings by Zucchero and Watteau. The latter was in black, red, and white chalk. The reproduction was printed from one plate, the different coloured inks being rubbed in by the printer. Only about ten prints could be taken in a day.

"Thank you very much: you will add to my obligation by the visit you so kindly promise.

"I return you the best of Christmas wishes, and am ever, dear Mr. Hamerton,

"Yours most truly,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

I transcribe the dedication to explain Mr. Browning's letter.

"TO ROBERT BROWNING.

"I wish to dedicate this book to you as the representative of a class which ought to be more numerous—the class of large-minded persons who take a lively interest in arts which are not specially their own. No one who had not carefully observed the narrowing of men's minds by specialities could believe to what a degree it goes. Instead of being open, as yours has always been, to the influences of literature, in the largest sense, as well as to the influences of the graphic arts and music, the specialized mind shuts itself up in its own pursuit so exclusively that it does not even know what is nearest to its own closed doors. We meet with scholars who take no more account of the graphic arts than if they did not exist, and with painters who never read; but what is still more surprising, is the complete indifference with which an art can be regarded by men who know and practise another not widely removed from it. One may be a painter and yet know nothing whatever about any kind of engraving; one may be a skilled engraver, and yet work in lifelong misunderstanding of the rapid arts. If the specialists who devote themselves to a single study had more of your interest in the work of others, they might find, as you have done, that the quality which may be called open-mindedness is far from being an impediment to success, even in the highest and most arduous of artistic and intellectual pursuits."

Mr. Hamerton was so adverse to puffing of any kind and to noise being made about his name, that he neglected the most honest means of having it brought forward to public

notice; for instance, he had been asked in November 1881 for notes on his life for a book to be entitled *The Victorian Era of English Literature*, and had forgotten all about it. He had to be reminded in 1882 that he had promised to send the notes.

I suppose that the following letter from R. L. Stevenson must have been received about this time. It is almost impossible to ascertain, as—like the others—it bears no date.

"*Villa am Stein, Davos Platz,*
"*Grisons, Switzerland.*

"MY DEAR MR. HAMERTON—

"My conscience has long been smiting me, till it became nearly chronic. My excuses, however, are many and not pleasant. Almost immediately after I last wrote to you, I had a hemorreage (I can't spell it), was badly treated by a doctor in the country, and have been a long while picking up—still, in fact, have much to desire on that side. Next, as soon as I got here, my wife took ill; she is, I fear, seriously so; and this combination of two invalids very much depresses both.

"I have a volume of republished essays coming out with Chatto and Windus; I wish they would come, that my wife might have the reviews to divert her. Otherwise my news is nil. I am up here in a little châlet, on the borders of a pine-wood, overlooking a great part of the Davos Thal: a beautiful scene at night with the moon upon the snowy mountains and the lights warmly shining in the village. J. A. Symonds is next door to me, just at the foot of my Hill Difficulty (this you will please regard as the House Beautiful), and his society is my great stand-by.

"Did you see I had joined the band of the rejected? 'Hardly one of us,' said my *confrères* at the bar.

"I was blamed by a common friend for asking you to give me a testimonial: in the circumstances he thought it was indelicate. Lest, by some calamity, you should ever have felt the same way, I must say in two words how the

matter appeared to me. That silly story of the election altered in no tittle the value of your testimony: so much for that. On the other hand, it led me to take a quite particular pleasure in asking you to give it; and so much for the other. I trust, even if you cannot share it, you will understand my view.

"I am in treaty with Bentley for a life of Hazlitt; I hope it will not fall through, as I love the subject, and appear to have found a publisher who loves it also. That, I think, makes things more pleasant. You know I am a fervent Hazlittite; I mean, regarding him as *the* English writer who has had the scantiest justice. Besides which, I am anxious to write biography; really, if I understand myself in quest of profit, I think it must be good to live with another man from birth to death. You have tried it and know.

"How has the cruising gone? Pray remember me to Mrs. Hamerton and your son, and believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

Throughout this year the diary was kept in Italian, and the reading of Italian books was pretty regularly kept up; among them were Olanda, Petrarch, and Ariosto. He soon abandoned Petrarch, whom he did not value much: here is the reason—"I prefer the clear movement of Ariosto to all the conceits of the sonnet-maker."

Human Intercourse was begun, and to save time, two copies were written simultaneously—one for England and the other for America—by inserting a sheet of black copying paper between two sheets of thin "Field and Tuer" paper, and writing with a hard lead pencil and sufficient pressure to obtain a duplicate on the page placed underneath. Mr. Niles was very desirous of seeing this new work, and had written—"I should like to make *Human Intercourse* a companion volume to the *Intellectual Life*, and the title is so suggestive of something good, that I hope you will hasten the good time of its appearance."

The publication of the *Graphic Arts* had been fixed for March 1, but a copy having been got ready at the end of January, it was sent as a compliment to Mr. Sagar of the Burnley Mechanics' Institution, and Mr. Seeley said—"The Burnley people are delighted at having had the first sight of the *Graphic Arts*. Mr. Sagar writes that from what he saw of it, he has no hesitation in saying that it is the best book you have written, and does great credit to everybody concerned in its production."

The book was highly appreciated by those competent to judge and understand the subjects. Mr. Haden wrote about it a letter of fourteen pages. Though he calls it himself "an unconscionably long letter," it is most interesting throughout, but I only quote a few passages from it.

"I have been reading the *Graphic Arts* with great interest. It is, or rather must have been, a formidable undertaking. I like your chapter on 'Useful and Æsthetic Drawing.' Your insistence on keeping the two things separate, and claiming for each its value, is a great lesson—read, too, just at the right time.

"And in your 'Drawing for Artistic Pleasure,' the great lesson there is, that true artistic pleasure can only be excited in others by the artist that *knows* what he is about, though he does not express it. Did you ever see a drawing or an etching by Victor Hugo? Hugo is a poet, and affects to be an artist. But his knowledge of what is or should be, *organic*, in every picture, is so lamentably absent, that his poetry (sought to be imparted in that shape) goes for nothing.

"In 'Right and Wrong in Drawing,' which is excellently written, the concluding paragraph is admirable. The chapter on 'Etching and Dry-Point' is charmingly written, easy and refined in diction, and set down *con amore*."

Then came this letter from Mr. Browning—

"19 *Warwick Crescent, W.*
"*March* 6, 1882.

"DEAR MR. HAMERTON—

"I thought your dedication a great honour to me, and should have counted it such had it simply prefaced a pamphlet. To connect it with this magnificent book is indeed engraving my name on a jewel, instead of stone or even marble.

"Your sumptuous present reached me two days ago—and will be consigned to 'my library,' when the best jewel I boast of is disposed of on my dressing-table among articles proper to the place: no, indeed—it shall be encased as a jewel should, on a desk for all to see how the author has chosen to illustrate the [painting- and] drawing-room of the author's admirer and (dares he add?) friend,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

Mr. Alfred Hunt also wrote—"I can see that the plan of the book is admirable. I often want to know something about art processes which I don't practise myself, and which I might be stimulated into trying if I was only younger."

The sale of the book was rapid, and before six weeks had elapsed so few copies remained that the prices were raised to fifteen guineas for the large edition, and to seven and a half guineas for the small one. But the author had overworked himself, and hurry had brought back the old enemy —insomnia. Mr. Seeley, who had lately suffered from lumbago, wrote—

"Sleeplessness is a far worse thing than lumbago. You are right in taking it seriously. I have little doubt, however, that by avoiding over-work—and especially hurried work—and getting plenty of exercise, you will overcome the tendency. If you ever do another big book, we must take two or three years for it, and have no sort of hurry. I once thought of the 'Landscape Painters' as a good subject for a big book."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Seeley gives a great deal of thoughtful consideration to what might suit his friend's requirements—

"If 'Landscape Painting' is a subject that you would thoroughly like to take up, please tell me what travelling you would consider needful, and as far as expense goes I will try to meet you. Perhaps for one thing we might go to Italy together, if you are not afraid of being dragged about in a chain.

"I thought of the Rhône book again, as likely to suit your present state of health."

In the current year, however, it was impossible to undertake the voyage, because *Human Intercourse* was to be the important work. As usual with a new book, the author had had a struggle at the beginning. He attributed the difficulty to the want of subdivisions in the chapters, and when he had adopted a more elastic system than is usual in a treatise, the obstacle disappeared. He has himself explained this, more in detail, to his readers, in the preface of the book.

There is no doubt that this long struggle had increased the tendency to sleeplessness, and a little cruise on the Saône was thought to be the best remedy. So he left for Mâcon at the beginning of April, and after putting the several parts of the boat together, and getting provisions on board, he started with Stephen on a voyage down the Saône. On their way they could see with a telescope all the details of Mont Blanc. At Port d'Arciat they picked up a friend, and after a "good little repast with a Good Friday *matelote*," a few sketches were made at Thoissey and Beauregard.

The change and exercise in the open air did my husband a great deal of good, and he had regained sleep when he returned home.

There being still a good deal of leakage in the *Morvandelle*, though a thick kind of flannel had been pressed into the interstices, it was decided to use the wooden parts to make two small boats for the pond, one for Stephen and the other

for Richard, the old ones being rotten. There was much pleasurable planning for my husband in the scheme, and also some manual work for rainy weather. He was exceedingly careful and handy in doing joiner's work, and every one in the house applied to him for delicate repairs, and—when he had time—they were done to perfection; only he seldom had time, and it was a standing joke that he must have a private museum somewhere to which the objects confided to him found their way. In reality, he had to do a good deal of manual labour of different kinds, on account of our country life, which placed us at an inconvenient distance from workmen. For instance, he always framed his etchings and engravings himself; at one time he even undertook to re-gild all the frames which the flies so rapidly spoilt in the country. He had also to make numerous packing-cases and boxes for the sending of plates, pictures, and books; he invented lots of contrivances for the arrangement of his colours, brushes, portfolios, etc. He made different portable easels with folding stools corresponding to their size, for working from nature, desks for large books, such as dictionaries, to be placed by the side of his arm-chair when he was reading; others for etchings and engravings, so that they might be examined without fear of any object coming in contact with them. So sensitive was he to the way in which works of art were handled, that he allowed no one to touch his prints or illustrated books; he was always in dread about their margins being creased or crumpled, and to avoid this possibility he used to show them himself. A well-known aqua-fortist told me that my husband had said to him once—"I would not trust you to handle one of your own etchings."

Mr. Seeley had suggested that some illustrated articles about Autun might interest the readers of the *Portfolio* on account of the Roman and mediæval remains, the remarkable cathedral, and the picturesque character of the surrounding

country. He thought that, as a title, "An Old Burgundian City" would do. In a former letter he had expressed a wish that his editor should come to England—if possible—every year in the spring, instead of the autumn, when it was too late to discuss arrangements for the *Portfolio* for the ensuing year. Mr. Hamerton admitted that it would be desirable, no doubt, but he could not afford it; the expenses of our last stay had been a warning, though we had lived as simply as possible. To these considerations Mr. Seeley had answered: "I am sorry you do not feel more happy about your future work. What seems to be wanting is some public post in which you would be paid for studying." But he had had more than enough of such schemes after his attempt at Edinburgh, and it was the only one he was ever induced to make. He began at once the pen-drawings which were to illustrate the articles on Autun, and he liked his work exceedingly.

CHAPTER XVI

1882—1884

Paris—Death of Miss Susan Hamerton—Burnley re-visited—Hellifield Peel—*Landscape* planned—Voyage to Marseilles.

In May, Richard went away to Paris to study from the antique in the Louvre, and Mary read English to her father for an hour every afternoon.

In the summer Mr. Hamerton received the decoration and title of Officier d'Académie, but so little did he care for public marks of distinction, that the fact is barely mentioned in the diary.

In August he received the following interesting letter from Mr. Browning—

"*Hôtel Virard, St. Pierre de Chartreuse, Isère.*
"*August* 17, 1882.

"Dear Mr. Hamerton—

"When I got, a month ago, your very pleasant letter, I felt that, full as it was of influences from Autun, the Saône between Chalon and Lyons, speeded by '330 square feet of canvas,' my little word of thanks in reply would never get well under weigh from the banks of our sluggish canal; so reserved launching it till I should reach this point of vantage: and now, forth with it, that, wherever it may find you, I may assure your kindness that it would indeed have gratified me to see you, had circumstances enabled you to come my way; and that the amends you promise for failing to do so will be duly counted upon; tho' whether that will happen at Warwick Crescent is unlikely rather than merely uncertain —since the Bill which is to abolish my house, among many more notable erections, has 'passed the Lords'' a fortnight

ago, and I must look about for another lodging—much against my will. I dropped into it with all the indifference possible, some twenty-one years ago—meaning to slip out again soon as this happened, and that happened—and they all did happen, and yet found me with a sufficient reason for staying longer, till, only last year while abroad, the extraordinary thought occurred—'what need of removing at all?'—to which was no answer: so I took certain steps toward permanent comfort, which never before seemed worth taking—and, on my return, was saluted by a notice to the effect that a Railway Company wanted my 'House, forecourt, and garden,' and wished to know if I objected—I who, a month or two before, had painted the house and improved the garden. Go I must—but I shall endeavour to go somewhere near, and your visit, if you pay me one, will begin the good associations with the place. And *this* place; you may be acquainted with it, not unlikely. It is a hamlet on a hill-top, surrounded by mountains covered with fir—being the ancient Cartusia whence our neighbours the monks took their name; the Great Chartreuse lies close by, an hour's walk perhaps: this hamlet is in their district, 'the Desert,' as they call it; their walks are confined to it, and you meet on a certain day a procession of white-clothed shavelings, absolved from their vow of silence, and chattering like magpies, while vigorously engaged in butterfly-hunting. We have not a single shop in the whole handful of houses—excepting the 'tabac et timbres' establishment—where jalap and lollipops are sold likewise—and one hovel, the owner of which calls himself, on its outside, 'Cordonnier': yet there is this 'Hôtel' and an auberge or two—serving to house travellers who are dismissed from the Convent at times inconvenient for reaching Grenoble; or so I suppose.

"The beauty and quiet of the scenery, the purity of the air, the variety of the wild-flowers—these are incomparable in our eyes (those of my sister and myself), and make all roughnesses smooth: we spent five weeks here last season, will do the like now, and then are bound for Ischia, where a friend entertains us for a month in a seaside villa he inhabits: afterwards to London, with what appetite we may, though London has its abundant worth too. Utterly peaceful as this

country appears—and you may walk in its main roads for hours without meeting any one but a herdsman or wood-cutter—I shall tell you a little experience I have had of its possibilities. On the last day of our sojourn last year, we took a final look at and leave of a valley, a few miles off: and as I stood thinking of the utter *innocency* of the little spot and its surroundings, the odd fancy entered my head, 'Suppose you discovered a corpse in this solitude, would you think it your duty to go and apprise the authorities, incurring all the risks and certain hindrance to to-morrow's departure which such an act entails in France—or would you simply hold your tongue?' And I concluded, 'I ought to run those risks.' Well, that night a man was found murdered, just there where I had been looking down, and the owner of the field was at once arrested and shut up in the *Mairie* of the village of St. Pierre d'Entremont, close by. The victim was an Italian mason, had received seven mortal wounds, and lay in a potato-patch, with a sack containing potatoes: 'he had probably been caught stealing these by the owner, who had killed him,'—so, the owner was taken into custody. We heard this—and were inconvenienced enough by it next day, for our journey was delayed by the Judge (d'Instruction) from Grenoble possessing himself of the mule which was to carry our luggage, in order to report on the spot; but we got away at last. On returning, last week, I enquired about the result. 'The accused man, who was plainly innocent, being altogether *bouleversé* by the charge coming upon him just in his distress at losing a daughter a fortnight before, had taken advantage of the negligence of the gendarmes to throw himself from the window. He survived three hours, protesting his innocence to the last, which was confirmed by good evidence; the likelihood being that the murder had been committed by the Italian's companions, at a little distance, and the body carried thro' the woods, and laid there to divert suspicions.' Well might my genius warn me of the danger of being a victim's neighbour. But how I have victimized *you*, if you have borne with me! Forgive, and believe me ever,

"Yours truly,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

Mr. Seeley had thought that a series of articles on Paris might be suitable for the *Portfolio*, if they were written by the editor, who knew the beautiful city so well, and accordingly my husband had decided to go there for a month, in order to take notes and to choose subjects for the illustrations. He never could have been reconciled to the idea of remaining a month in Paris alone, and I bethought myself of a plan, which seemed both economical and pleasant, and which he readily adopted. It was to take Mary with us, and to rent a small apartment in our quiet Hôtel de la Muette; having our meals prepared in our private kitchen (for each apartment was complete), and the cleaning done with the help of a *femme de ménage*. It would be a sort of life-at-home on a very small scale.

The apartments were like English lodgings without attendance. Moreover, no one belonging to the hotel, not even a servant, had a right to enter the apartments: they were entirely private. One might order the most costly repasts from the luxurious restaurants close at hand, or keep a *cordon bleu*, or live on bread-and-water like an anchorite, just as one pleased, without anybody noticing it. This liberty was exactly what my husband liked.

We left home on October 9 with Richard, who was to continue his artistic studies in England now, and Mary, whom her father wanted to become acquainted with the different museums, beautiful buildings, and treasures of art, under his direction, for which there could have been no better opportunity.

We all looked forward to this change as to a *partie de plaisir*, the young people especially, and on our arrival in Paris, M. Mas and his wife received us with great cordiality. They had nothing in common with the ordinary type of hotel-keepers, and welcomed their *habitués* with a simple, hearty friendliness—such as servants, who had been all their lives in a family, might show to their masters—which pleased

my husband much. They showed us, with visible satisfaction, our little apartment, saying that it had been reserved for us on account of "Mademoiselle," because her room would be just close to her mamma's, and the door leading from one to the other might be left open at night. We were told that the kitchen was particularly nice, because Monsieur Paul Baudry, "un artiste aussi," had fitted it up "à neuf" for the three months he had been spending in our present apartment. Early in the morning I went out to order provisions—groceries, fuel, wine, etc., for the month we were to remain at the hotel. We had afterwards an excellent and cheerful *déjeuner* prepared in our own kitchen. My husband was amused by the contrivances of what he called "the doll's house," and said he did not mind spending a month in that way. In the afternoon we went with the children to see the Hôtel de Ville, Notre Dame, and La Cour de Cassation: in each of these buildings my husband gave us a short explanatory lesson in architecture.

The second day he had already made rules for the division of his time, according to which the mornings would be reserved for writing and correspondence; *déjeuner* was to be ready at eleven, so as to leave the afternoon free for the work in Paris.

As on the previous day, we were breakfasting together, talking of Richard's prospects in London, when there came a telegram, saying that our dear aunt Susan thought herself to be sinking, and desired to see us. It was a sudden and a painful blow; my husband had not a moment of hesitation about what he would do. He told us to pack up immediately, whilst he went to look at the railway-guide, and find the first slow night-train for England: Richard and Mary were to go with us—it would be a last satisfaction for their aunt if we arrived in time.

I was full of apprehension for my husband, but, of course, refrained from mentioning my fears.

There was no slow train after four o'clock, so we had to start when it was still daylight, but he kept his eyes closed till darkness rendered invisible the objects we passed on our way. He bore the journey very well on the whole, and on reaching Calais we went on board the steamer immediately. It was midnight, the sea was splendidly phosphorescent, and Richard and Mary took great delight in throwing things into it, to see the sparkles flash about. I had no fear so long as we remained on the water, for Gilbert always enjoyed it, whatever the weather might be, and felt utterly free from nervousness.

Arrived at Dover at four in the morning, we went to bed for a little rest, and after breakfast went out for a walk on the seashore under the cliffs. Richard had never seen the sea before, and he received a profound impression from it. The wind was high, and the big green, crested waves came dashing their foam on to the very rocks at our feet. The alternate effects of sunshine and masses of clouds, violently driven and torn by the squalls, were magnificent; and Richard, more than ever, was fired with the wish to become a painter. His sister, very sensitive to natural beauty, shared his enthusiasm.

The train for London started at three, and on arriving at Charing Cross we found a more re-assuring telegram, stating that our aunt was somewhat better. Thus cheered by the hope of seeing her again, Gilbert was able to eat his supper with us before going to bed. I was greatly alarmed by his decision to start early in the morning and to travel throughout the day; but having made such a sacrifice of money in abandoning our apartment and provisions, and in taking the children with us in the hope of giving a last satisfaction to his aunt, I understood that he would on no account run the risk of arriving too late.

It proved a most painful day to us all. Very soon he gave signs of distress and nervousness in spite of all his

efforts to hide them; but this time he would not leave the train, though I besought him to do so.

We had some provisions in our bags, but, weak as he felt, he could not swallow a morsel of anything, he could not even drink. Still, at one time he thought that a little brandy might do him good; unfortunately we had not any with us, and it being Sunday all the refreshment-rooms were closed on the line. He strove desperately against the growing cerebral excitement, now by lying down at full length on the cushions with the curtains drawn, and his eyes closed (most mercifully we were alone in our compartment); now by stamping his feet in the narrow space and rubbing his hands vigorously to bring back circulation. In these alternate fits of excitement and prostration we reached Doncaster at five. Luckily there was a stoppage of about forty minutes before we could proceed to Featherstone, and we turned it to the best advantage by leaving the railway station and going in search of a quiet hotel, where we ordered something to eat. Darkness had now set in. We had had a little walk out of sight of the railway, in the open air, and there seemed to be not a soul, besides ourselves and the landlord, in the hotel; so that by the time our dinner made its appearance my husband had so far recovered that he was able to take both food and drink, which did him much good.

We arrived at Featherstone station after ten, and as the time of our arrival had been uncertain, there was nobody to meet us. We left our luggage, and only taking our hand-bags, we set off for the vicarage on foot in the dark and in a deluge of rain. At eleven we were all standing by the bed of our dear aunt, who knew us perfectly in spite of her weak state, and whose satisfaction at the sight of Richard and Mary was as great as unhoped for. The diary says—"Oct. 15, 1882. Our poor aunt recognized us, but it is only too plain that she cannot live more than three or four days." The doctor, whom we saw on the following morning, said

that Miss Hamerton was dying of no disease, it was merely the breaking up of the constitution. She was kept up artificially by medicine and stimulants, very frequently administered, for which she had neither taste nor desire. Now she said to the doctor—"I have been very submissive because I wanted to retain my flickering life until I should see my nephew and his family; this great happiness has been granted to me, and now I only desire to go to my final rest." After this the doctor's prescription was to give her only what she might ask for. We remained at her bedside throughout the day, with the exception of a visit to the old church, now restored with care and taste, to my husband's satisfaction.

We watched our aunt part of the night, and she spoke very often with her usual clearness of mind; towards three in the morning our cousins Emma and Annie came to relieve us. On the morrow there was a change for the worse with greater weakness, and we determined—my husband and myself—to watch all night.

Aunt Susan concerned herself about our comfort to the last; she reminded her nephew to keep up a good fire that I might not get cold; she insisted upon my making some tea for myself, and upon my husband having a glass of beer. About two in the morning she asked for a little champagne; her mind was so clear that, after exchanging a few sentences with her nephew in the Lancashire dialect, and drinking her small glass of champagne, she said with a smile, "It's good sleck," and lay still for a while. At three she wanted to be turned on her side, which my husband did with tender care, happy to be able to do something for her better than any one else could do it, as she said. I believe she liked to feel herself in his arms. Then she wished Ben to come up to read the last prayers. I went to call him, also Annie and Emma, Richard and Mary, and we all surrounded her bed whilst Ben was reading the prayers according to her desire, and my husband holding one of her hands all the

time. She rested her eyes upon each of us in turn, closed them never to open them again, and breathed more and more feebly till she breathed no more. It was five o'clock in the morning. Her death had been a peaceful one, without a struggle, without pain—the death we may desire for all that we love. Nevertheless, it proved a sore trial for my husband, who was losing the oldest affection of his life. It was even more severe than such losses are in most cases, however great may have been the affection, for it was like complete severance from the past to which both he and his aunt were so much attached. When they were together the reminiscences of the old days at Hollins, of the old friends and relations, of the quaint old customs still prevailing in the youthful days of the Misses Hamerton, and the great change since, were frequent topics of conversation. Aunt Susan was extremely intelligent, and her conversation was full of humour; she also wrote capital letters, and kept her nephew *au courant* of all that happened to their common friends. She shared in his great love and admiration for the beauties of nature, and her enjoyment of them was intense. When walking out she noticed all the changes of effect, and her interest never palled.

Great respect to her memory was manifested by the inhabitants of Featherstone, high and low, who filled the church on the day of the funeral and on the following Sunday, and who had put on mourning almost without exception.

On the Sunday night my husband went alone to the cemetery by moonlight, and remained long at the grave.

Our cousins, Ben and Annie Hinde, both showed great sympathy, and were also sorrowful on their own account; but Ben thought it bad for Mary and Richard to be shut up in unrelieved sadness, and was so kind as to take them to Leeds, Pontefract, Wakefield, and York in turn.

Aunt Susan had left a little legacy to each of her nephews

and nieces, and the rest of her savings to my husband (she had not the disposition of the capital, which had been left in trust).

She had carefully prepared and addressed little parcels of *souvenirs* to myself and to each of my children—jewels, seals, silver pencil-cases, as well as some ancient and curious objects which had been preserved as relics in the family, and which she knew we should value and respect.

The day came when we had to leave our dear cousins and the old vicarage, so full of associations both pleasant and painful. We proceeded towards Burnley, where a telegram from Mr. Handsley was handed to my husband at the station. It said that Mr. Handsley was prevented from coming himself, but that his carriage was in readiness to take us to Reedley Lodge, where his wife was awaiting us.

We were made very welcome, and Gilbert was happy to see his friends again after so long a separation. Thursday—our former servant in the Highlands—came to see us in the evening, and our children, who had heard a great deal about him, were glad of the meeting.

Mrs. Handsley was a distant relation of my husband, and the relationship had always been acknowledged. She showed herself eager to divine how her guests would like to spend the short time at their disposal, and to fulfil their wishes. She was aware of my husband's faithful attachment to old associations, both with persons and with places, and she drove us to see his former friends who were still alive, and also the Hollins. The children, who had heard so much about it, were greatly interested, particularly in the room which had been their father's study. Note in the diary—"October 26, 1882. Went to see the Brun, that I had not seen since my marriage. Drank some of its water."

Mrs. Handsley said she had it on good authority that Mr. John Hamerton of Hellifield Peel had expressed on several occasions his regret for the division existing between the two

branches of the family, and his wish to become acquainted with my husband, whose works he knew and admired.

Now it had been a lifelong desire of his to visit Hellifield Peel—the ancient tower with the romantic history, and the seat of the elder branch of the Hamertons. There could be no better opportunity, Mrs. Handsley suggested. At last he decided for the attempt, and on the following morning we set out with the children.

It was Gilbert's intention merely to send his card, and beg leave to see the tower without putting forward a claim of any kind, but on receipt of the card we were immediately shown into the drawing-room and most cordially received by Mr. John Hamerton and his sister. I was at once struck—and so were Richard and Mary—by the likeness between the two men, though they belonged to different branches of the family. My husband might have been easily taken for a younger brother of Mr. John Hamerton. They were both tall and spare, the elder man especially; both were straight and of somewhat proud bearing; their eyes were blue, with a straightforward and fearless expression. The lightness of the beard and hair, together with the development of the forehead, completed the resemblance, though the whole aspect of Mr. John Hamerton was that of a country gentleman, whilst hard intellectual work had left its stamp on the younger man's countenance. They got on very amicably together, and we were invited to lunch. My husband eagerly desired to go over the house, but alas for his dreams! it had been transformed according to modern wants, and the absence of all relics from so many generations was very striking.

We walked in the park, where we admired the noble trees, the pond, and, at some distance from the Peel, the beautiful Ribble valley, the subject of one of Turner's landscapes.

It was now time to go to our train after our long and charming visit, and when Mr. John Hamerton had given some photographs of Hellifield Peel to my husband, and we had

taken a friendly leave of his sister, he accompanied us to the station, and invited us to the Peel whenever we might come that way.

So the long breach in the family now belonged to the past, and was replaced by mutual goodwill and friendliness. Gilbert wrote in his diary—"October 27, 1882. One of the most delightful days of my life."

The day after he went to Burnley with Mr. Handsley and saw the new school before going to the Council Chamber, where a public reception had been organized in his honour, and where he delivered an oration in acknowledgment of many flattering speeches. The formal part of the reception over, he shook hands with every one who came forward to speak to him—among whom he still remembered a few.

The afternoon ended with a visit to the Mechanics' Institution, in which he had never ceased to take great interest. He had been much moved and gratified by the welcome offered him at Burnley, and never forgot it.

The journey to London was very trying on account of the cold, fog, and snow. The train ploughed its way slowly and cautiously amidst the explosive signals, which did not add to our comfort. We felt very sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Seeley, who were sitting up for us so late into the night.

On the days following our arrival, my husband introduced Richard to his friends, took him about London, and chose lodgings for him.

He also saw Mr. F. G. Stephens, who wished him to become a candidate for the post of Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, but he did not feel tempted.

He called upon Mr. Browning, who was unfortunately out, but as he was on the point of closing the door, he felt a resistance and saw a lady—"the sister of Robert Browning," she explained—to whom his card had been handed, and who, by mistake, had read the name as Hamilton. It was only after looking at it more attentively that she had rushed down the

stairs to detain the visitor. He went up with her to the drawing-room, where he found Mrs. Orr, the sister of Sir Frederick Leighton, and they had a long and pleasant talk together. Some days later he had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Browning.

It was lucky that Gilbert had good health just then, and Richard to go about with him in London, for I was laid up with a bad cold—the result of having walked a whole day in the snow making calls, without an opportunity of drying my boots or of warming my feet. Mrs. Seeley was my kind and thoughtful nurse, and thanks to her care I gradually recovered.

Richard came to say good-bye, and we left Nutfield House for France. This time we did not go through Paris, but visited everything of interest at Rouen, Dreux, Orléans, and Bourges. The diary says—"November 27. In the evening we reached home, very happy to be back again."

On the 29th of the same month he received a letter from Mr. Sagar, from which I quote the following passage—

"Sufficient time has not yet elapsed, I hope, for you to forget us in Burnley here, and the pleasure we had in seeing you in the Council Chamber on that, to us, memorable Saturday.

"Next year will be the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Institute, and we are going to celebrate this and the general success we have had by a week's jubilee—the whole of New Year's week. The jubilee will take the form of a conversazione, a banquet, and a general exhibition, occupying every room of the place except two. South Kensington authorities are sending us six cases of examples of fabrics, pottery, etc., and about sixty frames of pictures, drawings, etc. Can *you* use your influence for us in obtaining a representative exhibition—say of etchings, or anything else of a suitable character that might suggest itself to you—together, if possible (and this would delight us all), with your presence, or in the absence of this, if you can't be here, a short letter for me to read, as on the opening of the Art-school?"

The letter was sent in due time, and acknowledged with grateful thanks.

Mr. Seeley was so kind as to send us news of Richard from time to time; he wrote in March—"Richard has shown me some of his drawings; I think he is making progress. One of his last drawings seemed to me excellent; very tender and subtle. He was down at Kingston with us the other day." This opinion of Mr. Seeley's gave great pleasure to my husband, who had always entertained doubts about the range of his son's artistic talent.

In the same month he was asked to send a biographical note for *Men of the Time*, a proof that his reputation was on the increase, and Mr. Haden, who had just come back from America, said that his works were held there in the highest esteem.

The book on Paris necessitated another journey, and my husband made the time of it to coincide with the opening of the Salon. This time we stopped at Auxerre, and visited the four churches, the museum, and the room in which are exhibited the relics of Marshal Davoust.

The diary says—"April 30. Began this morning another diary in English, to record the impressions which may serve for my literary work."

On May 1 we had a carriage accident which might have been serious. Our horse took fright at sight of a steam tram and ran away on the footpath at a furious rate, dashing the carriage against the trees and lamp-posts until he slipped and fell at full length on the asphalte. My husband had been able to jump out, but a sudden jerk had prevented me from following him at the moment, and then there was danger of being hurt between the side of the carriage and the banging door. Gilbert had been running, hatless, after the carriage to hold the door and enable me to jump out, and he just succeeded as the horse slipped down and upset the carriage. I was out in time to escape being

hurt, but of course we were both a good deal shaken, and went back to rest at our hotel.

We had hardly been a week in Paris when my husband began to suffer from nervousness. A tramway had been laid in front of the hotel, and the vibration prevented him from sleeping. Then spring was always trying to him ; and above all, he wished himself in the country. Mr. Seeley wrote—"Nature evidently intended you for a savage ; how in the world did you come to be a literary man? What must Frenchmen think of you, in Paris and miserable? Even Mrs. Hamerton must feel ashamed of you." He acknowledged that he was more happy in a primitive sort of existence than in one too perfectly civilized ; still, he could not endure the privation of books, and he would have felt keenly the absence of works of art, but he was in deeper sympathy with the beauty of nature than with artistic beauty —to be denied the last would have been a great privation, but in the absence of the first he really could not live.

We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mr. Howard-Tripp, who had recently married Mr. Wyld's daughter, and who, being a picture-dealer, invited us to go and see his gallery in the Rue St. Georges. There were a great many fine works that my husband greatly admired, particularly those by Corot, Daubigny, and Troyon, and the scheme for the book on *Landscape* having been settled with Mr. Seeley, he begged Mr. Howard-Tripp to allow reproductions of some of the pictures to appear in his future work. It was readily granted.

This selection of pictures for the book on *Landscape* gave the author much additional labour, but it was better to do it now that he was in Paris than have to come again on purpose. Mr. Seeley had offered to run over and help with the arrangements, but was prevented by a slight accident. He then proposed that photographs of the pictures chosen should be sent to him, that he might have a vote.

We were very near the end of our stay in Paris, and Gilbert wanted to go to the office of *L'Art*, having some business there, and wishing to say farewell to the manager. He had also invited the sons of M. Schmitt (who were now in Paris) to meet us in the Square Richelieu and to dine afterwards at a restaurant. He thought that he could manage both things on the same day. However, we were hardly out of the omnibus when I perceived he was unwell, but I had not time to propose anything before he started off at such a rate that I was obliged to run to follow him: the worst symptoms were betrayed by his gait, by the congestion of face and neck, and by the hard stare of the eyes. It was too late to take a carriage, he could not stop, and could not be spoken to. I saw that a sure instinct was guiding him out of the crowded street to the by-ways and least frequented places, and I strove to remain by his side. In the course of about twenty minutes, I noticed a slackening in his pace, and as I had been looking about for some refuge, I remarked, through the open doors of a small café, an empty back-room, and motioned to him to follow me there. It was almost dark, and there was a divan running along three sides of the wall; I made him lie down upon it, and went to tell the *dame-de-comptoir* (who happened to be the mistress of the house) that my husband had felt suddenly unwell and required a little rest. She made no fuss, did not press me to send for a doctor or to administer anything; she merely promised to prevent any one from going into that back-room, and said we might remain there undisturbed as long as was needed. After half-an-hour my husband asked for a little brandy-and-water, and gradually became himself again. We remained about two hours in the little room, reading—or pretending to read—the newspapers, and such was Gilbert's courage and resolution, that he went to keep the appointment with the young men he had invited. I knew I was not to breathe a word of what had happened, and I was miserably anxious about the effect that

a dinner in a restaurant *en vogue* might have upon the nerves of my poor patient. Strange to say, he bore it very well, and played his part as entertainer quite merrily. But after dinner I longed to get him away, and proposed to take an open carriage for a drive in the Champs Élysées. This was accepted, and I believe he really enjoyed it.

We agreed to leave Paris the following evening, and I went to town alone in the afternoon for a few things which had been postponed to the last moment. We reached Autun on May 26, at which date the diary says—"I am very happy to be in my home, which I prefer to all the finest palaces in Paris."

In the spring he had suffered repeatedly from great pain in one of his legs, and had attributed it to rheumatism; now he began to feel the pain again in the left foot, and it soon became so acute that the doctor was sent for. He said it was an attack of gout, but gave hope of an ultimate cure, because the patient's constitution was not a gouty one. The cause of the attack was insufficient exercise in the open air. He prescribed a severe regimen, less sedentary work and as much walking and riding as possible.

For twenty-one nights my husband could not go to bed, but remained stretched on a couch or sitting in an arm-chair; when the pain was less severe he laid himself down upon the bed for a short time, but he hardly ever got to sleep. His fortitude and patience were incredible, and he bore the almost intolerable sufferings with admirable resignation. He tried to read, and even to write upon a desk placed on his knees, and talked much about his plan for the book on *Landscape*.

Mr. Seeley wrote—

"I am heartily sorry to hear of your attack of gout. But I am relieved to hear that it is not erysipelas, which must have been alarming. Possibly the discomfort you suffered in Paris may have been a premonitory symptom of

this attack, and you may look forward to the enjoyment of better health when it has passed away."

Mr. Haden declared that he felt "delighted" by this attack, as indicative of a change for the better in the constitution; he hoped that the tendency to nervousness and insomnia would disappear, or at any rate greatly diminish.

We were now daily expecting Richard, and Mr. Seeley had said on June 25—"Richard was with us on Saturday, his farewell visit. We like him more and more every time we see him." He was coming back—at my request—to pass an examination in English, the same that his brother had passed successfully two years ago for the *Certificat d'aptitude*, after which he got his post of professor at Mâcon. I had thought that if Richard failed as an artist he might be glad to fall back upon a professorship, and it turned out so. His father was pleased to notice how much better and more fluently he spoke English on his return from London; but at the same time, after seeing the drawings done in England, he was confirmed in the opinion that originality and invention were lacking to make a real artist of his younger son. What ought to be said was very perplexing: the drawings were good enough in their way, the progress undeniable—but they were only copies, even when done from the living model—the creative spark, the individual artistic stamp, were absent. My husband allowed himself some time for consideration before warning Richard that he thought him mistaken in his choice of a career.

However, after having passed a successful examination it was Richard who, of his own accord, told his father that he felt very doubtful about the ultimate result of his artistic studies. He believed they were begun too late, and that his chances against students who had several years' start were very small—they had been drawing and painting since the age of thirteen or fourteen, whilst he was preparing himself

for his degrees. The ease with which he had carried off the *Certificat d'aptitude* made him sanguine about being ready for the *Agrégation* in the course of a year, after which he would be entitled to a post in the University. He would not abandon art, he said, but would not follow it as a profession.

It was a great relief that the resolution should have been his own, but it surprised Mr. Seeley considerably, and he wrote to my husband—

"From what you tell me of his want of enjoyment in the practice of art, the determination seems wise. I suppose we take it for granted that a man must take pleasure in doing whatever he can do well; but there is no reason in the world why ability and inclination should always go together. A man with a good eye and that general ability and power of application which make a good student may easily be a draughtsman above the average, but it is quite intelligible that he should take more pleasure in other studies."

At the end of August Gilbert went with Stephen and his eldest nephew Maurice Pelletier, for a cruise of ten days on the Saône. They were on the new catamaran *L'Arar*, and enjoyed their voyage thoroughly.

On October 2, Richard left us to go to Paris to have the benefit of *les Cours de la Sorbonne*, as a preparation for *L'Agrégation d'Anglais;* and in December Stephen asked for a year's leave of absence from his post, in order to pursue his English studies in London. It is therefore conceivable that the father's health should have been impaired by anxiety and his brain overtaxed by the numerous works he had undertaken to meet his responsibilities. He was at the same time writing *Human Intercourse* for Messrs. Macmillan, *Paris* for the *Portfolio*, and the book on *Landscape* was begun.

In November he had written a very long letter to Miss Betham-Edwards, mainly in explanation of the word "sheer" used for boats, then about our doings, and he says—

"We have had the house upset by workpeople, but we are settled again after a great bother, which I dreaded before, as Montaigne used to dread similar disturbances; but now it is over I feel myself much more comfortable and orderly, though the reform has cost me a considerable loss of time. The rooms look prettier and are less crammed.

"I got the other day a letter of twenty pages from a cousin in New Zealand who had never written to me for thirty years. It was a most interesting biography of struggle, adventure, danger, hard work, and final success. It is a great pity that the men who go through such lives have not the literary talent to make autobiographies that can be published. I have another cousin whose history is *quite* as good as *Robinson Crusoe*, and I have engaged him to write it, but he never will. If I lived near him I could gradually get the material out of him, but at a distance I cannot get him even to write rough notes. On the other hand, we literary people are quite humdrum people in our ways of life, and our autobiographies would generally be of little interest.

"I have been reading Ariosto lately in Italian, and am struck both by his qualities and deficiencies. He is all on the surface; but what a wealth of inventive power, and what a well-sustained, unflagging energy and cheerfulness! The descriptions are frequently superb, and there is a *go* in the style generally that is very stimulating. It is like watching the flow of a bright, rapid, brimming river. I don't think we have any English poet of the same kind. Spenser is rather like, but heavier, and just lacking that brightness in combination with movement. Spenser and Byron *together* contain many of the qualities of Ariosto."

The first note in the diary for 1884 says—"I must try to economize time in all little things where economy is possible without injury to the quality of work. I cannot economize it very much in the work itself without risk of lowering quality."

It was a pleasure for my husband to see that his articles on the architecture of Paris had been so favourably noticed as to bring requests for contributions from *The Builder* and *L'Architecte*. Mr. Seeley wrote to him—"I think it is a feather in

your cap that your architectural notes should have brought you invitations to write for professional journals."

My brother-in-law, M. Pelletier, had left Algiers, and was now Économe at the Lycée at Marseilles. He had suggested that, it being possible to go from Chalon to Marseilles by water, we might pay him a visit and see the course of the Rhône at the same time. My husband felt greatly tempted to accept, for more than one reason: he would be able at the same time to take notes and to make observations on the way for the book on *Landscape*, and to come to a conclusion about the possibility of the Rhône scheme. We might divide the places of interest into two series, and see one of them in going and the other in coming back, with a pleasant time of rest at our friend's in the interval.

The itinerary was carefully prepared, to miss nothing on the way, and on April 8 we left my mother in charge of the house, whilst my husband, myself, and Mary started from Chalon, where we went on board the steamer for Mâcon. My husband having often seen the town, was left to his writing whilst I took Mary to see the church of Brou. From Mâcon to Lyons we enjoyed the landscape from the deck of the steamer, particularly Trévoux, and L'Île Barbe as we neared Lyons.

Note in the diary—"We passed through some lovely scenery, but I came to the conclusion never to boat with the *Arar* below Courzon."

So long as he remained on the water or in little out-of-the-way places, Gilbert was well enough and enjoyed himself exceedingly, but as soon as we were obliged to stay in large towns he began to suffer; at Lyons, having attempted to go to the Museum when it was crowded, he had to hurry out, and it is a miracle how he managed to reach the hotel, where he went through one of the worst attacks of nervousness in his life. It did not last very long, and when he was well again I took Mary to Fourvières.

By rail we proceeded to Vienne, then to Valence and Pierrelatte, where it was pitch dark as we got out, and raining heavily. To our dismay we saw no sign of either omnibus or carriage. However, a man was coming up to us in a leisurely way with a broken lantern, and he explained that the "'bus had not come because it was raining." He led us to a very queer—apparently deserted—hotel, where the getting of sheets for the narrow beds seemed to be an almost insurmountable difficulty; and as to cases for the pillows, in sheer despair of ever getting any, we had to use clean towels out of our bags in their stead. The double-bedded room was adorned with a gallery of pastel portraits so wan and faded that they looked by the faint gleam of moonlight through the shutters like a procession of ghosts, and there were so many chairs in Mary's room, and such an immensely long table, that it must surely have been used by the ghosts as a dining-hall. Nevertheless, we slept soundly, had a charming excursion in the morning, and a good, though late, *déjeuner* afterwards, for it chanced to be the drawing of lots for the conscription, and the hotel was crowded by famished officials—Mayor, *adjoints*, gendarmes, officers, etc. Of course there was nothing for unofficial people like us but to wait and catch the dishes as they left the important table, and appropriate what might remain upon them. There was enough for us, and the wine was excellent, so good indeed that we thought of having a cask sent to La Tuilerie. The great people having departed, we were able to talk at our leisure with the landlady, but all of a sudden we became aware that it was getting time to go, and asked for the bill. "Oh! there was no need for a bill, she could reckon in her head—but there was no hurry." We explained that there was some hurry, as the carriage we had ordered would be at the door presently. "Mais pourquoi? pourquoi vous en aller?" exclaimed the simple woman, with an air of consternation; "est-ce que vous n'êtes pas bien ici?"

Bourg St. Andéol, where we stopped next, is a very

interesting place. My husband was particularly pleased with the little town and the Hôtel Nicolaï. Our arrival created quite a stir in the sleepy, regular routine of the little bourg, and the doors and windows it can boast of became alive with curious eyes as we passed along the deserted streets. In an open carriage we were driven to Pont St. Esprit, and noticed the long lines of mulberry trees on each side of the roads ; the driver explained that they are planted to feed the silk-worms, and that in two months they would be leafless. We took the steamer again at Pont St. Esprit, late in the following day, for Avignon. In the morning of Sunday we all went to hear High Mass in the cathedral, then to the Palace of the Popes, and round the walls. In the afternoon we visited the tomb of John Stuart Mill, and my husband left his card at the house of Miss Taylor. We then heard music in the open air, and saw the old bridge.

It was a very pleasant fortnight that we spent at Marseilles with our relations, the only drawback being Gilbert's uncertain health, which prevented him from going out much ; though close to the expanse of the Mediterranean, I suppose he had the feeling expressed in the preface to *Landscape* in these words—"The lover of wilderness always feels confined among the evidences of a minutely careful civilization."

Towards the end of the day, when the blinding glare of sunshine was softened, we generally went to the Vieux Port where there was an uninterrupted succession of picturesque scenes among sailors of all nations and ships of every description ; or to La Joliette, to watch the arrival or departure of the Chinese vessels and other curious craft. At other times we walked in the Parc Borelli or on the Corniche.

A novel feature in our life was the frequent visits to the theatre with our friends. It was most remarkable that my husband should take such a sudden fancy to the Opera ; he could not account for it himself, except by noticing that "he felt at home in it." We invariably took *fauteuils d'orchestre*,

so that he only saw the musicians, actors, and scenery—hardly any of the occupants of the theatre, except those in the stage-boxes. It is a curious fact that in the space of a fortnight he heard more operas than in all the rest of his life.

He wrote the greater part of the day in a very quiet room, which M. Pelletier, who was well acquainted with his tastes, had fitted up accordingly at the very beginning of our visit.

On our return we stopped to see Tarascon and Beaucaire, where we had still some friends. In the last place the director of the gas-works obligingly showed us through the house which had been my father's. We also visited Nimes, Orange, and Montélimart, giving a whole day to each place. It was already very hot in the south, and the perfume of the acacias in full bloom everywhere was almost more than we could bear, especially at Montélimart. At Orange, after seeing the noble Roman remains, we partly ascended the hill to see the Ventoux range of mountains; then went on to Valence for the night. We were on board the steamer at five in the morning, and had a delightful voyage to Lyons, during which Gilbert took copious notes in the map-book he had prepared on purpose. After resting a day, we went straight on to Chalon by boat, and had a pleasant day with the captain, who invited us to *déjeuner* with him on board.

On the whole, we were satisfied with our journey; but the information my husband had collected on the way convinced him that the Rhône project, as he had planned it, was utterly impracticable.

We were soon in great anxiety about our relatives at Marseilles, for we learned that cholera had broken out there early in July. Gilbert, without the least hesitation, immediately wrote to M. Pelletier, inviting him and his children to La Tuilerie, where they would be safe from the terrible scourge. Our brother-in-law readily availed himself of the invitation for his children; but thought it his duty to remain

at his post, and set an example to the panic-stricken population.

The arrival of our nephews and niece from the very centre of contamination did not tend to augment our popularity in the neighbourhood, and we were made to understand—very plainly—that the house was tabooed, along with ourselves. Our milk from the farm just opposite to our house was brought to us half-way and deposited in the middle of the road, where our servant had to go and fetch it—no one amongst the inmates of the farm being sufficiently courageous either to bring it within our walls, or to deliver it to a servant who had approached "les Marseillais."

Ever since Richard had come home he had been steadily preparing himself for his examination, with the help of his father. Every day they read English poetry together, and Gilbert gave him all the necessary information as to the meaning, rhythm, and structure.

In moments of relaxation he joined the family circle, frequently enlivened by the presence of a young couple, M. and Mme. Pochon, who had recently come to live at the schist-works, where the husband was managing engineer. The lady had a charming voice, and used to sing in the church with Mary, who played the harmonium. This led to an intimacy, and with an additional singer and pianist in the person of my niece we often organized private concerts, in which my husband took great pleasure. There was nothing he enjoyed more than such private recreation, except perhaps the satisfaction of taking trouble to make things agreeable to others. Here is an instance among many.

On a fearfully hot day in August he overheard a *cantinière* who, talking to her husband from the top of a wagon which had just stopped near La Tuilerie, was lamenting her inability to find a shady place for the *déjeuner* of the officers, who would shortly arrive. He saw at once that he might offer these hot and weary warriors the unexpected pleasure of a

cool resting-place. So he went to the *cantinière*, and proposed to have the officers' table set upon the lawn, under the shady elder trees. The woman could hardly credit such a charitable offer, and warned him that the fresh-looking grass would certainly suffer from it; but he only smiled, saying that it could not be helped, and that he hoped to induce the grass to grow again with copious watering.

The table was set, chairs were brought from the house, also live charcoal for the portable stove, and we witnessed a very entertaining scene from behind the shutters when the regiment halted.

The Colonel began to swear and scold at sight of the white, dusty, sultry road where the *cantinière* had stopped, and for a few moments refused to listen to her explanations; but when he saw Mr. Hamerton coming out of the garden gate to invite him inside with his brother officers, he dismounted to salute him, and stood fixed in a state of ecstasy before the inviting white table-cloth, looking so fresh and cool between the green grass of the lawn and the green leaves of the trees. The other officers shared this pleasant impression, and were profuse in their thanks. After a short talk with the master of the house—who was called away to his own *déjeuner* by the bell—they drank his health, and sat down with unfeigned satisfaction to their meal.

It was not only the lawn which was thus invaded; for there being in the courtyard a deep well of deliciously cold water, the soldiers were not slow to find their way to it, and after quenching their thirst and filling up their *bidons*, they stretched themselves at full length upon the ground wherever there was shade, either from tree or wall.

This general enjoyment of an hour's delicious rest amply compensated my husband for the havoc done in the garden.

We were rather a numerous household then, at meal-times, with the addition of my mother, M. Pelletier and his three children, my brother, his wife and two little girls, so

that when the youngest officer entered the dining-room—as spokesman—to reiterate the thanks of his brother officers, he felt abashed by so many eyes fixed upon him; still, he managed to get through his duty—somewhat hurriedly—and soon after the regiment was marching off; the men, now rested and refreshed, singing lustily at the top of their voices, and waving their *képis* towards La Tuilerie.

Stephen arrived for the vacation towards the middle of August; but the suspense in which we were kept about Richard's examination was most unfavourable to the health of his father. At last there were great rejoicings when a telegram conveyed to us his brilliant success. He came out second on the list, the first being a lady—Miss Williams—of whom he had often spoken to us in high terms, having been with her as a student at the Sorbonne, and who has since become directress of that most useful institution, the Franco-English Guild.

We were told that Richard was the youngest *agrégé* in France, and of course we were proud of it. Mr. Seeley wrote—"I heartily congratulate you on Richard's great success. It is not often that a young man can so speedily justify his choice of a career."

Human Intercourse was published in September, and sold well, in spite of its cold reception by the Press. Mr. Hamerton did not allow unfavourable criticism to disturb him much. There was only one kind of attack that he did not bear patiently, I believe, and that was being told that he had no *genius*. "I don't pretend to have genius; I never said I had; then why make it a reproach?" he used to say.

There was a second edition as early as December, and I give here a fragment of one of the numerous letters the author received, which may prove that public opinion was more favourable to the book than the critics—

"You have given me some pleasant hours as I read and pondered over remarks of yours in *Human Intercourse*. It is

not the first time that you have tinted the current of my life. I hereby certify to my gratitude, not that I am of any account in the world, but because it seems to me a sort of duty, and because, were our positions reversed, it would please ME to know that I was appreciated even by a stranger. What you say about priests and women interests me deeply as a clergyman. . . ."

The letter contained eleven pages of confidential talk, mostly about personal experiences in the discharge of professional duty ; clearly showing that the subject had not been treated in vain in *Human Intercourse.*

There had been a serious strike at the schist-works of La Comaille (close to Pré-Charmoy), and the hands, now that the winter was coming upon them, were distressed and greatly disheartened. Mr. Hamerton tried his best to mollify the engineer and to reason with the men, and make them see that the strike could not bring them any advantage. At last the workmen asked to be allowed to return to their work ; but the engineer refused to take back the promoters of the strike, among whom was the husband of one of our former servants. The poor woman came in tears to beseech her "bon Monsieur" to obtain M. Pochon's forgiveness, for if her husband were kept out of work much longer her three little children would have to starve. The landlord having already threatened to turn them out, my husband had paid the rent of their cottage for a year, and now he pleaded so warmly the cause of the deluded workmen to Madame Pochon—asking for her influence in their favour, that together they carried their point, and so gave comfort to several poor families. With the exception of the two ringleaders, who had used threats and violent language, all the hands were taken back again. Our former servant's gratitude still survives ; one of her children never fails to send the united wishes of the family for the New Year, and the letters always begin with—"Nos chers bienfaiteurs."

The great kindness and generosity of "L'Anglais" were so well known in our neighbourhood that the people had no hesitation in applying at La Tuilerie for clothing, medicines, or help of any kind. Even the beggars who came regularly, lingered after pocketing their penny in the hope of seeing him personally as he crossed the courtyard or went out on the road, for then—as an old woman confided to one of the maids—"On est sûr d'une pièce blanche." He was entirely free from false pride, and looked down upon no one deserving respect. One girl whom we had had in our service for five years, and who only left us to be married, begged as a great favour that Mary should be godmother to her child. He gave his leave at once, being the first to recall how attached and devoted she had been to our daughter when a baby. And when she called with her husband, he always shook hands with them both, and offered them refreshments.

He showed the same ready sympathy to the class of young authors and artists in want of help and advice, trying to get them employment, and helping them to improve their work. He often accepted for the *Portfolio* articles which greatly increased his labours—for he had to correct and to re-write parts—if he perceived some promise of talent in their authors. He also took the trouble of criticizing minutely numbers of etchings and drawings, pointing out possible alterations which might make them acceptable to the public, and by so doing he helped to form and encouraged a great number of artists.

Mr. Seeley was anxious that the book on *Landscape* might be out in good time for the Christmas sale, and explained the many reasons which made it desirable; but although the author had done his best to be ready, he began to doubt of the possibility. Having been anxious about it and hurried, he became subject to painful attacks of palpitation. As soon as Mr. Seeley heard of it he wrote—

"Pray do not run any risk of ruining your health. Tell me exactly how you stand, how much remains to be written. Then we will face the position like sensible people, and consider what is best to be done. You must neither risk your health by over-work nor your reputation by hasty work. What a pity it is that you don't enjoy games! I find tennis such a relief from worries. I have also a double tricycle, on which I ride every morning with my garden boy. It is a capital exercise, the steering occupies one's thoughts almost as well as a game. One can't think much of business while going seven or eight miles an hour, with the probability that any considerable swerve will lead to an upset."

Gilbert sometimes went on a velocipede, and liked it, but did not possess one at that time.

In November there was good news for the boys. Richard had been told by M. Pelletier that a post at Marseilles would soon be vacant, and that he might apply for it. He did so and got it, whilst Stephen replaced him at Poitiers, so that now they were both provided with good situations.

CHAPTER XVII

1884—1888

Landscape—The Autobiography begun—*Imagination in Landscape Painting*—*The Saône*—*Portfolio Papers.*

In October 1884 all the five hundred large-paper copies of *Landscape* had been ordered except fifty ; but the last pages of MS. were not sent off until January 30, 1885.

The author wrote to the publisher—"At last I have the pleasure of sending you a page of MS. with *The End* written upon it"; and as if relieved from his task he went on to relate the following incidents—

"There has been a curious attempt at assassination here yesterday. A doctor named Vala was stopped by what seemed to be a nun, who asked for a place in his gig. He stretched out his hand to take a parcel belonging to the nun, took it, and then offered her his hand. He touched it, thought 'That's the hand of a man,' whipped his horse, and drove off at full speed. When at a distance he examined the contents of the parcel, which turned out to be a loaded revolver and a dagger. He thinks the project was to assassinate him *en route.*

"Other curious story.

"Night before last a strange man got tipsy in our village and began to blab and talk. He asked for a bottle without a bottom, and for some woollen rags. He was suspected of having a dynamite project, and the mayor was fetched at one in the morning to look after him, so he arrested him and took him to Autun at two a.m. On the way the man

coolly confessed that he was one of a dynamite gang of ten, and threatened the mayor and the village when he got out of prison.

"So you see we have our dangers as well as you."

Human Intercourse was more popular in America than in England. Mr. Niles wrote—"We have been selling three thousand copies of *Human Intercourse;* does not that speak well for your popularity here? As yet the pirates have left it alone, although the *Intellectual Life* has been pirated." Still, the author continued to receive many letters testifying to the appreciation of the book by his countrymen. Mr. Wyld said—"I have read *Human Intercourse* from end to end, and intend to do so more than once, taking and considering each essay separately."

Mrs. Ady (Julia Cartwright) wrote that she and her husband had been charmed with it. The book seemed to have influenced women powerfully, for their letters about it were very numerous.

The news of Richard's health became disquieting early in the month of January; he suffered much from headaches, and could not work. He was well nursed at his uncle's, M. Pelletier's, by his grandmother, who happened to be on a visit to her son-in-law. The doctor said it was a kind of nondescript fever with cerebral and typhoid symptoms, to which young people not acclimatized to Marseilles were very liable on settling there. In Richard's case there had been a predisposition on account of the hard work he had gone through for the *Agrégation*. He had looked as if he bore it easily while it lasted; but the strain had been more severe than he was aware of; and two years after his recovery he told me that he had never felt the same since that illness at Marseilles.

In February, Miss Betham-Edwards having sent a volume of her poems to my husband, he wrote in acknowledgment—

"I have read your book in the evenings and with pleasure, especially some pieces that I have read many times. *The Wife's Prayer*, for one, seems to me quite a perfect piece of work; and not less perfect in another way, and quite a different way, is *Don José's Mule, Jacintha.* The delicate humour of the latter, in combination with really deep pathos and most finished workmanship, please me immensely. Besides this, I have a fellow-feeling for Don José, because I have an old pony that I attend to myself always," etc., etc. . . .

"I have been vexed for some time now by the tendency to jealous hostility between France and England. I had hoped some years ago that the future might establish a friendly understanding between the two nations, based upon their obvious interest in the first place, and perhaps a little on the interchange of ideas; but I fear it was illusory, and that at some future date, at present undeterminable, there will be another war between them, as in the days of our fathers. I have thought sometimes of trying to found an Anglo-French Society or League, the members of which should simply engage themselves to do their best on all occasions to soften the harsh feeling between the two nations. I dare say some literary people would join such a league. Swinburne very probably would, and so would you, I fancy. I could get adhesions in the French University and elsewhere. Some influential political Englishmen, such as Bright, might be counted upon. I would have begun the thing long since; but I dread the heavy correspondence it would bring upon me I would have a *very small* subscription, as the league ought to include working-men. Peace and war hang on such trifles sometimes that a society such as I am imagining might possibly on some occasion have influence enough to prevent a war. It should be understood also that by a sort of freemasonry a member of the society would endeavour to serve any member of it belonging to the other nation.

"I don't know if you have observed how harshly Matthew Arnold writes of France now. He accuses the whole nation of being sunk in *immorality*, which is very unfair. There are many perfectly well-conducted people in France; and why does not Arnold write in the same strain

against Italy, which is more immoral still? The French expose themselves very much by their incapacity for hypocrisy —all French faults are *seen*."

The winter was very cold, and all the ponds were covered with ice, affording good opportunity for skating. My husband undertook to teach Mary to skate, and they often went on the ice together.

Landscape was published on March 12, and on the 19th all the large-paper copies were gone, and the small ones dropping off daily.

The author wrote to Mr. Seeley—

"I am glad *Landscape* is moving nicely. Nothing is more disagreeable to an author than to see an enterprising publisher paid for his trust and confidence by anxiety and loss, especially when the publisher is a friend. Failure with this book would have been especially painful to me, as I should have attributed it in great part to my slowness with the MS., and consequent want of punctuality."

Mr. F. G. Stephens said—"The book is a superb affair, and, as far as I have seen it, deserves all praise."

R. L. Stevenson wrote—

"*Bournemouth.*
"*March* 16, 1885.

"MY DEAR HAMERTON—

"Various things have been reminding me of my misconduct; first, Swan's application for your address; second, a sight of the sheets of your *Landscape* book; and last, your note to Swan, which he was so kind as to forward. I trust you will never suppose me to be guilty of anything more serious than an idleness, partially excusable. My ill-health makes my rate of life heavier than I can well meet, and yet stops me from earning more. My conscience, sometimes perhaps too easily stifled, but still (for my time of life and the public manners of the age) fairly well alive, forces me to perpetual and almost endless transcriptions. On the back of all this, any corre-

spondence hangs like a thundercloud, and just when I think I am getting through my troubles, crack, down goes my health, I have a long, costly sickness, and begin the world again. It is fortunate for me I have a father, or I should long ago have died; but the opportunity of the aid makes the necessity none the more welcome. My father has presented me with a beautiful house here—or so I believe, for I have not yet seen it, being a cage bird, but for nocturnal sorties in the garden. I hope we shall soon move into it, and I tell myself that some day perhaps we may have the pleasure of seeing you as our guest. I trust at least that you will take me as I am, a thoroughly bad correspondent, and a man, a hater, indeed, of rudeness in others, but too often rude in all unconsciousness himself; and that you will never cease to believe the sincere sympathy and admiration that I feel for you and for your work.

"About the *Landscape*, which I had a glimpse of while a friend of mine was preparing a review, I was greatly interested, and could write and wrangle for a year on every page: one passage particularly delighted me, the part about Ulysses—jolly. Then, you know, that is just what I fear I have come to think landscape ought to be in literature: so there we should be at odds. Or perhaps not so much as I suppose, as Montaigne says it is a pot with two handles, and I own I am wedded to the technical handle, which (I likewise own, and freely) you do well to keep for a mistress. I should much like to talk with you about some other points, it is only in talk that one gets to understand. Your delightful Wordsworth trap I have tried on two hardened Wordsworthians, not that I am not one myself. By covering up the context, and asking them to guess what the passage was, both (and both are very clever people, one a writer, one a painter) pronounced it a guide-book. 'Do you think it unusually good guide-book?' I asked. And both said —'No, not at all!' Their grimace was a picture when I showed the original.

"I trust your health and that of Mrs. Hamerton keep better; your last account was a poor one. I was unable to make out the visit I had hoped as (I do not know if you

heard of it) I had a very violent and dangerous hemorrhage last spring. I am almost glad to have seen death so close with all my wits about me, and not in the customary lassitude and disenchantment of disease. Even thus clearly beheld, I find him not so terrible as we suppose. But, indeed, with the passing of years, the decay of strength, the loss of all my old active and pleasant habits, there grows more and more upon me that belief in the kindness of this scheme of things, and the goodness of our veiled God, which is an excellent and pacifying compensation. I trust, if your health continues to trouble you, you may find some of the same belief. But perhaps my fine discovery is a piece of art, and belongs to a character cowardly, intolerant of certain feelings, and apt to self-deception. I don't think so, however; and when I feel what a weak and fallible vessel I was thrust into this hurly-burly, and with what marvellous kindness the wind has been tempered to my frailties, I think I should be a strange kind of ass to feel anything but gratitude.

"I do not know why I should inflict this talk upon you; but when I summon the rebellious pen, he must go his own way: I am no Michael Scott, to rule the fiend of correspondence. Most days he will none of me: and when he comes, it is to rape me where he will.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

Mr. Seeley wrote—

"My brother the Professor has been staying with us and reading the *Graphic Arts* and *Landscape* most assiduously. He was deeply interested, and said they seemed to him most important works, giving him views about art which had never entered his mind before. He seems to feel that you are doing in Art what he is doing in History."

For the present, Mr. Hamerton had no great work in hand. There was the usual writing for the *Portfolio*, and he had been asked for articles by the editors of *Longmans' Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, but he had not yet

made up his mind as to the subject of a new important book, and was discussing various schemes both with Mr. Seeley and Mr. Craik.

In one of his letters to Mr. Seeley he said—

"I have sometimes thoughts of writing a book (not too long) on the Elements or Principles of Art Criticism, in the same way as G. H. Lewes once wrote a series of papers for the *Fortnightly* on the Principles of Success in Literature. I think I could make such papers interesting by giving examples both from critics and artists, and from various kinds of art. It would add to the interest of such papers if they had a few illustrations specially for themselves, and as I went on with the writing I could tell you beforehand what illustrations might be useful, though I cannot say beforehand what might be required. I should make it my business to show in what real criticism, that is worth writing and worth reading, differs from the hasty expression of mere personal sensations which is so often substituted for it; and I would show in some detail how there are different criteria, and how they may be justly or unjustly applied, giving examples. The articles might be reprinted afterwards in the shape of a moderate-sized book, like my *Life of Turner*, but about half as thick, and if we kept the illustrations small they might go into the book. Such a piece of work would have the advantage of giving me opportunities for showing how strongly tempted we all are to judge works of art by some special criterion instead of applying different criteria. For example, I remember hearing a man say before a picture that told a story that 'its colour was good, and, after all, the colour was the main thing in a picture.' Another would have criticized the drawing of the figures, a third the composition, a fourth the handling. Lastly, it might have occurred to some one to inquire how the story was told, and whether the artist had understood the story he had to tell.

"I remember being in an exhibition with Robinson the famous engraver more than twenty, or perhaps thirty, years ago, and was very much struck by a criticism of his

on a picture which seemed to me very good in many respects, though the effect was a very quiet one. He said—'There's no light and shade'; and the want of good, strong oppositions of light and dark that could be effectively engraved seemed to him quite a fatal defect, though on looking at the work in colour the absence of these oppositions did not strike me, as other qualities predominated. Here was the engraver's *professional* point of view interfering with his judgment of a picture that was good, but could not be engraved effectually.

"Then we have the interference of feelings quite outside of art, as when Roman Catholics tolerate hideous pictures because they represent some saint, although they have really been painted from a hired model, and only represent a saint because the artist, with a view to sale, has given a saint's name to the portrait of the model.

"Also there is the judgment by the literary criterion, which is often applied to pictures by thoughtful and learned people. They become deeply interested in one picture because it alludes (in a manner which seems to them intelligent) to something they know by books, and they pass with indifference better works that have no literary association.

"Then you have the judgment of pictures which goes by the pleasure of the eyes, and tastes a picture with the eyes as wine and good cooking are tasted by the tongue. I believe this ocular appreciation is nearer to the essential nature of art than the literary or intellectual appreciation of it. *Vide* Titian's pictures, which never have anything to say to the intellect, but are a feast to the eyes.

"Then you have the *scientific* criterion, which judges a landscape favourably because strata are correctly superposed, their dip accurately given, and 'faults' noticed. In the figure this criticism relies greatly on anatomy.

"I have jotted down these paragraphs roughly merely to show something of the idea, but of course in the work itself there would be much more to be said—other criteria to examine, and a fuller inquiry to be gone into about these. I should rely for the interest of the papers, and for their *raison d'être* in the *Portfolio*, very much upon the examples alluded

to, both in quotations from critics and in references to works of art.

"With regard to the papers on Landscape Painters—if I wrote the introductory chapter it would be on landscape-*painting* as an art, not so much on the painters. I should trace something of its history, but should especially show how it differs from figure-painting in certain conditions. For example, in figure-painting composition does not much interfere with truthful drawing, as a figure can always be made to conform to desired shapes by simply altering its attitude and putting it at a greater or less distance from the spectator, but in landscape composition always involves the re-shaping of the objects themselves. Again, colour is of much more sentimental importance in landscape than in the figure. *Purple* hills, a *yellow* streak in the sky, and *grey* water produce together quite a strong effect on the poetical imagination, whereas the same colours in a lady's dress are but so much millinery. If the landscape is engraved it loses nine-tenths of its poetical significance, if the portrait of the lady is engraved there is only a sacrifice of some colours.

"*October* 8, 1885."

Meanwhile, it occurred to him that he might undertake his autobiography, and stipulate that it should only be published after his death. He told me that his health being so uncertain and his earnings so precarious, he had thought the autobiography might be a resource for me in case of his premature decease, as he saw clearly that notwithstanding the considerable sums which his recent successes had brought him, it was not likely that he should ever save enough to leave me independent.

As he had himself introduced the subject, I led him to consider Mary's future prospects in life, and said that Stephen and Richard being now provided with situations we ought to think of their sister. Her musical education had now reached such a point that no teaching afforded by Autun could be of any value to her, and it was my desire

that she might have the advantage of instruction and direction in her studies from one of the best professors at the Conservatoire of Paris. I realized that it would be a great tax, and a no less great sacrifice for my husband to be left alone while I should be in Paris with Mary; but I also knew that he never shrank from what he considered a duty—and we both agreed that it was a duty to put our daughter in a position to earn her living, if circumstances made it necessary.

Accordingly I inquired who was thought to be the best executant on the piano in Paris, and we had it on good authority that it was M. Delaborde, Professor at the Conservatoire, with whom we corresponded immediately. Although we had friendly recommendations, he would not pledge himself to anything before examining Mary, and we started for Paris in some uncertainty. I had engaged a little apartment at the Hôtel de la Muette, where we were known, and a pleasant room looking on the garden had been reserved for us, not to inconvenience other people by Mary's practice.

I knew the result of the examination would give Gilbert great pleasure, so I gave him every detail about it. M. Delaborde, who has the reputation of being extremely severe and somewhat blunt, was most kind and encouraging. After making Mary play to him for an hour, he said—"That will do; there remains a good deal to be done and acquired, but you *may* acquire it by hard work and good tuition in three years. I consent to take you as one of my pupils, but I must let you know at once that I am very exacting. Don't be afraid of me, for I see that you are industrious, and that you really *love* music. And now I am going to pay you a compliment which has its value, coming from me—I find no defect to correct in your method." After that he gave us a long list of music to be bought for practice, and said we might come twice a week. He also inquired what direction I wished her studies to take, and whether she intended to give lessons.

I answered that I wished her studies to be of the most serious character, exactly as if she were preparing herself to be a music-teacher, though it was not her parents' present intention, but because one never was certain of the future. He perfectly understood my wishes, and was also pleased to notice his new pupil's partiality for classical music. Strange to say—and I did not fail to convey the important fact to her father—Mary, who was so easily frightened, felt perfectly at ease with M. Delaborde, and besides her sentiment of unbounded admiration for his talent, she soon came to have a great liking for himself. Her father was very glad—for her sake especially—that she should have the satisfaction of seeing her efforts taken *au sérieux*, and appreciated by such an authority as M. Delaborde. He often said that one of the greatest satisfactions in life was to be able to do something *really well*, better than most people could do it, and he was happy in the thought that music would give that satisfaction to his daughter. About music he had written to Mr. Seeley—

"I was always in music what so many are in painting—simply practical. In my youth I was a pupil of Seymour of Manchester for the violin, and thought to be a promising amateur, but I have played far more music than I ever talked about. I don't at all know how to talk or write about music. It seems to me that it expresses *itself*, and that nothing else can express it."

After an absence of five weeks Gilbert was very glad to see us back, and to hear that M. Delaborde had been very encouraging to Mary. At the end of the last lesson he had said: "À l'année prochaine; je suis certain que vous reviendrez: vous avez le feu sacré."

Several projects of books had occurred to Mr. Hamerton, which he submitted to his publishers for advice. He had thought of "Rouen," but Mr. Craik had answered—"Your name is a popular one, and anything coming from you is pretty

sure of a sale. But we should consider whether even your name will persuade the public to buy this book on Rouen." It was abandoned for the consideration of a work on the "Western Islands," to which Messrs. Macmillan were favourable.

Mr. Seeley was suggesting the "Sea" as a subject that he might treat with authority from an artistic point of view, but he feared he had not had sufficient opportunity of studying it, and received this answer—"Your letter of this morning has suggested to me another scheme—a series of articles on Imagination in Landscape Painting." The idea pleased my husband very much, and as he reflected about it he began a sort of skeleton scheme for its treatment.

His own imagination about landscape was truly marvellous. Since he had been deprived of the power to travel, he was continually dreaming that he had undertaken long and distant voyages, in which he discovered wondrously beautiful countries and magnificent architecture. He often gave me, on awaking, vivid descriptions of these imaginary scenes, which he remembered in every detail of composition, effect, and colour, and which he longed, though hopelessly, to reproduce in painting.

He was now writing in French a life of Turner for the series of *Les Artistes Célèbres*, published by the Librairie de l'Art. It was not a translation from his English *Life of Turner*, but a new, original, and much shorter work, about which he wrote to Mr. Seeley—

"I am writing a book in French—a new life of Turner, not very long. I find the change of language most refreshing. Composition in French is a little slower for me, but not much, and as I am a great appreciator of good French prose, it is fun to try to imitate (at a distance) some of its qualities."

Years after, writing about this same *Life of Turner*, he said to Mr. Seeley—

"The insularity of the English that you speak of is not worse than the insularity of the French. When I wrote my

Life of Turner for the *Artistes Célèbres* series, I was asked to reduce the MS. by one third, for the reason that the thicker numbers *were only given to great artists.* The sale was very moderate, as so few French people care anything about English art."

When the first chapters of *Imagination in Landscape Painting* reached Mr. Seeley, he said—"I like your opening chapters much, and I feel glad that I have set you on a good subject."

As usual during the vacation, my husband went on the Saône with Stephen and Maurice for a fortnight. *L'Arar* had been greatly improved, but was still to undergo new improvements while laid up for the winter. On coming back home Gilbert wrote to Mr. Seeley—

"Stephen, my nephew Maurice, and myself have just returned from an expedition on the Saône in my boat, which turned out delightful. We had considerable variety of wind and weather, including a very grand thunderstorm with tremendous wind (of short duration). We were just near enough to a port where there was an inn to be able to take refuge in time. The boat would have ridden out the storm on the water, scudding under bare poles of course, but I have seen so many telegraph-poles and trees struck by lightning, that I apprehended the possibility of its striking one of our masts. At the inn we had dinner, and during the whole of dinner, between five and six p.m., we had a splendid view of Mont Blanc through our open window—first with all its snows rosy, and afterwards fading into grey. As there were no beds in the inn we went on by night, first in total darkness and afterwards in moonlight, beating against the wind, but the wind falling altogether and rain coming in its place, and the nearest inn being twelve kilomètres away, we slept on the boat under a tent, and were comfortable enough, though it rained all night. Next morning we were under sail at seven, and had a delightful day. A curious thing about that night was a swarm of ephemeræ so dense that it was like a blinding snowstorm. I could hardly see to steer for them,

they hit my face like pelting rain. They fell on the deck till it was covered an inch deep, and two inches deep in parts. Next morning Stephen, on cleaning the deck, rolled them up into large balls, which he threw into the river. The people call them *manna*.

"We exercised ourselves in all ways, going out for manœuvres against the wind when it was worst, rowing in dead calms, or towing the boat from the shore, as there is a towing-path all along one side, so we need never be quite stopped. The boat behaved capitally, and as the lads became better drilled they did the sailing business better together. My health kept wonderfully well in spite of (or perhaps in consequence of) a good deal of work and some hardship. I did a lot of sketches, and amused myself particularly with drawing the delicate distances. Yesterday, on our return, we met by appointment a picnic party at Nôlay, and walked ten kilomètres under drenching rain to see a natural curiosity called the 'end of the world,' where limestone cliffs end in a sort of semicircle.

"It is believed to be a creek of an ancient lake or sea. The cliffs are evidently undermined by waves, and hang over. The ground in the middle is full of beautiful pastures and vineyards, with lovely groups of trees and a stream, and two very picturesque villages."

The different methods which had been tried for producing manuscript in duplicate had all proved distasteful and unsatisfactory. My husband was particularly irritated by the delay caused by having to press down the hard lead-pencil or stiletto. He could not bear any slow process for expressing the swiftly-running thoughts, and he tried another plan which enabled him to write very nearly as fast as the ideas came. Using glazed paper and a soft pencil he made a rough draft without attempt at polish in style, merely fixing the thoughts. This he corrected at leisure, and copied with a particular kind of ink which was said to yield half-a-dozen copies upon moist paper put under a screw-press. But the result was very imperfect, and took too much time, and finally he used to have

his corrected MS. copied by a professional typewriter. This plan was by far the most satisfactory, as, by relieving him from the drudgery of copying, it allowed more time for painting, and a rather important picture of Kilchurn Castle was begun, to be hung on the staircase.

In February *French and English* was begun. My husband was particularly qualified to give an impartial comparison of the habits, institutions, and characteristics of the two nations, on account of his sympathies with both, and his intimate knowledge of the French language and long residence in France, during which his inquisitive mind had been gathering endless information about the public institutions of the country. He had made himself perfectly acquainted with French politics, and followed with great interest all current events.

The system of public instruction in France had become familiar to him through M. Pelletier (who had been a member of the University from his youth); and he had not neglected to learn from the several ecclesiastics with whom he was acquainted, what he wanted to know about the constitution of the Roman Catholic Church and clergy.

In the same way his military friends told him what he cared to learn of the army. He had for a neighbour M. de Chatillon (cousin of the poet and painter A. de Chatillon), a retired captain, who had been in the Crimea, and was wounded in the Franco-Prussian War; also a friend and visitor, another captain, M. Kornprobst, with whom he made the voyage on the Saône. The colonel of the regiment quartered at Autun, M. Mathieu, who had fought by the side of the English in the Crimea, came sometimes too, to talk about past days, and recalled among other things with gratitude and admiration the fare of which he had partaken on board an English man-of-war. Mr. Hamerton had only to put questions to one of these officers to obtain full information upon any point of French military organization. As regards national character-

istics in individuals, he had a rich accumulation of notes and observations, both in his pocket-books and in his mind. Very observant from early youth, this tendency had been quickened by the contrasts that life in foreign parts constantly presented.

It had been decided that the Rhône voyage should be abandoned for one on the Saône ; and Mr. Hamerton was in active correspondence with Mr. Seeley about the choice of an artist to illustrate the book. Both of them were great admirers of Mr. Pennell's talent, and they agreed to make him a proposal.

Mr. Pennell, having been overworked and feeling rather nervous and unwell, thought that the contemplated voyage would be the very thing to restore his health. He would have perfect tranquillity on the peaceful river, and he might sketch at his leisure, without hurry ; so he gladly accepted the hospitality offered him on board the *Boussemroum*.

The plan of accommodation on this boat has been explained exhaustively by the author of *The Saône*, but I think I may give a few brief indications of the arrangements for readers unacquainted with the book.

Mr. Hamerton hired a large river-boat called the *Boussemroum*, and two men to manage it and do the cooking. A donkey, "Zoulou," was kept on board to tow the boat when necessary, and in the course of the voyage a boy, "Franki," was engaged to drive "Zoulou." Three tents had been erected for the passengers, and an awning was placed over part of a raised platform to shelter the artists at work from the too generous heat of the June sunshine. Each tent was furnished as a simple bedroom, with an iron bedstead and a hammock, washing utensils, chest, table for drawing or writing, and mats on the floor.

Besides Mr. Pennell's tent and Mr. Hamerton's, another had been reserved for Captain Kornprobst, who was to undertake the duties of the commissariat. There was nothing so

difficult for my husband as to turn his mind from intellectual or artistic thoughts to domestic or business affairs; he was aware of it, and dreaded interruptions—and the fear of interruptions—as well as the responsibility of keeping his floating home so regularly provisioned as to save its inmates from becoming, occasionally, a prey to hunger or thirst. Humbly confessing his shortcomings, he begged his friend, Captain Kornprobst, to join the expedition as Purser and General Provider, feeling confident that if he consented everything would *marcher militairement.* It was an immense relief when the Captain declared himself ready and willing to assume these functions.

Mr. Pennell, having been suddenly obliged to go to Antwerp for a series of drawings, could not be free at the time of starting. On the other hand, Captain Kornprobst had been summoned, the boat hired, and the men's wages were running, so the voyage was begun, on the understanding that Mr. Pennell would join the party as soon as he could leave Antwerp, probably at Corre on the Upper Saône.

On arriving at Chalon-sur-Saône, on May 31, Mr. Hamerton was met by the Captain, and they proceeded at once to the *Boussemroum*, which they put in order as it moved away. It was only at Gray, on June 6, that Mr. Pennell came on board.

It has been said in some notices of Mr. Hamerton's life that he read but little; nothing could be more opposed to truth; the fact is, that he was constantly attempting to bind himself by rules to give only a certain proportion of his time to reading, and when he travelled he was sure to have among his luggage a large trunk of books. Here is a list, for instance, of the works he took with him on the Saône—

Royau, *A travers les Mots.*
No Name Series, *Signor Monaldini's Niece.*
Poe, *Poems.*
Italian Conversation Book.

Arnold, *Light of Asia.*
Swinburne, *Atalanta.*
Auguez, *Histoire de France.*
Amiers, *Olanda.*
St. Simon, *Louis XIV. et sa Cour.*
Paradol, *La France Nouvelle.*
Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico.*
Palgrave, *Golden Treasury.*
Milton, *Poems.*
Milton, do. (modern edition).
Milton, *Areopagitica.*
Stevenson, *Inland Voyage.*
Stevenson, *Travels with a Donkey.*
Byron, *Poems* (4 vols.).
Shakespeare, *Poems.*
Helps, *Social Pressure.*
Gerson, *De Imitatione.*

The adventures of the voyage having been narrated in *The Saône*, I shall only mention the incident of the arrest, because it turned out to be a lucky thing that I just then happened to be in Paris. It must be explained that M. Pelletier, having been entrusted with the organization of one of the great new Lycées—the Lycée Lakanal at Sceaux—had been deprived of his usual vacation in 1885, and, as a little compensation, he came to spend the Easter of 1886 with us, and took away Mary, who was to stay with him for her yearly music-lessons. At the end of the month I took advantage of my husband's absence to go and see the Paris Salon, and to bring back our daughter.

On June 25, while we were at lunch with M. Pelletier and his children, and making merry guesses as to the probable whereabouts of the voyagers on the Saône, there came a telegram for my brother-in-law, who said to me, after reading it—"What would you say if they were arrested as spies?" We all laughed at the idea, and I answered that it would be

capital material for a chapter. "Well then, since you take it this way, I may as well tell you that it is a fact, though your husband wishes it to be kept from you till he is released."

I began to fear that he might be imprisoned and that his nervousness would return in confinement. From this point of view the consequences seemed alarming, and I wondered what would be the best plan to set him free as soon as possible.

My brother-in-law was for applying to the English Ambassador, but I felt pretty sure that my husband would write to him, and that negotiations in that quarter would take some time. So I went straight to one of our friends who had a near relation holding an important military post at the Elysée, and who might be of great help on this occasion. I told my friend what had happened, and he promised to go and explain matters to his relative, and to obtain speedily an order of release for the unlucky travellers. The same evening I had a note to the effect that the Minister of War had sent the desired order by telegram.

The author of *The Saône* has explained why the voyage was interrupted at Chalon. The second part was to be made on the *Arar*, and the erections on the *Boussemroum* were to be demolished and the tents removed before the boat was returned to its owner; but as Mary and I had expressed a wish to see it before the demolition, we went to Chalon, where my husband took us on board and explained all the contrivances, which were very ingenious.

The extraordinary appearance of the *Boussemroum* with its three large tents attracted quite a crowd on the quay where it was moored, and as we made our way towards it we were followed by many curious eyes.

Mr. Pennell, having been discouraged and disheartened by the loss of time and the insecurity of his situation in France, especially since he had failed to get an official permis-

sion to sketch at Lyons, gave up all idea of illustrating the Lower Saône. What was to be done with the book? Could it be published in an incomplete state and called *The Upper Saône?* In that case the work would be of small importance, after all the preparations, time, and money spent upon it. "Would it not be better to ask another artist to undertake the remaining part?" asked Mr. Seeley. But he would have to encounter the same difficulties, and be exposed to the same vexations—and, after all, the book might be wanting in harmony.

At last Mr. Pennell offered to make drawings from the author's sketches, and this was accepted. My husband had already in his possession a great number of studies taken at Chalon, Mâcon, and upon the river on previous cruises, and they might be utilized in this way, together with those he could still make during the vacation on the *Arar.*

In the interval between the two boat voyages, Mr. Hamerton devoted himself almost exclusively to writing *French and English* for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and *The Saône.* He also took some precautions in view of the next cruise, and when he started for it, with Stephen and Maurice, he was provided with a passport and a recommendation from the English Ambassador.

The voyage was a pleasant one and ended prosperously, but it soon became evident that the book could not be published before the next year, mainly because the stereotype plates could not have reached America before December, and the publishers then would still have to print and bind the book.

Mr. Niles said about it—

"I am very glad you have decided to postpone the publication of the boat voyage till next year. You will see by our account that we allow you nothing on the cheap edition of the *Intellectual Life.* Thank the pirates for it.

"Mrs. Hamerton's *Golden Mediocrity* has passed through a second edition, the first was 1000 copies."

This last book was a novelette that I had written at the instigation of Mr. Niles, and which had been corrected by my husband.

The illustrations needed for the completion of *The Saône* took a great deal of Mr. Hamerton's time in 1886. Early in January he went to Chalon to take several sketches, which he worked out afterwards in pen-and-ink. We took the opportunity of this journey to see a few houses which had been recommended to us as possible future residences, La Tuilerie requiring expensive repairs that we were not inclined to undertake, because every time we made any our rent was raised—no doubt because it was thought that just after a fresh outlay we should not be disposed to leave. But we found the house-rents much higher about Chalon than in our neighbourhood, and although Gilbert was fond of the Saône—particularly for boating—he was far from admiring the landscape as much as that of the Autunois, from a painter's point of view. After much consideration we decided to go through the unavoidable repairs, and to renew our lease.

I suppose that the Saône voyage had directed my husband's thoughts towards boats more than ever, for his diary is full of notes about them. I shall only give a few to show the drift of his mind.

"Made a sketch for a possible triple catamaran.

"Made an elevation of hull for the *Morvandelle*, using an elevation of a quickly-turning steamer in *Le Yacht*, and *improving* upon it.

"Made a new balancer for canoe.

"Began to prepare pirogue with marine glue before putting the rudder-post.

"Lengthened cross-pieces; completed beam for catamaran, adding details of ironwork.

"Demolished old balancer log of canoe, and began to saw it to make a little bridge.

"Found that boiling wood was the best plan for bending it; steaming is too troublesome.

"Thought much about sails.

"Wrote a letter to *Yacht* about invention of paper-boats."

In October he began to write for *Le Yacht* a history of catamarans, which was highly appreciated by the readers of that paper.

In the course of that year he also wrote a long and careful review of *L'Art* for *Longmans' Magazine*, *Conversations on Book Illustrations*, and a review of Mr. Ernest George's etchings. He also worked at the autobiography.

It was a real sorrow for my husband to hear that in consequence of the demise of Mr. John Hamerton, Hellifield Peel and the estate were for sale and likely to go out of the family. He had been considerately offered the first option of purchase, and he wrote in the diary—"How I wish I had the money!"

In January 1887 he wrote to Mr. Seeley—

"We are rather troubled by the possibility of a war between France and Germany. The French papers take the thing coolly, but the English ones, especially the *Daily News*, are extremely pessimist. If there is war I mean to come to England, having had enough anxiety and interrupted communications during the last war. My sons would probably both volunteer into the French army in defence of their mother's country, as it would be a duel of life and death between Germany and France this time. If you and Mrs. Seeley visit the Continent in the spring you may perhaps witness a battle. I have seen just one and heard the cannonade of another—sensations never to be forgotten."

In the spring he had had an attack of gout, in consequence of working at the boats instead of going out. He bore it with his usual philosophy—trying to read or write whenever the pain was supportable. It happened during the Easter vacation, and Stephen used to sit up late into the night to keep his father company.

At the end of the vacation Richard, who had obtained a

post in Paris, took his sister with him, and in June, Gilbert being now quite well, I went to fetch her back. M. Delaborde had recommended her the study of harmony, and we found an able professor in M. Laurent, the organist of the cathedral at Autun.

It was with great satisfaction that her father noticed her application and success in this arduous study. He considered it, like algebra, an excellent discipline for the mind—too often wanting in a feminine education.

Against all expectations *The Saône* did not sell well. It was unaccountable; the illustrations were numerous and varied, picturesque, and greatly admired by artists—Rajon in particular was charmed with them—but it appears that their sin consisted in not being etchings; so at least said the book-sellers, as if the author's works were never to be illustrated in any other way. The subject was new, and presented in felicitous style; the reviews were hearty; but in spite of all that could be said in its favour, the book never became a popular one. Mr. Seeley had mentioned in a letter the uncertainty of the publishing business, and my husband answered—

"What you say about the lottery of publishing is confirmed by the experience of others. Macmillan said to me one day, 'As one gets older and certainly more experienced one ought to get wiser, but it does not seem to be so in publishing, for I am just as liable to error now in my speculations as I was many years ago.' Evidently Niles is the same."

The subject of *French and English* seemed too important to Mr. Hamerton to be adequately treated in a few articles, and he decided to give it proper development in a book for which all his accumulated observations would become useful. He proposed it to Messrs. Macmillan, warning them that, as he intended to be impartial, they might find that his opinions

—conscientiously given—would often be at variance with those generally accepted. Mr. Craik answered—"As to *French and English* I do not think that it matters in the least that you differ from the opinions of others." Then he went on to say—"I hope to hear from you about a large illustrated book for 1889, and we will gladly go into the matter with you when you have got an idea into your head."

In the autumn we learned with deep regret the death of our dear cousin, Ben Hinde. My husband conveyed it to his friend M. Schmitt in the following letter—

"J'ai reçu ces jours-ci la triste nouvelle que mon cousin—le prêtre anglican que j'aimais comme un frère, a succombé à une assez longue maladie. Ce qu'il y a de plus pénible c'est la position de sa sœur qui s'était entièrement dévouée à lui et à la paroisse. Elle a vécu toute sa vie au presbytère, et maintenant, son frère mort, il va falloir qu'elle s'en aille. Elle a une petite fortune qui suffira à ses besoins, et j'ai l'immense satisfaction de penser que c'est moi qui ai pu sauver cet argent des griffes d'éxécuteurs testamentaires mal intentionnés. Je les ai forcés à payer quarante mille francs. Ma cousine supporte son sort avec un courage parfait. Je n'ai jamais rencontré une foi religieuse aussi parfaite que la sienne. Pour elle, la mort d'un Chrétien est un heureux évenement qu'elle célébrerait volontiers par des réjouissances. Elle n'y voit absolument que la naissance au ciel. Ceci l'expose à être très méconnue. Quand elle perd un parent elle est très gaie et on peut s'imaginer qu'elle est sans cœur. Elle va se dévouer entièrement à ses pauvres ; elle vit absolument de la vie d'une sœur-de-charité, sans le titre.

"La mort de mon cousin, et peut-être, l'éloignement de ma cousine, me laisseront pour ainsi dire, sans parents. Je ne regrette pas de m'être donné une nouvelle famille en France, et je me félicite des bonnes relations, si franchement cordiales, que j'ai avec mes deux beaux-frères et avec ma belle-sœur."

Some time later he wrote to the same friend—

"Nous avons fait un charmant voyage sur la Saône, de Mâcon à Verdun avec retour à Chalon—une flânerie à voile avec toutes les variétés de temps : vents forts et vents faibles, calmes plats (c'est le moins agréable) bourrasques, beau temps, pluie, clair-de-lune, obscurité presque complète, splendeurs du soleil. Comme nous voyageons à toute heure du jour et de la nuit, nous voyons la nature sous tous les aspects imaginables. Cela renouvelle pour moi cette *intimité* avec la nature qui était un des plus grands bonheurs de ma jeunesse.

"C'est à peu près le seul genre de voyage que j'aime réellement, et c'est le seul qui me fasse du bien."

Note in the diary—

"January 13, 1888. Fought nearly all day against a difficulty about *French and English*, and decided to divide the book into large sections and small chapters, divisions and subdivisions. Chapters to be confined strictly to their special subjects."

It became the main work of the year, with the articles on catamarans for the *Yacht*, and the numerous drawings to illustrate them. The autobiography was also carried forward.

Our little pony, Cocote, was growing old and rheumatic, and could no longer render much service. My husband was unwilling to make her work at the cost of pain, and we found it impossible to do without a reliable horse at such a distance from Autun.

As Cocote was not always unfit for work—only at intervals—her master decided to buy a horse that he might ride when the pony could manage the carriage work. He chose a young, nice-looking mare at a neighbouring farm, and took great pleasure in riding her every day ; this regular habit of exercise in the open air was of great benefit to his health.

The death of Paul Rajon, which occurred in the summer, was deeply lamented by my husband, who, besides his great appreciation of the artist's exquisite talent, entertained for him sentiments of real friendship. When we came to live

at Paris, he made a pilgrimage to his house, and to his, alas! neglected tomb at Auvers.

In August, Mr. Seeley wished to republish in book form some of Mr. Hamerton's contributions to the *Portfolio*, and to give his portrait as a frontispiece. He wrote about it—"My traveller says he is continually asked for your portrait. If Jeens were living I would ask him to engrave it, but as we have no one approaching him in skill, perhaps the safest plan would be a photogravure from a negative taken on purpose."

My husband suggested that perhaps Mr. H. Manesse might etch the portrait satisfactorily. Mr. Seeley thought it an excellent idea, and said he was willing to give the commission.

Mr. H. Manesse arrived on October 17, and set to work immediately. He was most assiduous, and progressed happily with his work. His model drove him out every day—the weather being fine—and they derived pleasure from each other's society, being both interested in the beauty of nature and in artistic subjects.

CHAPTER XVIII

1888—1890

Man in Art begun—Family events—Mr. G. F. Watts—Mr. Bodley—*French and English.*

AFTER long reflections given to the choice of a subject for a new illustrated book, Mr. Hamerton thought that after *Landscape in Art*, *Man in Art* would be interesting as a study.

Mr. Craik wrote—"*Man in Art* is an excellent idea; you will find us ready to embark on it with sanguine expectation. You will later tell me your ideas of illustrating—it ought to be well done in this particular; but if there is a chance of your coming to England next winter we might settle this better in talk."

In the spring Stephen and Richard came as usual for the Easter vacation, but our younger son's altered looks and ways greatly disquieted us. In the last year he had evinced a growing disinclination to society and pleasure; his former liveliness, gaiety, and love of jokes had been replaced by an obvious preference for solitude, and, as it seemed to us, melancholy brooding. To our anxious inquiries he had answered that he was nervous, and suffering from mental unrest and insomnia. His tone of voice was now despondent, and if he spoke of the future it was with bitterness and lassitude. He had been so bright, so confident in his powers, so full of praiseworthy ambition, so ready to enjoy life, that this sudden change surprised all his friends,

and gave great anxiety to his parents. I begged his father to question him about his health and to advise him to get a *congé* which he could spend in the country with us, and during which he might rest thoroughly.

But I was told that he had not borne the questioning patiently. He had answered that he was "only nervous . . . very nervous, and wanted peace." How different was this answer from the one he had given three years before to another inquiry of his father, when he was going to his first post.

"Richard, I can give you no fortune to start you in life—education was all I could afford, so you will have to make your own way. You are now strong and well, but you have been a delicate child, and have often suffered physically. Now, considering all this—are you happy?"

"Happy?" he had readily answered, "I am very happy; I enjoy life exceedingly. As to money matters, I can truly say that I would not exchange the education you have given me for three thousand pounds."

My husband attempted to calm my sad forebodings by telling me that there is generally a crisis in the life of a boy before he becomes a man, and he concluded persuasively by saying, "C'est un homme qui va sortir de là." But I felt that his own mind was still full of care.

When the time of my yearly departure for Paris came round, I recommended Gilbert to hire a tricycle, and try to get a change of exercise by alternately riding his horse and his velocipede, and he promised to do so.

For some time I had been desirous to join Mary, on account of her confidences about the probability of her becoming engaged. Of these confidences I said nothing to her father, as I had made it a rule not to disturb him about any projects of marriage for his daughter till I felt satisfied that everything was suitable and likely to lead to a happy result. His love for Mary was so tender, his fears

of any match which would not secure for her the greatest possible amount of happiness so great, his dread of the unavoidable separation so keen, that I avoided the subject as much as possible.

When I arrived at Bourg-la-Reine, I was disappointed not to see Richard at the station, with his sister and cousins awaiting me, as he had done the year before, but I tried not to seem to notice it. He came, however, on the following day and breakfasted with us at his uncle's. He appeared cheerful enough when he talked, but as soon as he was silent his features resumed the downcast expression they had worn for some time, and he was ashy pale.

Being obliged to take Mary to her last music-lesson, I asked Richard when I should see him again? . . . He gave me a kiss, and said "To-morrow." There was to be no morrow for him.

* * * * * * *

When, after vainly waiting for him, the cruel news of his tragic end was broken to us by M. Pelletier, when we learned that the poor boy had committed suicide, my sorrow was rendered almost unbearable by apprehension for my husband. I had long feared that there might be something wrong with his heart, and now I became a prey to the most torturing forebodings. My daughter and brother-in-law shared in them, and M. Pelletier approved my resolution to leave Paris immediately and endeavour to be with Gilbert before the delivery of the newspapers.

Mary and I left by the first train we could take, and arrived at La Tuilerie shortly before eleven at night. My husband divined at once that there was some great calamity, but his fears were for M. Pelletier. When he knew the truth, he silently wrapped me in his arms, pressing me to his bosom, within which I felt the labouring heart beating with such violence that I thought it could but break. . .

* * * * * * *

The courage of which my husband gave proofs in this bitter trial was mainly derived from his pitiful sympathy for those whose weakness he supported. He sought relief in work, but did not easily find it. There is the same plaintive entry in the diary for some weeks—"Tried to work; not fit for it." "Tried to do something; not very well." "Not fit for much; succeeded in reading a little." "Attempted to write a few letters. Rather unwell." Then he gave up the diary for some time.

More than ever I felt reluctant to tell him of what had happened to Mary, and of the probability of her marriage; however, she had been so sorely tried by the loss of her brother, that it was imperative to turn her thoughts from it, as much as possible, to other prospects. This conviction decided me to tell her father everything, and it was a great relief to hear that he shared my views entirely. Although I had learned long since how little he considered his own comfort in comparison with that of those dear to him, how unselfish he was—in affection as in other matters—I must avow that I was unprepared for the readiness of his self-sacrifice in this case. We were both of opinion that if all went well, the marriage should take place as early as possible, so as to bring a thorough change in the clouded existence of our daughter.

Note in the diary—"Monsieur Raillard this morning asked Mary to marry him, with my consent, and she accepted him. Day passed pleasantly. I drove Raillard and his mother to the station."

It now became necessary to make preparations for the wedding, which was to take place in the beginning of September. For the choice of an apartment and its furniture my husband himself considerately suggested my going again to Paris with Mary, where we would meet M. Raillard and consult his tastes. Accordingly I left La Tuilerie very reluctantly after the great and recent shock my husband

had experienced. I am convinced it was due to the manful effort he made not to increase my distress by the sight of his own, that he conquered his nervousness from that time, and was even able to strengthen and support me on my too frequent breakdowns. He attributed Richard's desperate action partly to depression arising from the effects of an accident, confided only to his brother, but partly also to the influence of unhealthy and pessimist literature on a mind already diseased, and he had said so to Mr. Seeley, who answered—

"I am sure that poor Richard came under the influence of pure and noble examples. It may be that there was actual brain disease, though of a nature that no surgeon at present has skill to detect. I suppose it is possible that disease in the organ of thought may be accelerated or retarded by the nature of the thoughts suggested in daily life or conversation; and I suppose every one believes that in such disorders there may come a time when the will, without blame, is overmastered.

"As to the bad literature of the day, I believe our feelings are quite in unison. What an awful responsibility for the happiness of families rests upon successful authors—and upon publishers too!"

The letters of condolence and sympathy were numerous and heartfelt; some came late, for the friends who had known Richard in his bright and merry days refused to believe that it was the same Richard who had come to so tragic an end; they thought it was a coincidence of name. I only give M. Beljame's letter, to show how the poor boy had endeared himself to every one, and in what esteem he was generally held. All the other letters expressed the same sentiments in different words.

"8 *Juillet*, 1889.

"Je suis bien sensible, Monsieur, à votre lettre, où vous m'associez, en des termes qui me touchent profondément, au souvenir de votre fils Richard, mon cher et excellent élève.

"C'était pour moi, non seulement un disciple dont je me faisais honneur, mais aussi un véritable ami, et depuis son installation à Paris, j'avais eu grand plaisir à l'accueillir dans ma famille. Les détails que vous voulez bien me donner, m'expliquent pourquoi, dans ces derniers mois, ses visites étaient, à mon grand regret, devenues de plus en plus rares.

"Sa fin si inattendue, alors que la vie semblait de tous côtés lui sourire, a été pour moi une douloureuse surprise ; j'ai refusé d'abord d'y croire ; c'est pourquoi je ne vous ai pas tout de suite écrit.

"J'ai tenu à me joindre à ceux qui lui ont rendu les derniers devoirs ; et j'ai chargé alors votre fils ainé et votre beau-frère d'être mes interprètes auprès de vous.

"A des malheurs comme celui qui vient de vous frapper il n'y a pas de consolation possible. Si c'est au moins un adoucissement de savoir que celui qui n'est plus laisse derrière lui le souvenir d'un esprit d'élite, d'une nature aimante et aimable, soyez assuré que tels sont bien les sentiments que votre fils a inspirés à tous ceux qui l'ont connu, à ses camarades de la Sorbonne, qui l'avaient en affection particulière, à ses collègues—mais à nul plus qu'à son ancien maître qui vous envoie aujourd'hui, ainsi qu'à Madame Hamerton, l'expression de sa triste et respectueuse sympathie.

"A. BELJAME."

When Mr. Seeley was told of Mary's engagement, he wrote—"We are very glad to hear of Mary's engagement, and we wish her all possible happiness. But because you and I are so nearly of an age, I cannot help thinking most of you, and thinking what the loss to you and to Mrs. Hamerton will be."

In preceding years Mary's brothers and cousins had often made projects in expectation of her marriage, but under the present painful circumstances it was understood that only relations would be invited. Still the disturbance in our habits could not be avoided, as we had to provide lodgings for twenty people. My husband gave up his laboratory and his studio, and with the help of the boys transformed the

hay-loft into working premises. He got carpenters to fit up the big laundry as a dining-room, under his directions, and when fresh-looking mats covered the tiles, and when the huge chimney-piece, the walls, and the doors were ornamented with tall ferns, shiny hollies, and blooming heather, of which Stephen and his cousins had gathered a cartful, the effect was very charming.

My husband had to be reminded several times to order new clothes for the ceremony—a visit to his tailor being one of the things he most disliked—and being indisposed to give a thought to the fit, he used to decline all responsibility in the matter by making *me* a judge of it. His fancy had been once tickled by hearing a market-woman say that, though she did not know my name, she identified me as "la petite Dame difficile," and he called me so when I found fault with his attire.

A few days before the wedding he had gone to Autun, to fetch different things in the carriage, among them his dress-coat and frock-coat, and after putting on the last, came for my verdict. "It fits badly; it is far too large. . . ." Then I was interrupted by—"I was sure of it; now *what* is wrong with it?" "Wrong? why everything is wrong; the cloth itself is not black—it looks faded and rusty—why, it can't be new!" "Not new! . . . and I bring it straight from the tailor's. Really, your inclination to criticism is beyond——" He was getting somewhat impatient, for the time given to trying on was, in his estimate, so much time lost. "It *is* an old coat," I nevertheless said decisively. "Your tailor has made a mistake, that's all." "I am certain it is *my* coat," he answered, quite angrily this time. "I feel at ease in it; the pockets are just in their right place," and as he plunged his hands deliberately in the convenient pockets, he drew out of one an old *Daily News*, and from the other a worn-out pair of gloves. His amazement was indescribable, but he soon joined in the general merriment at his expense—for Mary

and Jeanne, the cousins, and even M. Pelletier, had been called as umpires to decide the case between us. The new coat had been left in the dressing-room, and it was the old one, given as a pattern to the tailor, which had been tried on. The best of it was that on the day of the ceremony Gilbert committed the same mistake; luckily I perceived it when he had still time to change.

He attached so little importance to his toilet that he never knew when he was in want of anything, yet his appearance was never untidy, in spite of his omissions. I remember a little typical incident about this disinclination to give a thought to needful though prosaic details. Before leaving for England on one occasion, I had repeatedly called his attention to what he required—in particular a warm winter suit and an overcoat. He had promised several times to order them, but when the day of our departure arrived he had forgotten all about it. "It's no matter," he said; "I shall get them ready-made in London, and with the *chic Anglais* too." In England we found the temperature already severe, and I urged him to make his purchases. On the very same day, he announced complacently that he had made them, and they were to be sent on the morrow. He was quite proud of having got through the business, particularly because he had bought *two* suits, though he needed only one. "The other would turn out useful some time," he said. And lo! when the box was opened, I discovered that instead of clothes fit for visits, he had been persuaded to accept a sort of shooting-jacket of coarse grey tweed, waistcoat and trousers to match, with a pair of boots only fit for mountaineering. When I told him my opinion, he acknowledged it to be right, but said the tailor had assured him that "they would be lasting." And he added—"I was in a hurry, having to go to the National Gallery, and I felt confident the man would know what I wanted, after telling him."

Mary was married on September 3, and she was so much

loved in the village that every cottage sent at least one of its members to the ceremony ; the children whom she had taught, and in whom she had always taken so much interest, came in numbers, and the evident respectful affection of these simple people quite moved and impressed the parents of M. Raillard. Her father was also pleased with the presence of all our neighbours and friends, and he went through the trying day with entire self-command. But when the birds had flown away the nest seemed empty and silent indeed, and to fill up the time till their return, I thought a little cruise on wheels would be the best diversion.

The weather was still fine and warm enough for working from nature, and preparations were made for a sketching tour, in which M. Pelletier would accompany his brother-in-law while the house was put to rights again.

They started with Cadette, and went successively to Etang, Toulon-sur-Arroux, St. Nizier, Charbonnat, Luzy, La Roche-Millay, St. Léger, l'Etang-des-Poissons, and La Grande-Verrière—a most picturesque excursion, from which my husband brought back several interesting studies.

The day after the return, M. Pelletier and his family left us, my brother, his wife and daughters, who had been brides-maids, having preceded them.

At the end of a fortnight Raoul Raillard and his wife came back to spend with us the rest of the vacation. The day they went away the diary said—" We bore the separation pretty well." Yes, we bore it pretty well this time, because it was not to be very long. It had been decided that as soon as the young couple were settled in their apartments, we should become their guests—my husband hoping, in this way, to see the great Exhibition at leisure and without fatigue.

We arrived at M. Raillard's on October 13, and the very next day saw us in the English Fine Arts department of the Exhibition. Our daughter lived in the Rue de la Tour, at Passy, an easy walking distance to the Champ de Mars, and

her father made it a rule to go there on foot with me every morning between the first breakfast and *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The plan answered very well. We were almost alone in the rooms, and could see the pictures at our leisure. My husband took his notes with ease and comfort, without nervousness. After a two hours' study, we went back to the family lunch, and such was Gilbert's improvement in health, that he often took us again to the Exhibition in the afternoon merely for pleasure.

He enjoyed the works of art immensely, and said that he felt like a ravenous man to whom a splendid banquet was offered.

Being also greatly interested in the progress of the various sciences, he liked to become acquainted with all new inventions, and often resorted to the Galerie des Machines.

Mr. Seeley had been told of our intended visit to England, in case my husband did not feel any bad effects from the stay in Paris, and he wrote—"It is fortunate that you are coming just now, when we want to start the *Portfolio* on a new career; it will be delightful to consult over it with you. Do not exhaust your energy in Paris, and find you have none left to bring you over to England."

Although he worked unremittingly, he felt no fatigue; his nervous system was quiet and allowed him to seek diligently for promises of new talent among the mass of painters and engravers, and to feast his artistic sense in the Exposition du Centenaire. He also gave more than his usual attention to sculpture, and was of opinion that France remained unrivalled in that branch of art.

On our way to England we stopped at Chantilly, and slept at Calais in the Hôtel Maritime, on the new pier. I almost believe that we happened to be the first travellers asking for a bedroom, for the waiters offered excuses for the still incomplete furnishing, and for the service not being yet properly organized. After a good night's rest, we visited Calais

Maritime and the important engineering works there, for which my husband expressed great admiration. On arriving in London we went straight to Mr. and Mrs. Seeley's, who had kindly invited us to stay with them till we found comfortable lodgings.

It was not Gilbert's intention to stay long in England this time; he had come mainly to discuss with Mr. Seeley the improvements they both desired to introduce in the *Portfolio*, and to choose the illustrations for *Man in Art*. In order not to lose time, he decided to take lodgings in a central part, as near to the National Gallery as possible; but he wished the street not to be noisy. He found what he wanted in Craven Street.

This time he had to pay calls alone, and to beg our friends to excuse me, for I had not yet been able to master my sorrow sufficiently to allow of my resuming social intercourse without fear of breaking down. With her tender sympathy, Mrs. Seeley bore with me, and strove to console me when my resignation failed, but I could but feel that I was a saddening guest.

While we were still at Nutfield, Mr. A. H. Palmer, the son of Samuel Palmer, who had a warm admiration for Mr. Hamerton, had been invited to meet him, and he brought his camera with him, proposing to take our photographs. The portraits of the ladies were failures, Mr. Seeley's was fairly successful, but my husband's was the best portrait we had ever seen of him, very fine and characteristic.

We had intended to spend only two or three days with M. and Madame Raillard on our return, but our son-in-law being obliged to leave suddenly on account of his grandmother's illness, and unwilling to expose his wife to contagion, we offered to remain with her till he should come back.

We soon received the sad news of the deaths, at an interval of two days only, of the grandmother and an aunt; also of the

dangerous illness of Madame Raillard senior, which happily did not prove fatal, the disease having apparently spent its virulence on the two first victims.

During our enforced stay in Paris Gilbert wrote an article for the *Photographic Quarterly* on Photogravure and Héliogravure, and for the *Portfolio* a review of Mr. Pennell's book on Pen-and-Ink Drawing. We went by boat to Suresnes, to see the banks of the Seine, for Mary was trying to draw us to live nearer to her. With her husband she had already visited several pretty places in the neighbourhood of Paris, and had given us some very tempting descriptions. As for me, I should have desired nothing better than to live near to my daughter, but I never expected my husband to reconcile himself to town life.

There was a marked and decided improvement in his ability to travel, for he did not suffer at all on the way home; it is true that we strictly adhered to the rule of slow and night trains.

The pleasant exercise of riding had to be reluctantly given up because Cadette, who had betrayed from the beginning a slight weakness in the knees, now stumbled often and badly, especially out of harness. The veterinary surgeon who had examined her before we bought her, had said that it was of no consequence, only the result of poor feeding, and would disappear after a course of prolonged river-baths. Instead of disappearing, the tendency had so much increased that it was deemed safer not to trust Cadette even in the two-wheeled carriage, at least for a while. This mishap was the beginning of my husband's real appreciation of velocipedes. He had liked them well enough from the first, and used to hire one now and then, but it was only after he had become possessed of a good tricycle that the taste for the kind of exercise it affords, developed itself apace. M. Raillard had made him a present of one for which he had little use in Paris, and this present having been made just after Mary's betrothal, her

father playfully said that "he had sold his daughter for a velocipede."

As soon as he had adopted the machine as his ordinary steed, he began to consider how to make it carry his sketching apparatus. He invented various straps, boxes, holders, rings, etc., fitting in different places according to the bulk and nature of the things he wished to have with him: a sketching umbrella, a stool, and all that was needful for water-colour, etching, or oil-painting. He also devised a zinc box, easily adapted to the tricycle, to take his letters, manuscripts, and parcels to the post, and found it very convenient.

At the end of January he was seized with an attack of gout which lasted a week, and took him quite by surprise, for he had not neglected physical exercise; the doctor, however, said that an attack of gout might be brought on by a mere change of locality—and we had just returned from Paris.

He strove to do some work in spite of pain and bad nights, and succeeded now and then, and as soon as he could manage—with help—to get into the carriage, he drove out for change of air.

In March he received from Mr. Watts the permission he had asked, to have his portrait of Lord Lawrence engraved.

I transcribe Mr. Watts's letters, with two others which had preceded it, to show in what esteem he held his correspondent's opinions.

"*Monkshatch, Guildford, Surrey.*
"*November* 23, 1889.

"MY DEAR SIR—

"Our short talk was very interesting to me, and I should like to have an opportunity of explaining my views on art and the practice of it, which opportunity I hope you will give me at some future time. I have asked Mr. F. Hollyer, of 9 Pembroke Square, Kensington, to let you have prints of Lord Lawrence and Mr. Peabody. On the other side of the sheet I send the permission you require."

"*Monkshatch, Guildford, Surrey.*
"*December* 4, 1889.

"MY DEAR SIR—

"I have just seen the December number of the *Magazine of Art*, in which I find an engraving of my portrait of Peabody. I did not know that it would be there, but I have given Mr. Spielman a sort of general permission to use certain of the photographs. I do not know whether the appearance of the head will vitiate the interest of your proposed publication, but I hope not, as the use of it will be of a very different nature.

"I am much gratified by what you said of my works in your letter to me. However limited may be the result of my efforts, I have worked from the very beginning with sincerity of aim, certainly never regarding the *profession* as a trade; and for some years not considering my avocation as a profession, declining to paint portraits professionally or to take commissions.

"Such wares as I may have of an unimportant aim and character, I am not unwilling to sell, as Lord Derby is not unwilling to sell his coals! for I am not wealthy, and find many good ways of using money, but I do not regard my art as a source of income any longer. I hope some day to have the pleasure of discussing certain artistic questions with you."

"*Monkshatch, Guildford, Surrey.*
"*March* 14, 1890.

"MY DEAR SIR—

"The picture of Lord Lawrence is in my possession, and the engraver may have it for two weeks in May or June. Of course he is trustworthy! The picture being one of those I have made over to the nation, I lend it with a certain hesitation, as I do not consider it belongs to me. I am flattered by the opinion of the young men, especially as I think I may hope it becomes more favourable with time.

"The portrait of Tennyson is at South Kensington, and no doubt I can easily manage that Mr. Frank Short should have access to it.

"I do not expect to be in town for good before the end of April, but here I am within an hour and a half of London."

Although a great amount of labour had been bestowed upon *Man in Art*, the author thought it advanced but slowly, and became anxious as the year wore on. In July he wrote a long explanatory letter to Mr. Craik, and received this answer—

"I am much interested in your report of what has been done towards the new book. You have done a good bit of work, and I think you have made a thoroughly interesting selection of pictures. You have an almost endless field to choose from.

"*It is quite impossible to publish this year*, but you ought to have plenty of time to prepare for next autumn. It is strange how long a book with illustrations takes to get ready; but the disappointments when many artists are at work is proverbial.

"I look forward with sanguine interest to the publication next year."

Note in the diary—"I feel much relieved by this letter, altogether a day of *détente*."

Although he had taken an immense quantity of notes both in London and Paris, my husband was sometimes greatly perplexed by the want of references, and said almost desperately—"No one has any idea of the difficulty of doing my work in my situation—far from picture galleries, museums, and libraries. It is so arduous that, at times, I feel as if I could not go on. It is too much for the brain to carry so many images, to remember so many things, without the possibility of refreshing my memory, of settling a doubt, of filling up a gap." He was not the only one to wonder at the extraordinary feats of literary production which he was compelled to accomplish under such unfavourable circumstances. All those who knew of it said that his store of accumulated knowledge must be marvellous indeed. And yet, the only remedy was hardly to be hinted at; I felt so certain that he would be miserable in a great capital that I never mentioned

the possibility of living in one of them; he was sufficiently aware of its desirability.

Early in the summer, as I had suffered much from rheumatism, our doctor insisted upon my being sent to Bourbon-Lancy for a course of baths. I was most unwilling to leave my husband now that Mary was married and away, but he said the hope that the treatment would do me good was enough to make him bear his temporary loneliness cheerfully, and then my mother would come to stay with him. As I was very down-hearted myself, he promised to make a break in our separation by coming to see me.

When the first half of my season at the baths was over, I saw him arrive in the little gig with M. Bulliot, who had come on an antiquarian quest. They went together to see the curious, simple church of St. Nazaire (eleventh century), of which my husband made a drawing. He also sketched a view of the Loire, which may be seen from the height above Bourbon-Lancy, for a great length of its sleepy course.

In the course of the vacation, my husband listened pretty regularly to M. Raillard's English readings out of Emerson or Tennyson, while he occasionally read a little German with his son-in-law. He was very desirous of resuming the study of that language, which, he said, would be of great service in his studies, but he was not able to find the time—Italian absorbing all he could spare. Two masters—or rather a master and a mistress, had been recommended to him, and when he could manage it, he wrote to them alternately long letters in Italian, which they returned corrected.

Mr. Bodley, an English gentleman who was studying French institutions and politics most seriously, and who was acquainted with Mr. Hamerton's works, came in August to see him. This visit was the beginning of a lasting acquaintance, which was appreciated and valued by both parties. When we settled in the Parc des Princes, and when, after his marriage, Mr. Bodley resided in Paris, they met with new

pleasure and fresh interest whenever an opportunity offered itself.

Mr. Bodley was commencing his studies on France for the work he had just undertaken for Messrs. Macmillan, which should essay to do for France what Mr. Bryce had done for the United States in his *American Commonwealth*. Recognizing Mr. Hamerton as the chief English authority on all French questions, he had, soon after his first arrival in Paris, been put into communication with him by the good offices of a common friend in the diplomatic service. A correspondence ensued, in the first letter of which my husband gave Mr. Bodley some advice on an article the latter had been requested to write for the *Quarterly Review*, on "Provincial France," before he had had any opportunity of studying the French provinces. Here is part of the letter—

"*Autun, Saône-et-Loire.*
"*June* 11, 1890.

"MY DEAR SIR—

"It is a laudable, though an extraordinary desire on your part to know something about the subject you have to treat. I have never heard of such a case before. I have known France for thirty-five years, and find generally that English critics, who know nothing two miles from the British Embassy, are ready enough to set me down and teach me my proper place. I send by this post a *colis postal*, containing—

"1. *Round my House*, by P. G. H.

"2. *La France Provinciale*, par René Millet.

"3. *French and English*, by P. G. H.

"I have not a copy of the English edition of *French and English*, but the Tauchnitz is better, as it had the benefit of correction.

"You ought to notice with reference to provincial France, the extreme difficulty of making any general statements that are true. For example, it is believed in England that all French land is cut up into small bits. A traveller who writes in the *Temps* newspaper, said lately, that although the greater number of proprietors in the Forest Lands of the Nièvre were

small owners, the greater part of the land was in the possession of large owners, and he mentioned one who, he said, owned 12,000 hectares (more than 24,000 acres) of excellent forest. He did not give the name. There are several large landowners in this neighbourhood. One had an income of £24,000 a year, but it was divided amongst his children.

"France is a very various country, and therefore difficult to know. If you have Mr. H——'s book amongst those you notice, you should bear in mind that it is a strictly partisan publication, hostile to all republicans, against whom the author seems to have taken a brief," etc., etc.

Then followed some other letters, from which I give a few paragraphs.

"*Autun.*

"*July* 15, 1890.

"You have done an imprudent thing in not publishing your *Quarterly* article at once. There are two times for writing—first when you know nothing, secondly when you know a great deal; the intermediate time, that of acquisition, is not favourable to writing, because it destroys the author's confidence in himself. He possesses that confidence before learning, and renews it when he has learned. In the interval he suffers from diffidence.

"I am glad to hear that M. Jusserand likes my books; he is just the kind of Frenchman whose opinion one really values.

"I shall be very glad if you can come. I shall be away part of September. All August I shall be at home, but if you could have come about now, it would have been better still."

"*July* 28, 1890.

"The shortest route from Paris to Autun, as to mere distance, is by Laroche, Cravant, Avallon, etc. In the present case I strongly recommend the shorter and more rural route, as being by far the prettier and less fatiguing, and also because it enables you to see one of the most picturesque small towns in France—Avallon. You have five hours to

see Avallon, and the picturesque valley that it overlooks. . . . The next morning you will of course be occupied in seeing Autun, but if you will make your way to the railway station, so as to be there at 11·15, you will see a vehicle with yellow wheels and a chestnut mare, with a white mark on her face. The said vehicle will bring you to Pré-Charmoy (if you will kindly allow it to do so), in time for *déjeuner*. Please let me know the day. It would be better not to make any hard-and-fast arrangement about your departure, as I may be able to persuade you to take some drives with me to see something in this neighbourhood."

"*Autun.*

"*November* 2, 1890.

"I received the *Quarterly* this morning, and read your article. Towards the close, you say every Frenchman in the provinces works. That I am sorry to say is a mistake. Unfortunately there is still a strong survival of the old caste prejudice against work, as being beneath a gentleman. All the young men I know whose parents are very well off *are as idle as they can be, unless they go into the army or the Church*, and now they hardly ever go into the Church, or when they do it is in some order (Jesuits, Marists, etc.). I was talking about this with a rich old French gentleman about ten days ago, and he deeply deplored it; he said he felt more respect for common workmen than for the idle young men in his own class.

"You appear to think that the Morvan language is a Celtic tongue. No; it is only a French patois, very interesting and peculiar in its grammatical forms. I understand it partly when spoken, and can read it with some little difficulty. My daughter understands it very well. Our servants speak it among themselves. Their French is very pure, though somewhat limited in its vocabulary.

"It seems to me that you are happily endowed and situated for undertaking a work of the kind you intend to write. You have seen a great deal of the world, you have no prejudices, you desire nothing but to be just, and especially you have that very rare quality—a right curiosity. I was pleased, and a little amused by the contrast, when I compared

you with the strangely uninterested English whom I have seen in and out of France. I recollect staying with a friend, in England, a few years ago, and I noticed that *he did not ask me one single question about France.* He simply talked of his own locality, and did not appear to take the slightest interest in the continent of Europe.

"You made me pass a very pleasant day, which encourages the hope that you will come again to this neighbourhood. There is a great deal to be seen within a driving radius, especially if you consent to sleep one night away from home.

"My wife and I are going to Paris in December, when I mean to look you up."

To another visitor whose name I am not at liberty to mention, my husband had written the following interesting letter—

"Whilst driving home in the dark, after saying good-bye to you, I thought over your remarks about the great revolution in habits of thoughts which must take place in consequence of the influence of scientific methods. The difficulty I foresee is this. Religions supply a want that science does not and cannot supply; they answer to the need of certain emotions—trust, hope, joy, 'peace in believing,' the happiness of thinking that we are each of us individually cared for by a supremely good and all-powerful Father. Women especially seem to need these emotions to make life happy for them, and when they cease to believe, as many now do, they feel a sense of desolation. The most successful religion (the Roman) has succeeded by supplying most abundantly that care and those consolations which women expect a religion to give, and which science does not *in the least degree supply;* in fact, women usually dislike science. Now, as the churches maintain themselves chiefly by the influence and support of women, may they not continue to maintain themselves indefinitely in this way? Is it not possible, to mention a special case, that the Roman Catholic Church may exist for an indefinite length of time simply as

a provider of the kind of authority and the kind of emotion that women desire, and that they cannot obtain from science? Mr. ——, a friend of mine, considers religion absolutely necessary to women, and to many men, not that he at all considers religion to be true in the matter-of-fact sense, but the scientific truth of a doctrine is quite distinct from its beneficial effect upon the mind.

"For my part, I don't know what to think about the future. Long ago I used to hope for a true religion, but now I see that if it is to be free from mythology, it ceases to be a religion altogether, and becomes only science, which has none of the heating and energizing force that a real religion certainly possesses. Neither has science its power of uniting men in bonds of brotherhood, and in giving them an effective hostile action against others as religious intolerance does."

On the subject of religious belief, my husband had written previously to Mr. Seeley—

"I have been corresponding with a friend [the same Mr. —— mentioned in the letter to another visitor], about the religious views of Mark Pattison and Dean Stanley. He knew both of them, and quite confirms what I had heard before, that they were no more believers than Renan. Pattison he describes as a conservative agnostic or pantheist, meaning by 'conservative' a man who thought it better to preserve old forms. I recollect that Appleton told me when he was here that there was not the slightest obligation on a clergyman of the Church of England to believe in the divinity of Christ, and that many clergymen in the present day, including Pattison, had no such belief. My friend himself seems to be an agnostic, and a strong supporter of the Church of England at the same time, and quite lately he earnestly counselled some young English ladies (who were Unitarians, but obliged to live abroad) to join the Church of England for the sake of 'religious fellowship.' He tells me that there is in Dean Stanley's *Christian Institutions* an exposition of the Apostles' Creed, containing hardly a syllable to which Renan could not subscribe.

"From all this it would appear that some, at least, of the English clergy have adopted the Jesuit principle, practically so convenient, by which any one may have an esoteric religion for himself as the comfortable lining of the cloak, and an esoteric religion for other people as the outside of the cloak. Meanwhile these clergymen are deeply respected, whilst honest men whose opinions are not one whit more heretical are stigmatized as 'infidels,' and excluded from 'good society.' You seem to have got into a curious condition in England. Surely many laymen are right in distrusting parsons."

As editor of the *Portfolio*, he had been contributing articles from time to time, but Mr. Seeley was anxious to see him undertake an important series for the following year. He proposed different subjects likely to tempt the author's fancy, and suggested "Turner in Switzerland," but one of the difficulties was the quantity of work done by Turner in Switzerland, and the time that would be required to follow in his steps. Another suggestion of Mr. Seeley's was to write about a group of French living artists who would be good representatives of the modern school, and whose works would furnish striking illustrations. He said with his usual kind thoughtfulness—"I must confess that my suggestion of a French subject arose partly from the pleasure you would find in paying a visit to your daughter at Paris; and partly also from the reflection that Paris is not far from London."

Mr. Hamerton had proposed "The Louvre," but it was feared that the subject would not be a popular one; and after mature consideration, the idea of a connected series of articles on modern French painters was entertained by both publisher and editor. Mr. Seeley wrote—"I was rather in hopes that my vague suggestion of a subject might take root in your mind and develop into something definite; or, to change the metaphor, that it might be a spark to kindle your invention. I think

such a series would be interesting here, and would furnish admirable subjects for twelve etchings."

A journey to Paris was then decided upon for the winter.

The Saône cruise proved particularly pleasant this time, on account of the welcome offered to the passengers of *L'Arar* by several friends at Neuville, who most hospitably entertained them on land and water. They were invited on board *L'Hirondelle* and *Petite Amie*, and raced *L'Arar* against them. It was a comfort to my husband to feel himself among friends, for he suddenly suffered from an irregular action of the heart which lasted for thirty-six hours, but ceased as suddenly as it came. He had had another distress of the same kind in the summer, but only of a couple of hours' duration. I had entreated him to see a doctor at the time; but he said it was only nervous. At Neuville likewise he refused to seek advice, feeling sure it would cease of itself; and now I have the painful certainty that he was already labouring under the symptoms of heart disease. Still, he speedily recovered, and resumed his studies in water-colours and in pen-and-ink the day after.

I see by this note in the diary that he was well satisfied with his boat—"Sept. 15. My studies occupied me till lunch-time, and then, after *déjeuner*, we started in *L'Arar* to try an experiment in sailing with a breeze so light as to be imperceptible, sheets not even stretched, yet we went up as far as Pont Vert and beyond. We might have gone further, but came back to call upon Madame Vibert."

In October, Mr. Hamerton wrote an article for *Chambers' Encyclopædia* on the "History of Art," and another for the *Portfolio* on "National Supremacy in Painting." Having been asked to contribute to the *Forum*, he began in November an article on "Home Life in France."

He was always anxious to clear up any international misunderstanding between France and England, and had written in May to the *Pall Mall Gazette* an explanatory letter on

the so-called persecution of the Church by the Republic, as regarded the execution of the decrees concerning religious orders.

He had also sent a letter to the *Academy* on "France and the Republic."

Although very tolerant himself in matters of religion, it was his opinion that the State, whether under a Republic or a Monarchy, had a right to exact obedience to its laws as well from religious bodies as from private persons; and that a Republican government ought not to be accused of tyranny because it enforced the execution of these general laws. But people are very apt to take the view which M. de Cassagnac so frankly avowed when addressing the Republican party in the Chamber—"We claim unbounded liberty for ourselves—because you promise it in your programme; but we refuse it to you—because it is contrary to our principles."

About the middle of November there was copied into the *Temps* an anonymous letter which had appeared in *Truth*, professing to express the hostile feelings entertained by English naval officers against the officers of the French fleet, which had recently visited Malta. This roused Mr. Hamerton's indignation; the more so as he never for one moment believed the discourteous and outrageous letter to be genuine. I transcribe his explanation of the incident as given by himself to his son-in-law—

"*November* 17, 1890.

"MON CHER FILS—

"Il m'est arrivé de pouvoir, je crois, être utile au maintien des bonnes relations entre les marines Anglaises et Françaises. Un journal Anglais, *Truth*, a publié il y a quinze jours une lettre sans signature, mais présentée comme la communication authentique d'un officier de notre flotte de la Méditerranée. Dans cette lettre l'écrivain représentait les officiers comme très mécontents d'être obligés de donner l'hospitalité à ceux de l'escadre Française qui est

venue à Malte ; disant que c'était leur métier de recevoir les Français à coups de fusil et qu'ils ne désiraient pas les voir autrement.

"Je connais assez les sentiments d'un *English gentleman* (et nos officiers de marine se piquent de soutenir ce caractère) pour savoir qu'ils comprendraient l'hospitalité mieux que cela, et j'ai envoyé le paragraphe en question à l'Amiral commandant la flotte Anglaise de la Méditerranée, en lui suggérant l'idée d'une protestation. Il m'a répondu par télégramme qu'au reçu de ma lettre l'indignation avait été générale parmi les officiers et qu'ils préparent une protestation qu'ils m'enverront pour que je la fasse circuler autant que possible dans la presse Française. Le retard a été probablement occasionné par les mouvements de la flotte."

A few days later the following letter was received by Mr. Hamerton—

"*H.M.S. Benbow.*
"*November* 17, 1890.

"DEAR SIR—

"I hope you will kindly assist us in getting the gross mis-statements copied from *Truth* as to our feelings towards the French Navy contradicted.

"You will perceive that the paper I enclose is signed by an officer representing each ship, and that most ranks in the service are also represented thereon.

"Any expense that may be incurred would you kindly let me know?

"Yours faithfully,
"H. RAWSON,
"Capt. R.N."

The protestation which accompanied the letter ran thus—

"*H.M.S. Benbow, at Malta.*
"*November* 15, 1890.

"DEAR SIR—

"Your letter of the 1st of November, sent to the Commander-in-Chief of the British fleet in the Mediterranean, has been forwarded to us, and we have to thank you for

having called our attention to the paragraph in the *Temps*, copied from *Truth* of the 31st of October.

"Referring to the language in *Truth*, the editor of the *Temps* says that he hopes it will be protested against in England. The paragraph had been seen and commented on by our officers; but as in England no one ever takes the trouble to answer or contradict any statement made in that paper (*Truth*); and as in this case its object was so palpably political, viz. to cause the present Government trouble, and prevent the cordiality and friendship that has existed so long between the two nations, no notice was taken of it; but when a paper of such importance as the *Temps* copies the paragraph, and it is thus brought before the French nation, it at once becomes important and demands a protest and a denial.

"As you have already taken an interest in the matter we are led to hope that you will assist us in procuring the insertion in any French papers that may have copied this paragraph, most especially the *Temps*, the naval papers, and the local papers at Toulon, of a protest on the part of the officers of the English fleet in the Mediterranean against the language of the article, and to deny, on our part, any such feelings or ideas as are attributed to us in it.

"We beg to assure you that it gave us real and unfeigned pleasure to see the French fleet in our midst at Malta, and that what little we were able to do to make their visit agreeable and pleasant was done from no feeling of duty, or even as a mere return for the kindly reception accorded to us at Toulon, but from a sincere appreciation of the high qualities of French naval officers, and a desire to cultivate their friendship.

"We have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your obedient servants."

Three weeks later came a letter of thanks, closing the incident, which had caused no little trouble to Mr. Hamerton.

"*Malta.*

"*December* 12, 1890.

"DEAR MR. HAMERTON—

"Thank you very much in the name of the English Navy for so kindly assisting us to repel the gross insinuations of *Truth*, also for the extracts, and the trouble you have taken for us. I only regret that you should have drawn *Truth* on you.

"I have shown your letter to the Admiral and all the officers here, who are much pleased with all that has been done.

"Again thanking you, believe me,

"Yours truly,

"H. RAWSON."

Mr. Hamerton considered himself well rewarded for his exertions by the tokens of warm approval he received both from England and from France.

French and English did not meet with the success it deserved, though it was published in England, America, and France, and in the Tauchnitz edition. The author had entertained few illusions about the fate of the work, for some reasons which he has himself explained in private letters, and in his prefaces to the book. He once wrote in answer to a letter from M. Raillard—

"Vous lisez mes livres, un peu sans doute pour faire plaisir au vieux Papa, mais je crois reéllement qu'ils vous seront utiles à cause de la simplicité du style et de la clarté que j'ai toujours cherchées. Ces qualités m'ont gagné de nombreux lecteurs, mais en même temps m'ont privé de toute réputation de profondeur. En Angleterre on classe tous les écrivains clairs, comme écrivains superficiels."

But he said in the preface to the Tauchnitz edition—

"The kind of success most gratifying to me after writing a book of this kind would be to convert some readers to my own method, or rule, in the formation of opinion, whether it concerns one side or the other.

"My method is a good one, but not so good for eloquence as the hastier methods of journalism."

And in the preface of the English edition—

"I should like to write with complete impartiality if it were possible. I have at least written with the most sincere desire to be impartial, and that perhaps at the cost of some popularity in England, for certain English critics have told me that impartiality is not patriotic; and others have informed me of what I did not know before, namely, that I prefer the French to my own countrymen."

Though *French and English* never became what may be called a popular book, it nevertheless attracted a good deal of attention, and the author received a great number of letters expressive of admiration and gratitude for the clear discernment and impartiality with which the differences existing between the two nations had been studied and expounded.

Here is a pretty sample from a French lady—

"MONSIEUR—

"Je viens de lire avec le plus grand plaisir votre livre *French and English*. Il est si rare qu'un écrivain Anglais ose—ou veuille, aller contre les préjugés de ses lecteurs anglais, et nous fasse justice, que j'en ai éprouvé un vrai sentiment de reconnaissance. Bien des jugements portés sont ceux dont j'ai l'habitude de gratifier mes amis, et, comme il y a toujours 'a great deal of human nature in mankind,' je n'apprécie que mieux votre livre à cause de cela. A quelques exceptions près, par exemple, la fin du chapitre 'on Truth,' je vois les choses comme vous, mais certains préjugés sont bien invétérés dans l'esprit de vos compatriotes.

"Lorsque je protestais contre les idées fausses qu'on se faisait de nous, on m'a dit si souvent: 'Oh! mais, vous n'êtes pas Française, vous!' Le mot est bien caractéristique. Un Français qui ne répond pas à l'idée qu'on se fait de sa nation, c'est une exception.

"Je ne l'aurais peut-être pris que comme une manière de taquiner, une plaisanterie, si cela ne m'avait été répété encore

tout dernièrement par un homme d'une vraie valeur intellectuelle, qui a toute une théorie sur les races. La conclusion a déduire était : tout ce qui pense sérieusement ne peut-être Français. Qui sait si votre livre ne vous a pas fait accuser de vous être perverti à notre contact puisque vous nous êtes assez favorable !

"Je trotte tous ces temps-ci dans la neige, avec votre livre dans mon manchon, lisant à chacun de mes amis le morceau qui lui revient, mais je voudrais qu'ils lisent tout.

"Sans me donner le temps de trop réfléchir j'ai écrit ma lettre ; après je n'aurais plus osé. J'aurai eu ainsi l'occasion de dire à un homme de talent qu'il m'a fait goûter un vrai plaisir . . . peut-être est-ce une satisfaction pour un auteur.

"Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, mes compliments bien sincères pour votre 'fairness' à notre égard.

"Yours truly."

I also give a passage from one of Mr. Calderon's letters—

"Last night—to my regret—I finished the last chapter of your *French and English*. I am delighted with its truth. Remember (as an excuse for giving an opinion so freely) that I too am very fairly acquainted with both countries—their capitals and provinces."

The book, as I have said, was translated into French, and, as usual, the author took the trouble of revising the translation. Far from taking any pride in the fact that the translation of his works was desired and sought after, he dreaded it, and would even have opposed it, had the thing been in his power. The inevitable loss of his style—upon which he always bestowed such conscientious care—was to him almost unbearable.

Mr. Niles did not appear dissatisfied with the American sale, for he said—"We have sold fifteen hundred copies, and are quite ready for another popular book."

CHAPTER XIX

1890—1891

Decision to live near Paris—Practice in painting and etching—Search for a house—Clématis.

We left home on December 21, 1890, and spent a day and two nights very agreeably at Dijon with the parents of our son-in-law. Then we went on to Paris by an early morning train, which necessitated our lunching in the carriage.

We were to stay with our daughter and her husband, but Gilbert took a separate study for his work, in a quiet house in the same street.

My husband had himself made a careful drawing for Richard's monument, and now, being in Paris, we went to see it, and wished to have it completed by an inscription. Hitherto we had not agreed about any, but as we were sadly recalling his last intimate talk, it seemed that the desire for "Peace" which he had expressed should be recorded as an acquittal of the deed which brought the fulfilment of his wish. And his father caused the word εἰρήνη to be engraved at the head of the tombstone.

M. Pelletier, having been promoted to the Économat of the old and famous Lycée Henri IV.—where so many celebrated Frenchmen have been educated—took pleasure in showing us the most ancient or curious parts of the building, such as La Tour Clovis, the vaulted kitchen, the painted

cupola over the staircase, and the delicately-carved panels of the old monks' library—now the Professors' billiard-room.

My husband was much interested by this visit, and repeated it shortly after in the company of M. and Mme. Manesse, M. and Mme. L. Flameng, M. Pelletier acting as cicerone.

It being the season of the Epiphany, our niece had the traditional cake served on the tea-table, and the royal honours fell to the lot of her uncle. He chose Madame Flameng for his queen, and they made us pass a merry hour under their joint rule.

The serious part of the talk had concerned the possibility of engaging L. Flameng to engrave one of his son's pictures. He had consented, and my husband called upon François Flameng to make a choice.

On his return he gave me a description of the studios and library, which are very curious, and offered to take me with him on his next visit, to renew my old acquaintance with the now celebrated artist. But my infirmity would have rendered awkward the introduction to his young wife, to whom the memories of previous friendship did not extend.

Writing once to Mr. Seeley about my deafness, my husband had said—"She sits surrounded by a silent world, and sees people's lips move and their gestures. How difficult it is to imagine such a state of existence! As for me, I suffer from the opposite inconvenience of hearing too well. When I am unwell my hearing is preternaturally acute, so that my watch in my waistcoat ticks as if it were held almost close to my ear."

Being desirous of forming a sound opinion about the present state of the fine arts in France, Mr. Hamerton went to visit the New Sorbonne, the Hôtel de Ville, the Lycée Janson, the new pictures in the Museum of the Luxembourg, those in the private exhibition of M. Durand-Ruel, as well as the exhibitions at Messrs. Goupil's and Petit's. He saw

J. P. Laurens' "Voûte d'Acier," M. Rodin's studio, and the Musée du Mobilier National, with its beautiful tapestries.

We left Paris at the end of January and returned home, my husband having got through a vast amount of work with ease and pleasure, and with a new hopeful confidence in his powers of acquisition and endurance, and also with a gratifying sense of his acknowledged standing—even in France—among celebrated artists and men of letters.

At the Easter family gathering our possible change of residence was exhaustively discussed. The state of the buildings at La Tuilerie was growing worse and worse every day, and my brother's opinion, as an architect, having been asked for, was that the time for very important repairs could no longer be postponed: new roofs would have to be built, one of the walls strengthened, the floor tiles taken up; and the woodwork of every window was so rotten that it could no longer hold the iron with which it had already been mended.

Mary and her husband represented what a heavy outlay would be required if we undertook these repairs, and also said, with great truth, that after it we should feel bound to the house on account of the money spent on it. It was an opportunity for changing a mode of life no longer adapted to our wants nor to our years. Why such a big house for two solitary beings? . . . And now that their father was subject to attacks of gout and not so sure of immunity from colds, was he to continue to have the care of horses and to drive in an open carriage in all weathers? Could we be so easily reconciled to the idea of never seeing them longer than the short space of five weeks every year, when there was no plausible reason for being so far apart? . . . Their father disliked great cities, but he would not be obliged to live inside Paris; there were plenty of comfortable and quiet villas in the neighbourhood or in the suburbs, from

which Paris would be accessible by the Seine, thus rendering a great part of his work so much easier.

He, on his part, objected that living would be more expensive; that he would not be so well situated for working from nature; and last of all that, if he decided for a change, he would expect to be so near to Mary and her husband as to be able to reach them on foot and in a short time, for he could not be reconciled to the loss of a whole day every time he went to see them. "The two requisites," he said—"life in the country and frequent meetings—cannot be reconciled together."

M. Raillard and his wife praised Montmorency, Meudon, Marly, and St. Germain, which they had visited on purpose, but he answered that any of these places would be too far off.

However, when Stephen, Mary, and her husband had left us, their father was not proof against melancholy thoughts, from which he did not always find refuge in work. The following note in the diary is a proof of it—"April 5. Did not feel disposed to work, on account of the children's departure."

The solitude of our lives had also been considerably increased by the deaths of five Autunois friends, and by the departure of M. Schmitt with his family. My husband wrote to him—

"Vous me demandez des nouvelles d'Autun, mais depuis votre départ nous y allons le moins possible. Je n'ai rien à y faire, presque plus personne à y voir. Je crains même qu'au bout d'un certain temps cet isolement ne produise un fâcheux état dans mon esprit. Je me plonge dans le travail, le refuge des gens isolés."

Shortly after Easter there came an attack of gout, this time in one knee, and Gilbert was naturally disturbed by the conviction that the disease had become more threatening now that it was going up. He became more alive to the

difficulties of our present conditions of existence in the country, and more willing to consider the desirability of a change. The business of the *Portfolio* would be so much more easily and promptly transacted if he were in Paris; correspondence with England so much more rapid, and the length of journeys to London diminished so appreciably that all these considerations were of great weight in the final decision, as well as others of a different nature.

I could not hope to hide from Gilbert the void left in my life by the loss of one of my sons, and the absence of a daughter who had never left me before for any length of time; nor the sorrowful recollections incessantly awakened by the surrounding scenes and objects, and he began to think that to break the chain of such painful associations might be beneficial to me. This, I believe, dictated his letter of May 8 to Mary, in which he told her that she might make serious inquiries for a house, as he had definitely decided to go and live near Paris.

Mr. Seeley was very glad to hear that the editor of the *Portfolio* would be nearer to England; he said—"I hope you will get comfortably settled in the suburbs of Paris. If I may judge by my own experience I do not think you will regret the change. I have never done so for a moment, although I was fond of Kingston."

Since he had been last at Burnley, and had seen again the pictures painted at Sens for Mr. Handsley, my husband had been dissatisfied with them. The development of knowledge, skill, and the critical faculty made him intolerant of the shortcomings of that early period, and hopeful of doing better work now. So he wrote to Mr. Handsley, and proposed to paint him two new pictures to replace the old ones. In the reply he was begged to think of no such thing, as although the pictures might not be quite satisfactory to him, the owner valued them as among the earliest productions of the artist. But Gilbert insisted on being allowed to replace

at least the view of Sens by another subject—already begun and about which he felt hopeful—and finally it was left to him to do as he liked.

It is a curious thing that, feeling as he did the pressure of work, he should have been always ready to undertake some additional task. At that moment, when he had so little spare time, he had promised (for an indefinite date, it is true) a picture of Mont Beuvray for M. Bulliot, and others of Pré-Charmoy for Alice Gindriez, his sister-in-law; Mary also was to have her share. The pictures intended for Alice Gindriez had been painted several times over, and destroyed, and the one for Mr. Handsley had already passed through various changes of effect, but it looked very promising. The artist intended to send it to the Salon, and had even ordered the frame; but our removal having interrupted painting for a long time, it remained unfinished, though it was taken up again at intervals.

It is my belief that artistic work, in spite of its disappointments, proved a relief and a distraction to my husband; but it is much to be regretted that his own standard should have been so high, for it prevented him from completing and keeping many etchings and pictures which, if not perfect, still possessed great charms. It is also a subject for regret that he should have been led to undertake large pictures of mountain scenery—so difficult to render adequately. If the time spent in fighting against these difficulties had been bestowed upon smaller canvases and less ambitious subjects, he would undoubtedly have succeeded in forming quite a collection. The greater part of his studies are graceful in composition, harmonious in colour, tender and true in sentiment—why should not the pictures have possessed the same qualities? The main reason for his failing to express himself in art, is that he was too much attracted by the sublime in nature, and that the power to convey the impression of sublimity has only been granted to the greatest among artists.

In May there came a triumphant letter from Mary saying that she had discovered the *very* house wanted by her father, uniting in incredible perfection every one of the conditions he had laid down. Once, being hard pressed to give his consent to a change of residence, he had playfully spread a plan of Paris on the table, and had stuck a pin in it, saying at the same time—"When you find me a suitable house *there*, in this situation and at that distance from you, I promise to take it." It was considered as a joke, but Mary now affirmed that the Villa Clématis was at the exact distance from the Rue de la Tour (where she lived) that her father had mentioned. Moreover, the roads in the avenues leading from Clématis to Passy were excellent for a velocipede, or he could reach her in a charming walk of less than an hour—through the Bois de Boulogne—and by rail three minutes only were required from the station of Boulogne to that of Passy. The rent was moderate, and although higher than our present one, would still be within our means, if it were taken into consideration that neither horse nor carriage would be necessary.

The villa was in the Parc des Princes, which offered several advantages. No shops or factories of any kind being allowed within the park, its peacefulness was never disturbed by the noise of traffic. The houses, which varied in sizes from the simple ordinary villa to the hôtel or château, were each surrounded by a garden, small or large; and long avenues of fine trees so encircled the park that its existence was not much known outside. Quite close to it, however, was the town of Boulogne, with its well-provided market and shops, and at a distance of a few minutes the *chemin-de-fer de ceinture*, a line of tramways, one of omnibuses, and the steamboats not very far off. Clématis had a very *small* garden—a recommendation to my husband—but was still sufficiently isolated from the neighbouring villas by their own grounds on each side. There was a verandah looking

over the little garden, and a large balcony over the verandah ; the dining and drawing-rooms were divided by double folding doors, and both had access to the verandah by *porte-fenêtres ;* the low and wide marble chimney-pieces were surmounted by plate-glass windows affording a sight of trees and flowers, and giving a most light and cheerful effect to the rooms. There were several well-aired bedrooms, and under the house vaulted cellars to keep it healthy and dry.

Such was the description sent us, which we found perfectly accurate when we visited the house the very day of our arrival at Passy, on June 1, 1891. The diary says about it—"Went to Boulogne to see the Villa Clématis. On the whole pleased with it." As for me, I was charmed with it after all the inconveniences I had had to put up with, hitherto, in our rough country houses.

We had been told that the rents were low at Billancourt, and we went there to ascertain, but we did not like the horrid state of the roads, nor the unfinished streets, the result of house-building all over the place.

We also saw Vanves and the Château d'Issy, in which there were two pavilions to let. Gilbert's fancy was so much taken by one of them that I began to dread he might want to live in it. He wrote in the diary—"The place seemed curious and romantic. Three very fine lofty rooms, a number of small ones. Plenty of space. Not much convenience ; wife not at all pleased with it." It would have been much worse than anything I had experienced before. The house was dark, being surrounded and over-topped by a small but dense park climbing up an eminence above it ; all the rain-water coming down this slope remained in stagnant pools about the lower storey, the stones of which were of a dull and dirty green, being covered with moss. There was a queer circuitous kitchen round the base of the stairs, and the dishes prepared in it would have had to be carried up the stairs through an outside passage before arriving on the

dining-room table. Then I wondered how the "fine, lofty rooms" (damp with moisture and cold with tiled floors) could be warmed in winter, and also lighted; for they all looked upon the tree-clad hill rising up hardly a few feet from the windows. All that was nothing to Gilbert, who only saw in perspective so many spacious studios and work-rooms. At last I noticed that a paved road wound round the outside of the pavilion, and just as I was pointing it out, there came several heavily-laden carts thundering along, and shaking the whole building quite perceptibly. My husband had enough of it after that, and I rejoiced inwardly at the opportune appearance of those carts. The day after, the diary says—"Went in the afternoon to Sèvres. Found the place divided into two parts: the lower, which smells badly, and the upper, which is all but inaccessible, being up a steep hill. Renounced Sèvres."

Besides looking about for a house, we went frequently to the Salons, there being two now, and my husband regularly continued his work. Mr. Seeley wrote—"The quickness with which your letters come gives me a pleasant feeling as regards the future."

To my inexpressible delight Clématis was chosen for our future abode, after other fruitless researches; indeed, in my opinion it was impossible to find anything better suited to our wants—and what sounds almost incredible, the situation of the Parc des Princes was found to be exactly where Gilbert had pricked the pin in the plan of Paris.

The little garden looked very pretty now in June, with the pillars of the verandah all blue with flowers of the climbing clematis, and the cornice loaded with the pink and white bouquets of roses. The wild clematis, Virginia creeper, and honeysuckle clothed the trunks of every tree, whilst their roots were hidden by flowers and ferns of various kinds.

Another pleasant feature of the park was the quantity of singing birds: there were larks, blackcaps, white-throats, and

blackbirds, no doubt attracted by the security and peace they enjoyed all the year round—no shooting being allowed either in the park or in the Bois de Boulogne.

My husband wished to appropriate all the upper storey of Clématis to his work, so as to have within easy reach everything he wanted for it, and at the same time to escape from all household noises. The large middle room with the balcony would be his study and atelier, only he required more light for painting, and a tall window was made for him. One of the small rooms was to be a laboratory, the other a sort of store-room for papers, panels, frames, canvases, colours, etc., and one of the garrets a joiner's shop. Bookcases were to be placed against all the walls of the studio, which would serve as a library at the same time.

CHAPTER XX

1891—1894

Removal to Paris—Interest in the Bois de Boulogne—M. Vierge—*Man in Art*—Contributions to *Scribner's Magazine*—New form of the *Portfolio*—Honorary degree—Last journey to London—Society of Illustrators—Illness and death.

We were no sooner home again than the transformation of my husband's study and laboratory furniture began. He had carefully taken all the necessary measurements, and he now set two joiners to work under his direction.

Of course we had some months of discomfort and fatigue, with the packing up and the sale which preceded our departure. At one time I was almost in despair of ever getting through, Gilbert being so very exacting about the packing that we had to wrap up each single book separately, and to fold up carefully every sheet or bit of paper without creases. It was one of his characteristics, this respectful care he took of books and papers; it went so far that he could hardly bring himself to destroy waste-paper; and when he had not quite filled a page with his writing, he would cut off the white piece and lay it aside in a drawer for further use; nay more, after making use of these fragments of paper for notes which had been copied out, he drew a line of red or blue pencil across the writing, and returned the paper to another drawer to be used *on the other side*. And it was not for the sake of economy, for he was frequently indulging in the purchase of note-books, pocket-books, memorandum-books, etc. No; it was a sort of instinctive respect. If

any one held a book carelessly, or let it fall, he was absolutely miserable, and could not refrain from remonstrating. When we unpacked, he directed a man to fold up the papers which had been used as wrappers, and when I told him that the papers were not worth the man's wages and had better be thrown into the street, he looked surprised, and reluctantly allowed them to be stuffed into the empty boxes; but he could not bring himself to remain while it was being done.

It was hard to break away from the associations of so many years, and the last meal we took *tête-à-tête* in the dining-room, emptied of all its furniture except a small table and two chairs, was a melancholy one. I swallowed many a tear, and Gilbert's voice was somewhat tremulous when he attempted to talk.

Mr. Niles had inquired early in the year if Mr. Hamerton had decided about a new book, and had been answered in the affirmative. He now said—"I hasten to reply to your query. Yes, I think *The Quest of Happiness* an admirable title for a book destined for the popular heart—so happy that it will of itself sell it. Don't meditate about doing it too long."

Messrs. A. and C. Black had also proposed that Mr. Hamerton's articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* should be revised and enlarged so as to make an interesting and valuable *Hand-book to Drawing and Engraving*, and the author had agreed to undertake the work. They were so considerate as to send a copy of the *Encyclopædia* to the writer, who had long desired to possess it, and who valued it as a treasure. He had a special book-case made for it, with many divisions, to preserve the volumes from too much rubbing, and was pleased with their handsome appearance in his library.

A letter received in the autumn may offer some interest to the reader. It tells of a rather curious occurrence. The writer had been occasionally in correspondence with the author of *Wenderholme*, and, living in Lancashire, had greatly appreciated the accuracy of the descriptions and characters

in that locality. Two years before he had discovered "Thursday," and under his guidance had visited the site of the first camp at Widdup, and noted the changes; now he wrote again, giving an account of his experiences during a little visit to the Brontë country, and explaining at some length that he was "driven by bad weather to the 'house' (you will remember the sense in which the word is used in the district) occupied by the wrangling drunkard. The talk turning upon a hut which had been erected by a *mon* through Halifax for the grouse-shooting, evoked a reminiscence from the only (relatively) sober member of the party, of another mon—a hartist—who, aboon thirty year sin', built a hut at Widdup, and hed a gurt big dog, and young Helliwell, ower at Jerusalem, wor then a lad, and used to bring him (the mon) milk, and in the end gat ta'en on as sarvant, and went wi' him to Scotland and all ower—you may imagine my delight . . ."

"I was sorry to hear that Thursday was not in very good health. He is, however, married, and the proud father of a little girl—Mary Alice. He seems very comfortable, and has promised me a photograph of himself by way of a frontispiece to my copy of the *Painter's Camp*.

"I trust I am not boring you; but I thought that you might like to know that you and your encampment are still remembered in the district."

It always pleased Gilbert to have news of the people and places associated in his mind and affections with his youth, and his interest in them never grew cold with years.

Our new installation at Clématis was much simplified by the fact that everything from La Tuilerie had been sent in advance.

In order not to keep Gilbert too long from his work, the study was first arranged, and he was well pleased with it; indeed, he said he had never been so conveniently or comfortably established "for his work" before; but still I saw, with pain, that he looked depressed in spite of himself.

New Year's Day saw us established in the new house, and regular habits of work resumed.

Having two spare bedrooms, our children came to use them during the Christmas holidays, and we had some pleasant meetings with M. Pelletier and his family. It was by a sort of tacit understanding that almost every Sunday we lunched, in turn, at each other's houses—once at Clématis, then at Madame Raillard's, and afterwards at M. Pelletier's. After lunch we had a long walk either in the Bois de Boulogne, Parc de St. Cloud, Jardin du Luxembourg, or Jardin des Plantes; but although Gilbert enjoyed these strolls, they did not make up for the loss of the country; neither did the Seine replace the Saône, and Mr. Seeley said—"I am sorry the Seine is not what it ought to be. You will miss your old amusement of sailing, for which steaming will be a poor substitute."

We all tried to find something that might take his fancy, and we went to see the Marne. He said it afforded refreshing and pretty scenes; but he was not enthusiastic about its character. I plainly saw that what I had feared had come to pass—namely, that this new way of life did not suit him so well as the old, and that, despite the greater facilities, he did not seem to work to his own satisfaction, and felt dull. This lasted for some time. Mr. Seeley humorously teased him about it, and suggested that he should write for an American magazine an article on "The Dulness of Paris." He went on—"If you could only run over here to roam about our Kentish hills, you would soon be all right again. They are covered with millions of wood anemones, violets, primroses, cuckoo flowers, and blue-bells; and the low ground is gay with marsh-marigolds." Alas! the Bois offered all this in profusion, but for flowers Gilbert never really cared; he merely appreciated their *valeur* in the harmony of a landscape. He thus explained his feelings, in answer to Mr. Seeley—

"My complaints about the dulness of Paris refer to the peculiar state of mind the place always induces in myself,

that is, *ennui*. Now, the *ennuyé* state of mind is the worst possible for a writer, because his interest in things ought always to remain keen and lively; he ought to have the intelligence of a man with the interest of a child. I believe Paris to be, on the whole, the most endurable of great cities, that in which the disagreeables of such places are most successfully palliated. For instance, I can go from here to the Louvre in magnificent avenues all the way. But, for a writer, it is not enough to find life endurable, he ought to be keenly interested. My life at Autun was pleasant and refreshing; at Loch Awe it was an enchantment. However, I did not come here for my pleasure."

And work was crowding upon him; besides *Man in Art*, which had been put aside since the interruption necessitated by the removal, the editor of the *Forum*, Mr. Walter H. Page, asked for an article on the "Effects on Popular Education of Great Art Collections." He said—"I am glad to be able to tell you that some of the best American newspapers have discussed your article on the 'Learning of Languages,' and that I have many evidences of the appreciation of a large number of our most cultivated people."

The editor of the *Illustrated London News* also wished for a series of articles on "French Life," and was very sorry that Mr. Hamerton could not undertake them for want of time, and the publisher of the *Portfolio* would have been pleased to get reviews of the annual Salons from the editor's pen.

Early in the spring, as soon as the weather permitted it, we began to go regularly with M. and Mme. Raillard to the prettiest places in the neighbourhood of Paris to spend the Thursdays and Sundays. We were frequently joined by the Pelletier family, and had picnics together in sheltered nooks. We started early in the morning, carried our provisions with the exception of beer, wine, and bread, which could always be bought anywhere, and roamed about or rested till the end of the day. In this pleasant and independent manner we saw St. Germain—the forest and château, by which my

husband was much impressed ; the lakes and Bois de Vincennes ; the park at Marly, L'Yvette, the mills of Meaux, St. Rémy, the Château de Chevreuse, Bougival, Ville d'Avray, La Celle St. Cloud, La Terrasse de Meudon, Le Vésinet, Nogent-sur-Marne, the ponds at Garches, L'Abbaye des Vaux-de-Cernay, Mareuil-Marly, Melun, and L'Etang de St. Cucufa, with its surroundings of luxuriant vegetation and noble trees.

These walks in the country—much more of the real country than my husband had ever expected to find so near Paris—began to reconcile him to his new life ; but what helped most towards this reconciliation was the Bois de Boulogne, with its hidden charms and beauties, which he had the pleasure of discovering for himself, never having heard of them. For the parts of the Bois best known and always offered to admiration are the most artificial, and the resorts of fashion, equipages, and crowds ; the cascade, the lakes, the Allée des Acacias, the Pré-Catelan, and La Grande Pelouse, while there are enough solitary nooks and unfrequented alleys, thick underwoods, open vistas, and groups of graceful and handsome trees to interest a lover of landscape for miles and miles, without any other disturbance than a chance meeting with a timid rabbit or a curious deer.

No sooner had Gilbert found out that there existed in the Bois real and extensive woodland scenery—almost untrodden and unexplored, than it became a pleasure to start on his tricycle, followed by his dog, for an early ride under the dewy branches, in the light and fragrant mist rising from the moist mosses and wild-flowers under the first rays of the sun. From these healthy rides he returned to his first *déjeuner* much exhilarated, having breathed fresh air, without the sensation of confinement so painful to him. Gradually he came across various scenes which he felt attracted to paint, and then his liking for the Bois was formed. There were among others, 'La Mare d'Auteuil,' the incomparable group

of grand old oaks, a single branch of which would have made a fine tree; the ponds of Boulogne; the varied views of the Seine, with the gay and sunny slopes from the walks running parallel to the river. Then the mill and its surrounding fields, quiet at times with browsing cows knee-deep in the rich grass, or at other times alive with merry mowers and hay-makers. Several views of Mont Valérien, looming in the haze of the after-glow, or in dark contrast with the splendour of the afternoon sunshine, also caught my husband's attention; as well as numberless other places without a name, which pleased him for one sort of beauty or another. After each new discovery, he wanted me to go with him to see, and whenever it was possible, and at a walking distance from the house, I took a book with me and read to him as he sketched. By a few notes in the diary it will be seen that his explorations extended to rather long distances from the house—

"Went to L'Alma on the tricycle. Found capital place for studying boats not far from the Pont d'Iéna."

"Went round by Bois to Rothschild's, till I came to bridge of St. Cloud and to the house—lovely play of lights on the water and upon the heights."

"In afternoon rode as far as Argenteuil, and saw Texier's boat-building establishment there, and the fleet of pleasure-boats."

"Went to Asnières on tricycle by the Rond-Point of Courbevoie. Some difficult passages on road. Return easier by riverside, right bank. Beautiful hazy distances."

"Found out boat-house of the Billancourt boat-club. Spacious and rather nice. Keeper boat-builder. Came back by riverside, Auteuil and Bois. Charming harmony of greys in the sky—silvery, bluish, rose-tinted, and lavender."

"In afternoon rode to St. Cloud with a view to comparison with Turner. In coming back met a steam-carriage on the road, managed, I believe, by Caran d'Ache," etc., etc.

When he had regained the elasticity of his mind, his thoughts were turned again to his important work.

Note in the diary on March 3—"Tried to recover command of *Man in Art*, putting the MS. in order. Read the chapters over again, to recover materials and spirit of work."

From that date *Man in Art* was steadily resumed till its completion. There was a good deal of trouble and disappointment with the illustrations, some of which were found unworthy of insertion; but having been ordered they would have to be paid for. The author was ready to bear the cost rather than see them inserted, but Messrs. Macmillan very kindly and generously refused to allow this, and proposed that he should send a bill for any money that he should find it necessary to expend on unsatisfactory illustrations.

My husband was now in far better spirits, and, apparently, in very good health. A friend, Mr. Oliver, who had named his son Hamerton out of admiration for the author, wrote in answer to one of his letters—"I was pleased to hear that you find the later period of life not unattended with deep satisfaction and pleasure."

Among those pleasures were the friendly or interesting visits that the remoteness of Autun from great centres would have effectually prevented. In the spring we saw Mrs. Macmillan and her son; in the autumn we had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Black, who were passing through Paris, and with whom we spent an afternoon visiting the gardens and ruins of St. Cloud.

Mr. Niles, to whom many applications for letters of introduction were addressed, and who managed to give only a few, sent some of his friends to Mr. Hamerton now and then. He said in one of his letters—"Since you will not come to America and see for yourself, I want to show you that our aborigines are as good specimens of the *genus homo* as they make anywhere."

In the Parc des Princes lives a great artist, Urrabieta Vierge, whose house and studio were only a few minutes distant from Clématis. Mr. Hamerton's admiration of this

artist's talent was great, and his liking for him as a man became great also. He often expressed the opinion that, in his best pen-drawings, Urrabieta Vierge was—and would remain—without a rival. He used to spend hours over the original illustrations to Pablo de Segovie, and other drawings in the possession of the artist. Hardly ever did a day pass without seeing my husband in M. Vierge's studio once at least. He had opportunities of rendering him a service sometimes, as the artist had dealings with English and American publishers, but was ignorant of their language, and in token of gratitude M. Vierge painted his new friend's portrait, and also that of his mother-in-law, Madame Gindriez.

The idea of a book on the study of words, to be written in collaboration with M. Raillard, had not been abandoned by my husband, who submitted the title for Mr. Seeley's approval. It was to be: *Words on their Travels, and some Stay-at-home Words.* It was pronounced lively and interesting. His own share had been delayed; but his son-in-law was working at it, and they carefully planned together the composition and form of the book, the separate parts of which were to be linked together by essays from my husband's pen.

Much time was devoted to the exhibitions in 1892. The Salons, of course, had many visits, but they did not give so much pleasure to Gilbert as "Les Cent Chefs-d'œuvre," or the Pelouse Exhibition; he was also greatly interested by Raffet's works.

Our children spent with us a month of the long vacation, as they used to do at Pré-Charmoy, and our excursions to the most picturesque places in the neighbourhood of Paris became more frequent. We had formed a project for going to Pierrefonds and Compiègne; but my husband, being now most anxious to finish *Man in Art* before Christmas, regretfully put off the excursions to the ensuing year. Now that he had regained the buoyancy of his spirits, he was fully alive to the peculiar charms of the country about Paris, and even intended

to write a series of small books on the most noteworthy and remarkable places—something in the way of exhaustive guides. He thought of beginning with those that he knew thoroughly well already, and to acquaint himself gradually with the others.

In September our son-in-law, with his wife, went to stay with his parents for the remainder of the vacation ; but Mary left them a few days before her husband to see her relatives at Chalon, and in the way of consolation, her father sent the following to Raoul—

BEATUS ILLE.

"Blest is the man whose wife is gone away !
From cares exempt, he dwells in perfect peace.
His heart is light as boy's on holiday.
He walks abroad and joys in his release.
The cat is gone, the frisky mouse doth play.
The fox remote, walk forth the wandering geese.
So he, delivered, thinks his troubles past,
O halcyon days !—if they could only last.

"P. G. H. to R. R.

"*Sept.* 11, 1892."

Ever since he had heard of Lord Tennyson's illness, my husband had been greatly concerned, and never missed going every evening to the Auteuil railway station for the latest news. After the death of the poet he wrote to Mr. Seeley—

"One must die some time ; but it is still rather saddening to know that Tennyson is no longer a living poet. I have always enjoyed his verse very much, the art is so perfect, so superior to that of Browning or Wordsworth, even to that of Byron. I know of no poet to equal Tennyson in finish except Shelley, Keats, and Horace, and those three only in gems."

In a letter to Miss Betham-Edwards he had said once—"Have you observed how *very* careful Tennyson has always been never to publish prose ? That was capital policy in his case ; he seems so much more the poet to the world outside."

Mr. Seeley was anxious to confer with the editor of the *Portfolio* about plans for the following year; but he had considerately refrained from mentioning it, so long as the large book was not announced for publication. In the beginning of October, however, he wrote—"I see that Macmillans announce your big book; so I suppose that labour is off your hands." Then he went on to propose that the editor should write a series of articles on the Humorous Art of the Present Day, and my husband took time to think about the subject.

The last sheets of *Man in Art* were sent off on October 20, and after acknowledging their receipt, Mr. F. Macmillan said—

"With regard to the drawings on glass, I write to say that we are perfectly willing that, as you suggest, you should make a present of them to the Art School of Burnley, in Lancashire.

"The same applies to the original wood-block engraved by Pierre Gusman."

Our November journey to London was unattended with troubles to my husband's health, and it was with unalloyed pleasure that we met Mr. and Mrs. Seeley again. Our stay was to be a short one, for it had been decided that, in the future, we would come over at least once every year, and more probably twice.

Here is the first letter after our arrival—

"*London.*

"*November* 26, 1892.

"MY DEAR MARY—

"I have some good news to tell you. My new book is not out yet, but soon will be. It is in two editions, one large paper and dear, the other smaller paper and much lower in price. The first is exhausted before publication, and the second, without being exhausted yet, is still going

off well. I dined last night with Messrs. Macmillan, and they seemed quite satisfied.

"Mr. Seeley has just offered to publish my next novel.

"I was glad to get a post-card from Raoul. It will be a great pleasure to me to work with him. Perhaps, however, we shall quarrel over our book, and never speak to each other again. But his mother-in-law will love him still, whatever happens.

"Your very affectionate old father,

"P. G. HAMERTON."

The work that my husband had to do was easily gone through, and his nervous system had so much improved that he went alone about London without any forebodings, without even thinking about it, except to remark to me sometimes that he had never expected such an improvement. Had it not been for a very slight and short attack of gout, he would have been perfectly well all the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Seeley were then living in Kensington, and it was very convenient for my husband, the situation being quiet and within easy reach of the museums. Although the season was not favourable for going to the country, our friends knew that their visitor would be pleased to escape from London—were it only for a day or two, and they were so kind as to take us to their pretty cottage at Shoreham, in Kent, and to show us the country surrounding it. Gilbert was out walking most of the time, and there being hills and water, wished he had time for sketching, though he told me he would not like to live there permanently, the country not being sufficiently open for his tastes.

The new arrangements for the *Portfolio* having being decided upon, my husband wrote to tell Mary of our near arrival. In this letter he said—

"In spite of the great kindness we meet with here, I don't feel any desire to live in or near London, it is so gloomy and

dirty, besides being so expensive, at least according to present customs of living. We are better where we are, near you.

"I am very glad that Raoul likes the idea of our book. I believe we can work out together something decidedly new and valuable."

In the course of a visit to Mrs. A. Black, she gave us good and interesting news of her cousin, R. L. Stevenson, and showed us a photograph taken inside his house at Samoa, in which he was seen surrounded by his mother, his wife, his wife's children, and his native servants. It was very pleasant to see him looking happy, and so much stronger than he used to be.

Mr. Macmillan, though very feeble, was so kind as to receive us. We were for leaving him soon, fearing that he would be fatigued; but he insisted upon our remaining, and brightened wonderfully as he talked with my husband. He ordered glasses and wine, and drank to our healths with such hearty good-will, and pressed our hands at parting so affectionately, that we were quite moved. He had been such a strong and active man, and there was still such an expression of power and will in his countenance, that to see him an invalid, unable to walk without help, was inexpressibly pitiful. He had said—not without sadness—that he had grown resigned to this trying bodily weakness, but at the same time that he had a great dread of the weakness reaching the seat of thought some day. It was the last time we saw him, though he lived some years longer, and we liked ever after to recall his last kind greeting, as warm as those of former days.

M. Raillard and his wife received us joyfully on our arrival in Paris; we were all greatly cheered by the fact that my husband could now travel like everybody else, and this feeling of security gave a great stimulus to his energies. We were often planning journeys to places of interest that it

might be useful for him to visit, either for his artistic studies or for literary work. The Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, with whom he had long been in correspondence, had invited us to go to see her on the Lake of Garda, and this was a great temptation to which he hoped to yield some day.

Meanwhile, we planned for the autumn a visit to Lucerne, in which our son and daughter and her husband would join, and we often talked about it. I knew perfectly well that very few of our schemes could ever be carried out, but I encouraged the discussion of them—for even that gave pleasure to Gilbert, who had been kept sedentary so long. He told us what he would do, and what he would attempt in such and such a place; and his desire for beautiful natural scenes was so intense that he often dreamt he was *flying* towards them, and afterwards described his sensations. The recurrence of this sensation of *flying* over space caused him some slight alarm, for he explained that doctors considered it as a symptom of disturbed equilibrium in the system, which they called levitation. Still, he was now almost in perfect health, indeed he did not remember the time when he had been so well, so ready for work, or enjoying it more—he said he was almost afraid, it seemed so strange.

In a letter from Mr. Niles, dated March 10, 1893, I read—"I am indeed pleased to hear that *The Quest of Happiness* is likely to be ready for this autumn, and the title is so promising that I should not wonder if it made your 'cheques' larger."

This book, however, was laid aside for more pressing work. The Meissonier Exhibition was opened, and my husband, who delighted in the talent of the artist, had already gone there several times, when he received a letter from Mr. Seeley asking him to notice it for the *Portfolio*, and he assented.

Then Mr. Burlingame, of the house of Scribner's Sons of New York, came over from London for the special purpose

of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. Hamerton, and of proposing to him to write a series of twelve articles on modern representative painters for *Scribner's Magazine*. The proposal was flattering in itself, but the pleasure it gave was singularly enhanced by the visitor's friendly courtesy and cultured appreciation. After two meetings only Mr. Burlingame had to leave Paris, and my husband spoke regretfully of the shortness of a visit he had so much enjoyed, and expressed a wish that an opportunity for more prolonged intercourse might present itself before long.

Judging from Mr. Burlingame's letter, the pleasure had been mutual. I quote a passage out of it—

"I use my earliest opportunity to jot down a note for our better remembrance of the main points of the arrangement for *Scribner's Magazine*, by assenting to which you gave me such pleasure in Paris.

"I sail on Saturday, and assure you I shall carry home no pleasanter recollection than that of the two days which you made very enjoyable for me at Paris and Boulogne."

The scheme did not require much literary labour, but it involved careful researches for the choice of subjects, delicate negotiations with the owners of the pictures chosen, to obtain the right of reproduction, and moreover a superintendence of these reproductions as to quality.

After giving due consideration to the subject of "Humour in Painting" for the *Portfolio*, the editor did not feel inclined to undertake it. But in his frequent walks about Paris his attention had been forcibly attracted by the invention and fancy shown in the designs of modern houses, and that was a study quite congenial to his tastes, and a subject on which he was thoroughly competent to write. It was proposed to Mr. Seeley, who accepted it, and from that moment we haunted the quarters in which new buildings were rising, as if by magic, in the purity of the white stone used in Paris, and in the richness or delicacy of their carvings and mosaics.

Besides these various preparations for future work, Mr. Hamerton had been much occupied by annotating a collection of different things intended as a present to the Mechanics' Institution of Burnley. Shortly after sending it off, he received the warm thanks of the Council through its secretary.

The search after suitable subjects for *Scribner's Magazine* had only yielded an insufficient number, and my husband decided to go to London in July to complete his list. He felt so well that the idea of undertaking the journey alone did not make him apprehensive in the least. Not so with me, and my anxiety was only calmed after receiving the assurance that he had felt perfectly comfortable the whole way.

His daughter wrote to him—

"Mon cher Papa—

"Nous avons été bien heureux d'apprendre que tu as été 'si grand garçon' comme dit Bonne-maman. Ta témérité nous a tous étonnés et nous a fait plaisir en même temps. Ce changement ne pourra que te faire du bien puisque tu l'as supporté d'une façon aussi parfaite."

Here is a part of the answer—

"*Arundel Hotel,*
"*Victoria Embankment, London.*
"*July* 22, 1893.

"I am extremely pleased with my hotel, which is just what I wanted, both as to convenience of situation, beauty, and charges. From the window where I am writing I can see the river and a garden with trees, and some fine architecture on the Embankment (Quai), yet I am close to the busiest part of London.

"I was in the Academy yesterday, and enjoyed it very much. I feel perfectly well, and not in the least fatigued by my journey, from which I experienced no inconvenience whatever, except an increased appetite which has remained with me ever since."

Shortly after my husband's return from London, Mr. Jaccaci, an American artist and author, and a devoted friend of M. Vierge, came to see us, and Gilbert's interest in him was quickly awakened. I was told that he had travelled much, and, though still young, could speak eight languages. There was a first bond between them in their admiration of M. Vierge's talent, and in their sympathy for his individuality. They met several times at his studio. Unfortunately Mr. Jaccaci's stay was of short duration, and he was extremely busy, so much so indeed that he could not accept an invitation, but promised to do so next time he came to Paris. His departure did not put an end to the friendly intercourse, which was carried on by correspondence.

At the first appearance of the *Portfolio* it had taken an entirely new line among English periodicals, but now there were two other art magazines similar in character, and style of illustration, and both its editor and publisher were desirous of an alteration which would once more distinguish it from similar periodicals.

They considered how it might be remodelled, so as to give it a new character of its own, and at last, taking into consideration the prejudice which had set in against big books, they decided to reduce its size and to increase the letterpress considerably. Each number was to be devoted to one subject, and written by the same author, so as to be complete in itself. The new second title, *Monographs on Artistic Subjects*, was liked by many critics, and one of them said—"Monographs! I wonder whose idea that was. What an admirable plan! Strange that no one ever thought of it before!"

The editor undertook to write the first number, on "The Etchings of Rembrandt"; but in spite of his enthusiasm for the subject, and his thorough knowledge of it, he felt painfully hurried, for the decision had been taken somewhat late in the year. He told me he would have liked to devote six months

to its preparation. Still, the new plan gave him much pleasant anticipation of carefully-prepared work, as he disliked devoting his time to subjects of minor importance. A number of the *Portfolio* now allowed of a worthy subject being worthily treated, and that was in accordance with my husband's preferred method of work.

With the ordinary autumnal remittance Mr. Niles wrote—

"I have just bought a copy of *The Isles of Loch Awe, and Other Poems*, by P. G. Hamerton, Esq. 1859. Second thousand.

"I have had a good many years a copy of the first edition, 1855, which I once loaned to Mr. Longfellow, who made from it selections for his collection of 'Poems from Places' and in it I have placed his letter of thanks for the loan."

Some time in the spring my husband had made the acquaintance of M. Darmesteter, and had hoped that it might grow into closer intimacy, M. Darmesteter and his wife having promised to call; but we learned that they had been mistaken as to the situation of our house, and in November Mr. Hamerton received this reply to one of his letters—

"*November* 18.

"CHER MONSIEUR—

"Excusez mon retard à vous remercier de votre aimable lettre du 16 courant. Nous rentrons à peine et vous savez ce que c'est qu'une rentrée en ville.

"Hafiz malheureusement n'est pas traduit que je sache en Français. Il en existe une traduction allemande en 3 vol. . . . .

"Nous avons bien regretté de ne pouvoir, avant de quitter Paris, faire un tour au Parc-des-Princes et présenter nos hommages à Madame Hamerton. Ce sera pour l'année qui vient j'espère.

"Croyez moi, cher Monsieur,

"Votre bien dévoué,

"J. DARMESTETER."

Death, alas! prevented another meeting, for M. Darmesteter, who was already in weak health, did not live very long after.

Mr. Seeley thought the monograph on Rembrandt "lively, charmingly written, and betraying no sign of hurry." This opinion was shared by the public, for the sale of the *Portfolio* increased largely. Indeed, the new scheme was generally applauded, and many letters were sent both to the editor and to the publisher in token of appreciation. Sir F. Burton, to whom my husband had applied for a monograph on Velasquez, said in his reply—"I have seen the *Portfolio* in its new form, and I think the alterations you have made in the plan and scope of the work most happily inspired."

Sir George Reid also wrote—

"I have seen the *Portfolio* in its new form, and I think the change a wise one in many ways. It recalls the *Revue des deux Mondes*. It will be a far handier shape for the book-shelves; but I feel a—well perhaps *sentimental* regret for the old *Portfolio*. It seems like the disappearance of an old familiar friend—although we know he is still alive and well.

"I wish it all prosperity in its new form, and its editor many years of happy and useful labour in the service of art."

Mrs. Henry Ady was to write on Bastien Lepage for the *Portfolio*, but she had not all the documents she wanted, and my husband undertook to procure them. A talented French marine-painter, M. Jobert, with whom Mr. Hamerton was acquainted, introduced him to M. Emile Bastien Lepage, brother of the artist. Note in the diary about it—

"January 11, 1894. Was much pleased with my visit. Saw many things by the painter—many not published; portraits of father and mother, of grandfather, of brother Emile, etc., and sketches for girl's funeral which he saw; also etchings

and a bust of his father. After that he showed us a fine structure in carved wood from the church of St. Mark at Venice."

My brother, his wife, and their two little girls arrived in Paris to be present at the wedding of our niece Jeanne Pelletier. Stephen also came, and on the appointed day we all went to the Lycée Henri IV., where the ceremony took place, on January 29. We were much interested, on account of the great affection we bore to the bride.

My husband put this note in the diary—"Wedding passed off very well. Beautiful ceremony in chapel. I had a talk with L'Abbe Loyson (brother of Hyacinthe Loyson). Great numbers of people to congratulate."

Gilbert had long talks on architecture with his brother-in-law, to whom he showed several of the new buildings he had been studying for his *Parisian Houses*, particularly in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Avenue Bugeaud, and Rue de Longchamp.

When M. Gindriez left, Gilbert tried to resume the *Quest of Happiness*, but told me he had determined to remodel the Prologue on positive and negative happiness, because he had thought out a scheme of alteration. I was very sorry to hear of it, because the work was already so far advanced, and the alterations would require so much trouble and time. But such considerations had no weight with him when he thought his work could be improved, so I kept my disappointment to myself.

Some time in February my husband had received a letter from Sir G. Reid, from which I quote the following passage—"I have little doubt that before the month of March comes you will be P. G. Hamerton, LL.D. Your claims to such recognition have long been beyond all questioning."

This was confirmed by the Secretary of the University of Aberdeen on March 3, 1894, in these terms—

"DEAR SIR—

"I have the pleasure of informing you that the Senatus of the University at its meeting to-day conferred upon you the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.).

"I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"ALEXANDER STEWART.

"Secretary of the Senatus."

Three days later Lady Reid wrote—

"DEAR DR. HAMERTON—

"We are delighted to see in this morning's newspaper the announcement of your LL.D.-ship. Though we have never had the pleasure of meeting, I feel almost as if I had known you for many years, your writings having given me such real pleasure ever since I first made your acquaintance in *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands* in 1863.

"I hope you will kindly accept from me your Aberdeen LL.D. hood, which is the outward visible sign of your new academic rank.

"My husband says it is 'a chromatic discord of the 1st Order,' but over the arrangements of such things the present generation has no control, their form and colours having been settled long ago.

"Sir George unites with me in kindest regards, and in the hope that you may long live to enjoy your most well-earned honours.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"MIA REID."

Shortly after Sir George Reid wrote—"You have done so much for the literature of art that the only wonder is your services have not been acknowledged by one or other of our Universities long ago. I am very glad that the honour has come to you from the University of Aberdeen."

Although my husband cared little for honours, this recognition — freely and spontaneously conferred by the

University of Aberdeen, without any solicitation on his part —gave him real pleasure. He had never expected anything in this way from Oxford or Cambridge, because he had never been a student of either, and he fancied that this would always be against him. It reminds me of what he wrote to Mr. Seeley soon after our arrival in Paris, when he suffered from dulness—

"I never was at Oxford. I always had a boyish dread of being sent there, and put into one of the colleges. I think I was marked for Balliol. After my escape I felt towards the place much as a sound Protestant feels towards the Vatican. Here is a reflection that has sometimes occurred to me since my imprisonment here began—'Dear me! why, if I can endure Paris, I might possibly have endured Oxford!'"

After congratulating the editor of the *Portfolio* on his new title, Mr. Seeley said—"My brother at Cambridge has been made a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. What an extraordinary title for a Professor! And you are now a Doctor of Laws. Will you kindly allow us to consult you in any legal difficulty?"

The new Doctor[1] answered—

"I congratulate you on having a brother who is a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George too. They were both very valiant saints, dangerous to dragons and demons. The image that rose to my mind's eye when I read your letter was that of your brother in shining golden armour riding full tilt with spear in rest against a terrible dragon. I wish Lord Shaftesbury had lived to hear of it, for one reason, and your father for another.

"Thank you for your congratulations about my LL.D.-ship. In answer to your question, I beg to say that whilst the degree is but a just tribute to my legal knowledge, it

[1] Mr. Hamerton and Professor Seeley were born on the same day, and there was an interval of only a few weeks between their deaths.

does not confer the right to practise, so that you would do better to consult some professional man, such as a barrister or an attorney, even though his legal attainments might be far inferior to mine."

In the same year Mr. Hamerton was invited by the Society of Illustrators to accept a Vice-Presidency along with Sir J. E. Millais, Sir F. Seymour Haden, and Mr. Holman Hunt.

Messrs. Scribner having planned a work on American wood-cuts, wrote to ascertain if my husband would undertake it. Mr. Burlingame's letter explains the scheme.

"DEAR MR. HAMERTON—

"In the course of the publication of the Magazine, we have printed from time to time what we believe to be some of the best American wood-engravings. We are going to make a selection of about forty of them, thoroughly representative of the best men and subjects (though we have not tried, of course, to have the representation *complete*), and issue it as soon as we can in the form of India proofs, in a portfolio in a very limited edition—probably of less than 100 copies, made with the utmost care and all possible accessories to render the collection a standard one. Meaning to make it represent the highest point of wood-engraving (which is now fast yielding to the mechanical processes, so that the moment is perhaps the best we shall have), we want to accompany the publication with a short essay on the subject, to go with the portfolio in a little book, and afterwards to be bound up with the popular edition should we make one."

It was just one of those schemes that my husband could set his heart upon—requiring much knowledge and condensed writing. So he gladly accepted the task, and applied himself to it as soon as the engravings reached him.

On receiving the manuscript Mr. Burlingame wrote—"The paper on the engravers so thoroughly fulfilled our

expectations, that we were more than ever glad that we asked your help in this (to us) important matter."

In the spring, before the opening of the Salons, there are always a good many minor exhibitions, and these we went to see, in order to judge of the prevailing artistic tendencies. I find this note in the diary—

"March 17, 1894. Went with wife in the afternoon to see some pictures by the 'Eclectics' at Petit's. Most of them horribly bad, especially the Impressionists, but several by Boudot were excellent. These were landscapes, all in perfectly true tone and good colour, with a great deal of sound, modest drawing. I wish I could paint like him. His work is evidently founded on painted studies from nature, indeed much of it must have been painted directly from nature.

"Made a new plan for work, doing two tasks on alternate days: one the current book, the other some minor task—an article for example. In this way both would get on, and the interval would not be long enough to lose hold of either."

He wrote about it to Mr. Seeley, and explained—

"I don't know how it will answer yet, but have hopes. My great difficulty has always been (and it only increases with age) a certain want of readiness and flexibility in turning from one thing to another. When I have a book in hand (and I always have one), it is most disagreeable to me to turn from it and write an article; and when the article is finished I lose always at least a day, and often several days, before I get well into swing with the book again. My natural tendency is to take up one task, and peg away at it till it is done."

At Mr. Niles' request Mr. Hamerton had agreed to write a translation of Renan's notice of his sister Henriette. However, he had to give it up, not being able to get answers to his letters from M. Ary Renan.

As he greatly appreciated the spirit and usefulness of the Institution of the Franco-English Guild, founded by Miss

Williams, he wrote for its *Review* an article on "Languages and Peace," and intended to write others. There are some notes in the diary at this time which prove that he could find some effects to enjoy in Paris—

"March 13th. Went with Stephen to see Mr. Barker. We went on a walk to the terrace at Meudon, where we joined wife and daughter and Raoul. Thence to a pond in the wood. Came back in the evening. Beautiful effects on the river.

"April 1st. Went to the Mont Valérien, and greatly enjoyed the views about it over Paris on one side, and the country on the other."

The best proof that my husband's nervous system was now strong and healthy, is that *for the first time in his life* he proposed that we should go together to the private view of the Champ de Mars to meet the President of the Republic. We had a card of invitation, and I was so happy to see him well, and to mark the respectful greetings which met him from all quarters, that I enjoyed the day thoroughly. He was perfectly calm the whole time, in contrast with the excitement surging around him, and at night he wrote in the diary—

"We went, wife and I, to the Champ de Mars, and saw the President of the Republic arrive, and all the artistic notabilities who received him. After the lunch, saw the exhibition well, and selected two pictures for Scribner. Was much impressed by Tissot's 'Life of Christ.'

"We were much amused by the extravagance of the toilettes, particularly the feminine."

In April he called upon MM. Louis Deschamps and Checa for notes of a biographical kind. There was an instantaneous sympathy between him and M. Checa, who was very cordial and communicative, and who soon returned his visit. After the publication of the article concerning

him, M. Checa wrote—"Je vous remercie très vivement de cet article, sûrement le plus exact que l'on ait fait sur moi."

In the studio of M. Checa my husband had met an American artist, Mr. R. J. Wickenden, who lived at Auvers, and who, being well acquainted with his works, wished to paint a portrait of the author. During the sittings a friendship was formed between model and painter. The portrait was exhibited in America at Mr. Keppel's.

Mr. Hamerton having been invited to preside at a meeting and dinner of the Society of Illustrators, and to deliver a lecture on the history of their art, fixed an earlier date than he had intended for his proposed visit to London, to comply with their wishes.

He started alone on May 4, going by way of Dieppe, and wrote in the diary—"Capital passage. Enjoyed sea and colour very much indeed."

On the 6th he wrote to M. Raillard that he was well enough, but that on arriving at Charing Cross the trunk containing his clothes was missing. He ended by saying—"And I have to preside over a dinner to-morrow! At all events I cannot do it in a flannel shirt! . . . I am in a pretty mess!"

He had almost decided to buy a ready-made suit in this emergency, when he recovered the lost trunk. After the dinner he wrote me a long account of it in French. The reception given him by the Illustrators had been most cordial. His speech had been delivered without nervousness or hesitation, and with the curious illusion that he was listening to somebody else.

There had been an animated debate on the grievances of the Illustrators, who complained of the small space allotted to the exhibition of their works in the Academy. They seemed disposed to sign a protest, when he had offered to go and see Sir Frederick Leighton, and to talk the subject over with him, as president of the meeting. He ended his letter with a

promise to have his photograph taken on the morrow by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

I was very glad of this decision about his portrait, for I had not a good likeness of him, except the fine photograph taken by Mr. Palmer; and of course since that time his features had altered. They retained their expression of intellectuality and dignity, softened, as it were, by the discipline and experience of years. Hitherto he had always resisted any attempt to publish his portrait among a series of celebrities; but this time he yielded to my entreaties; and he was afterwards satisfied to have done so, for the three photographs taken on the same day were all good likenesses. From the best of them was engraved—later—through the care and sympathy of Messrs. Scribner, the fine and striking portrait which appeared in their Magazine of February 1895.

It was, I believe, a sort of unconscious presentiment which prompted my husband to see *all* his friends during this last visit to England. Knowing that he had so much pressing work on hand, I had been surprised by his decision to go to London so soon after his last journey, and still more to hear that he intended to go to Holmwood to make the acquaintance of Mr. C. Gould, the son of his cousin Anne; to Dorking, to see Mrs. Hamerton, of Hellifield Peel, and her married daughter; to Alresford, to stay a couple of days with Sir Seymour Haden and his wife; and then to Southampton, to call upon Mr. R. Leslie. All these arrangements surprised me exceedingly; but I came to the conclusion that my husband's health must be excellent, since he volunteered to undertake, with evident pleasure, what he would have dreaded to do some time ago.

Indeed, his letters expressed nothing but enjoyment from all these visits, and the keen interest he took in the Academy exhibition.

He was made very welcome by Sir Frederick Leighton, to whom he explained the grievances of the Illustrators, and

who gave him a promise to do his best for them; and Mr. Hamerton was glad to think he might have been of use.

A singular occurrence happened shortly after his return. Friends, more particularly those who came from abroad, were often debarred from accepting his invitations on account of the distance between Paris and the Parc des Princes, and the consequent lateness of the hour when they could reach their home or hotel after dining at Clématis. Gilbert, therefore, had adopted a plan—much in use in the French capital—which consists in inviting friends to a conveniently-situated restaurant, where the goodness of the cookery and attendance may be relied upon. It occurred to my husband to try the Terminus Hotel at the Gare du Hâvre, from which many travellers start for England; and he invited M. Raillard to test the place with him. They were both pleased with it, and left at about ten p.m. It was most fortunate that they did not remain much longer, for at eleven an explosion, caused by a dynamite bomb, wrecked the room in which they had dined, and wounded several people.

A long-deferred meeting with Mr. Frederick Harrison took place in June, and the day was spent in visiting the Louvre, Tuileries, Notre Dame, and the Hôtel de Ville.

We had also been expecting with pleasant anticipations the visit of Mr. Niles, when we received the sad news of his death at Perugia, and learned that he had been in failing health for some years, and had decided to come to Europe for rest. My husband's regrets were very sincere. From time to time we had news of R. L. Stevenson; those received in a letter from Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, in the course of the same month, were very pleasing.

"I heard from R. L. Stevenson a few weeks ago. He said—'If you saw me here you would no longer question my wisdom in staying; you would not wonder at my preferring this life to that of Bournemouth.' In England he passed half his time in bed, the whole winter in the house, and he could never

walk half-a-mile. Now he is out by six in the morning, sometimes bathes, and occasionally spends the whole day in the saddle. He was always fond of the open air, and though never strong, was a good walker, and, as you know, able to do a little boating. He often spoke to me of his visit to you at Autun."

The assassination of President Carnot, which occurred in June, grieved and horrified my husband as much as if he had been a Frenchman. He had the greatest respect for the scrupulous manner in which M. Carnot discharged all his duties, and admired the simple dignity with which he held the rank of First Citizen of a great nation. Being himself a Liberal—but a Moderate one—it had given him hopes for the stability of a Moderate-Liberal Republic, to see at the head of it the personification of unsuspected honesty and wise patriotism.

On the whole, he was satisfied with the choice of his successor, and amused by this phrase about M. Casimir-Périer in one of Mr. Seeley's letters—"I saw a portrait of the new French President lately. He looks a man not to be trifled with." The remark has been curiously justified since.

Having to go out so frequently now in the afternoons in order to see artists and pictures, my husband altered his rules of work, and devoted the whole of the mornings to literary composition, and the heat being very oppressive this summer, he worked better in the cooler time of day; yet I was rather afraid of the consequences when I saw him start for Paris with the thermometer standing at 88° or 90° almost every afternoon, but he maintained that it did him no harm.

On July 14—the Fête Nationale—Mr. Jaccaci having called with M. Vierge, Gilbert went back to dine with him in Paris and to see the fireworks. They were both struck by the extraordinary quietness of the great town, generally so merry and noisy at that date, but now subdued by respectful sympathy for the death of its late President.

Note in the diary—"Never saw streets of Paris so quiet before. Could cross easily anywhere. In Avenue de l'Opéra could count people."

We had heard from M. Raillard that the reputation of his father-in-law was penetrating into Germany. He had seen some notices and reviews of his works, and in August a professor at the Zurich University sent this flattering letter—

"MONSIEUR—

"Je vais publier une petite bibliothèque Française à l'usage des écoles Allemandes, avec des notes en français. Le premier volume contiendra une forte partie du fameux livre de Tocqueville sur l'ancien régime et la révolution. Le second sera, si vous le permettez, composé d'extraits de votre excellent livre *Français et Anglais* traduction de M. Labouchère.

"Auriez-vous la bonté de me fournir quelques dates sur votre vie et sur vos autres ouvrages, que je pourrais utiliser pour l'introduction ?"

Just at the time when my husband was making extensive plans of work, justified as it seemed by the great improvement in his health, he was suddenly attacked by a new malady, which he believed to be asthma. There were no premonitory symptoms ; he was as well as usual in the day-time, and even after going to bed, where he always read before going to sleep; but directly he fell asleep he was suddenly aroused again by suffocation. In describing his sensations to me, he said it seemed as if breathing required—while in a waking state—a slight effort, which he made unconsciously, and this being discontinued when sleep arrived, produced suffocation. I attributed this painful state to a change in the working of his nervous system, and pressed him to see a doctor, but he was convinced that he was becoming asthmatic, and that there was no help for it.

Although he told me that if he had his choice in the matter, he would rather die than be condemned to a life of

impotence, with perpetual cares and precautions, he bore his sufferings, or rather forebodings, with his accustomed courage and patience, and attempted to calm my apprehensions by affirming that, though his nights were disturbed, he could still get sleep out of bed, in an arm-chair, and now and then in the day-time when overpowered by fatigue. The various means of relief used by asthmatic people and recommended by different friends proving—without exception—utterly inefficacious for him, I attempted to console him by pointing out that asthma often manifested itself at very long intervals, and that, in general, the worst attacks were hardly more painful than those of gout. He answered that he could bear the pain of these attacks, but what he dreaded most was chronic asthma, which, by lowering his general health, would reduce him to an invalid state.

However, the worst symptoms soon subsided, and about three weeks after the first disturbance he was writing to Mr. Seeley—"I am much better, though my nights are still frequently interrupted. I require a great deal of exercise, more than I can find time for; the more exercise I take the better I am." And yet when, shortly afterwards, a specialist had to be called in, he declared that his patient "was completely overworked mentally and physically," and he ordered him to give up the velocipede altogether, and to restrict his walks to short distances and a leisurely pace.

I have never been able to understand how it was that physical exercise being so hurtful to Gilbert, he should invariably have felt benefited by it, so far as his sensations went.

The vacation had come round again, and the impossibility of realizing the pleasant plans we had formed obliged our children to alter theirs. Stephen went to London, and M. Raillard took his wife through Switzerland to Germany. They had frequently written on their way, and now told of their impressions of Freiburg, where they decided to remain three weeks.

I mentioned before that my husband's knowledge of places which he had never seen was surprising. In this instance he could induce Mary and her husband to believe that he had actually stayed where they were. The attempt amused him, and he read me the following letter before posting it—

"19 *Août*, 1894.

"MA CHÈRE ET BONNE FILLE—

"Je t'aurais écrit plus tôt pour te souhaiter ta fête, qui est aujourd'hui, mais je n'espérais pas que ma lettre puisse te parvenir, comme tu étais en route. Je n'ai jamais pu savoir ce que souhaiter une fête voulait dire, mais si c'est quelque bien—comme la santé par exemple, tu sais quels sont mes vœux ; enfin je voudrais te savoir aussi heureuse que possible.

"Je ne trouve pas que la couleur de la cathédrale de Freiburg soit désagréable. Il est vrai que je préfère un gris argenté, mais le ton chaud de Freiburg fait bien et il a gagné une certaine patine avec les années. On m'a dit quand j'y étais que celle de Strasbourg a la même couleur, mais je ne l'ai jamais vue. Quel bonheur pour Freiburg d'avoir tous ces petits ruisseaux qui nettoient les rues et qui viennent de la rivière Dreisam ! Je n'admire pas plus que toi la tendance polychrome qu'on voit dans certains détails de la ville.

"Avez-vous vu le château de Zahringen ? Il est au nord-est de Freiburg, à trois kilomètres environ ; c'est une promenade très facile.

"Je me suis demandé si à Bâle vous vous étiez arrêtés à l'hôtel des Trois-Rois. Il y a là un long balcon d'où l'on voit le fort courant du Rhin qui passe sous l'ancien pont. Je me rappelle qu'à l'extrémité de ce pont, du côté opposé, il y avait une brasserie où, en buvant son verre de bière, on pouvait regarder l'eau qui coulait toujours, et si vite.

"À Lucerne, j'ai vu également couler la Reuss sous l'ancien pont où l'on voit la Danse de la Mort. Mr. Macgregor a osé descendre cette rivière (qui est un torrent très dangereux plus bas) en périssoire. Ce n'est pas moi qui essaierai.

"Je continue à mieux aller, je puis maintenant m'endormir

assez facilement, et je reste généralement dans mon lit toute la nuit, mais pas toujours. Mon sommeil est souvent interrompu, mais vite repris. En somme grand progrès.

"Bonne-maman va beaucoup mieux aussi, elle prend de la Kola qui lui fait, parait-il, grand bien.

"Stephen a regagné l'appétit et part vendredi pour Londres.

"Mes meilleures amitiés à Raoul, et tous mes souhaits pour un bon séjour à Lucerne, cet endroit si ravissant!

"VIEUX PAPA."

To the infinite amusement of "Vieux Papa," his daughter answered immediately—"We never knew that you had been at Freiburg," etc., etc.

In the course of August my husband had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. Scribner, who called upon him in the company of Mr. Jaccaci.

The improvement in Gilbert's state did not last. We renewed our entreaties about having a doctor's advice, and he yielded.

The great physician whom we called in declared it was weakness of the heart—due to overwork—that his patient was suffering from, and not asthma. He promised to set him up again in four months with his prescriptions.

Strange to say, Gilbert was greatly relieved to hear that his case was hypertrophy of the heart rather than asthma—for me it was the dreaded confirmation of fears that had long haunted me; still, we both derived hope and encouragement from the doctor's assurance of an ultimate cure. I cannot say that we really believed in a total cure, but we thought it possible to recover the former state of health which had preceded the attacks of suffocation. "I have not felt old, hitherto," my husband said, "certainly not more than if I had been only fifty; but the fact is, I am now sixty, and therefore must be prepared to face the advent of old age. I will submit to any privation for the sake of health, though it

seems hard to be deprived of exercise. It is singular that my mental state should be clearer and more vigorous than ever before, and that my work should be easier and more enjoyable than at any former time."

Mr. Seeley had written—

"What a good thing you called in this Parisian doctor! It might have been serious if you had gone on taking strong exercise in your present state of health.

"I can quite understand your feeling of relief that at any rate it is not asthma. Perhaps when you take less exercise the gout may return, and the heart be relieved at once. That the doctor confidently promises a cure in a few months is a great satisfaction to us."

The good results of the prescribed regimen were soon experienced, and I hailed—not unhopefully—the return of an attack of gout, predicted by Mr. Seeley, which I feared less for Gilbert than the heart troubles. The doctor had said, after hearing that the gout had almost entirely disappeared—"You have made a bad bargain in exchanging gout for hypertrophy."

This is what my husband himself wrote to his friend—

"The worst of me just now for making inquiries, is that on getting up this morning I found I had an attack of gout in my right knee. Hitherto it is only slight (I write at two p.m.), but I cannot bend it without considerable pain, so I must wait till to-morrow at any rate, before trying to go to Paris. It is quite possible that the attack may be very slight, but it is also possible that I may be laid up by it. However this may be, I will of course keep your letter, and do all in my power to help in the present emergency.

"Many thanks for your very kind letter about my doctor's visit. I wish I had known him ten years sooner. He is most scrupulously observant of things as they really are, and does not set off, as doctors often do, from a preconceived notion of his own. The results of the regimen are already beneficial. My nights have been gradually improving since

it began. Last night I slept perfectly till about two in the morning, and then awoke without any suffocation, and soon fell asleep again, remaining quiet with good breathing till half-past six. About a week since I could not sleep *at all*, being immediately awakened by suffocation every time I began to drop off.

"Please thank Mrs. Seeley on my part and my wife's for her kind sympathy, which we know is most sincere. Tell her I regret to have called you her teetotal husband, as I am no better myself. Nay, it is you who have the advantage of me with your two glasses of claret, which I call downright intemperance." (He was allowed to drink nothing but milk.)

Our children feeling uneasy still, and anxious about the state of their father, cut their journey rather short to be back again with him. M. Raillard wished to see Sens in coming back, and the house we had lived in there. So his father-in-law sent him some information about the place, and added—

"Ne manquez pas surtout de voir l'intérieur de la Salle Synodale qui est peut-être la plus belle salle gothique du monde après celle de Westminster. Le trésor de la Cathédrale est intéressant.

"Je continue à me porter beaucoup mieux. Les nuits sont bonnes.

"À bientôt puisque vous avez la bonne pensée de revenir.

"Bien cordialement à vous."

The rules of work had been, perforce, relaxed lately, and almost all the working time had been devoted to writing the *Quest of Happiness*, and an article on "Formative Influences" for the *Forum*, besides the concluding articles for *Scribner's Magazine*.

A decided and rapid improvement in health had taken place, and when, at the beginning of October, Miss Betham-Edwards came to see us, she found my husband much as usual—though looking older—as she told me afterwards.

A few days after she had come to *déjeuner* at Clématis we

went to lunch with her at her hotel, and spent the whole day together, visiting the Musée Carnavalet, and having a long walk the whole way back to the Rue d'Alger. We crossed the Cour du Louvre, where my husband explained in detail the various transformations and changes in the architecture of the palace at different periods of time. Then, in the fading twilight, we had a look at the magnificent and poetical vista opened by the removal of the Tuileries, before saying good-bye; and when we reached Clématis for a late dinner, Gilbert told my mother that he had enjoyed the day, and did not feel tired in the least.

On the following Sunday we had a long walk in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne with some friends, and near the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile we happened to espy the doctor, when my husband remarked cheerfully—"Doctor B——, who was to see me again in two months, would be surprised to hear that I am cured already."

On October 17, a fire was lighted for the first time this autumn in Gilbert's study, and before the flue became heated and a good draught produced, the smoke was considerable. I warned him not to remain in the room, the air being so bad; he answered that as soon as the work he had begun allowed of it, he would go out. I left the door open on purpose, and begged him not to close it, but when I went up again with the letters—two hours after—I found him still at work, in an atmosphere of dense yellow smoke, without possible escape, the door having been closed again. As usual when writing, my husband became so wrapt in his work that he was not conscious of anything outside of it.

I became alarmed for him, as I could hardly breathe, but he felt no inconvenience just then.

In the afternoon he had a walk, but in the evening he went up again to the study, and remained there over an hour, giving a lesson in English pronunciation to one of his nephews. The smoke had, however, subsided, and the fire burned steadily.

At half-past one I was awakened by a sensation of chill on the forehead—it came from my husband's lips—he was giving me, as he thought, a *last* kiss, for he murmured faintly, "J'ai voulu te dire que je t'ai bien aimée, car je crois que je vais mourir."

He was deadly pale, but quite collected. I helped him to dress, and we managed to reach the garden for purer air. He wrote afterwards in his diary that his sufferings had been horrible, and lasted in full two hours and a half. I tried to encourage him in the struggle for life, by saying that *it was* asthma, and that I had witnessed a dear relation of ours struggling successfully through several similar attacks. I felt certain now that it was asthma, and I said so to the doctor on the following day. He answered—"It is cardiac asthma, then."

It was freezing hard outside, and, as soon as he recovered breathing power, I led my husband to the drawing-room sofa, which I wheeled in front of the chimney, and the wood being piled up ready for a fire, I made a great blaze, and opened the windows wide at the same time. Once stretched on the couch and wrapped up in blankets, facing the leaping flames, he soon regained vital warmth, and his breathing became more regular.

Altogether the crisis had lasted five hours, during which I had remained alone with him without even calling a maid, for fear of making him worse through annoyance. I affected entire freedom from anxiety as to the end, merely expressing sympathy with his momentary sufferings, and I was thankful to succeed in deceiving him.

As soon as he felt well enough to be left for a short time, I hastened to the doctor's, but went first to tell Mary and her husband of the sad occurrence, that they might go to their father while I should be away.

The doctor attributed the attack entirely to the effect of

the smoke, and said it had nothing to do with my husband's malady—"he had been asphyxiated;" it would have no lasting effects, except as to retarding the cure; the ground gained since the beginning of the regimen had been lost, and it was all to begin over again.

I did not attempt to disguise from him my anxious fears nor my feelings when I had witnessed my husband's tortures without any means or hopes of alleviating them; "for," I added, "I have been told there is no help in cases of acute asthma." "There *was* not," he answered, "till a quite recent discovery, but now immediate relief may be given by injections of serum."

Though he assured me that there would be no other attack of the same kind if we took care to have only wood fires and no smoke, I insisted upon being recommended to a reliable doctor, not far from our house, who would promise to come at any time of night if we needed him, and who would always have serum in his possession—the great specialist being himself at too great a distance from us to be fetched in an emergency. The very doctor I wanted happened to be this very day sharing, as he often did, the labours and studies of the specialist. He was called in, and, after listening to an explanation, gave me the promise I desired, and said he would follow me immediately to Clématis to see the patient; and if he should see the necessity for it would ask his friend to join him at our house for a consultation.

As he noticed the distress under which I was labouring, the physician kindly said before I left him—"I repeat that I do not apprehend a recurrence of what happened last night—but, si par impossible une autre crise semblable survenait rappelez-vous bien que, même suivie de syncope, elle ne serait *jamais mortelle*."

I believed him, though my heart was still heavy at the thoughts of the sufferings that the future might bring to my

husband. I felt greatly relieved in being able to give him the doctor's assurance that there was no danger for his life.

I was happy on entering the drawing-room to see him quietly talking with Mary and Raoul, and eating grapes. He said that, with the exception of fatigue, he felt very well indeed. He had taken some broth, and partook of a light dinner with pleasure.

The doctor delegated by the physician, after an examination, merely confirmed what had been said to me, and saw no necessity for a consultation with his friend.

On the morrow we arranged a temporary study to avoid fresh troubles with the stove, and kept up good ventilation with a bright wood fire and frequent opening of windows looking out on the garden.

Gilbert resumed his ordinary work with great moderation, taking care to interrupt whatever he was doing every hour by a short walk in the open air according to medical advice. Four days later I find this entry in the note-book—"October 24. Walked in the Bois de Boulogne towards evening in an enchantment of colour and light; beautiful autumnal colour on trees."

One of my husband's last satisfactions in life was a letter from Mr. Burlingame, about the work lately done for Messrs. Scribner. Here is a passage out of it—

"I have long had in mind to say, *à propos* of the conclusion of the series, how much of a success I think our last plan proved, and how cordially we all appreciate the very valuable and punctual fulfilment which you kindly gave to it. All our relations during its progress were a great pleasure to me; and I hope it will not be long before the Magazine may have the benefit of your help again. It will always gratify us very much to know of any suggestion or papers that occur to you which you might be inclined to send our way.

"Mr. Scribner and Mr. Jaccaci are back again; and we all often speak of you with pleasant recollections of your kindness in Paris."

Although Messrs. Scribner's pecuniary arrangements were very liberal, my husband's satisfaction in his dealings with them was mostly derived from their courtesy; for though he was obliged to take money into consideration, it was almost the least weighty of considerations with him. He often said he did not like money; he looked upon it as the indispensable means of providing necessaries, and thereby affording the mind sufficient peace to apply itself to study in freedom from anxious cares. He never desired riches or luxury, and hated to have to think about money matters or to talk about them, even to me; and aware that the subject was more than disagreeable—painful—I avoided it as much as possible.

After the first terrible attack of suffocation, Mr. Seeley had been reluctant to ask for my husband's help; still, as he had recovered so soon, and had resumed his ordinary avocations, he was willing and able to do several urgent things for the *Portfolio,* and Mr. Seeley wrote—

"You have done, before receiving my last letter, exactly what it asked you to do. What a good thing when editor and publisher are in such perfect *rapport.*

"I hope you have not had any more attacks."

No, he had not; and his nights were quiet again, though he got up very early, at four or five in the morning, and had a nap in the afternoon. The only thing he complained of was a sensation of weakness unknown to him before. It was not sufficient to be called painful, but still he felt it to be there, and hoped to get rid of it when allowed a little beer or claret. He so much disliked drinking milk at meal-times that it quite spoilt his appetite, until the doctor said he might have water during his repasts, and milk in the intervals.

On account of the diminution in strength, I was afraid of the effects that fatigue might produce, and did not like to see him go so often to Paris as he had lately done, especially to

the exhibitions, but when it could not be avoided I managed to go with him under the pretext that I was interested in them myself.

On November 4 he asked me if I should like to go with him to the Louvre, where he had to see the Salle des Primitifs. I said yes. He spent an hour there, enjoying heartily the best pictures, and extolling their merits as we were coming back. According to his habit he was reading in the tram-car on his way home, and I noticed that it was a volume of Virgil, and in looking up from the book to his face, I observed that he looked paler than usual. I inquired if he felt tired. He answered—"Not in the least." And when we reached home he went up straight to his study, and wrote till the bell called him to dinner. We had a pleasant talk about the pictures he had just studied, while he was eating with a good appetite.

After dinner, as usual, he took up his newspaper and read for about ten minutes, when he suddenly threw it aside and told me the action of the heart was unsatisfactory. I proposed at once to go to the garden, but the suddenness and violence of the attack did not allow him to reach it. When in the open air, just above the few stone steps, he had to stop and grasp the railing till the last anguish deprived him of breath and of life, long before the arrival of the doctors, whom I had sent for as soon as he had felt oppressed.

He had never feared death, whatever might await him after —conscious of a useful and blameless life. He died as he had desired to die, standing alone with me under the moonlit sky, unconfined, escaping from the decrepitude of old age, still in the full possession and maturity of his talents, and in the active use of them.

Two hours before his death he had been writing these last words for the *Quest of Happiness*—

"If I indulge my imagination in dreaming about a country where justice and right would always surely prevail, where

the weak would never be oppressed, nor an honest man incur any penalty for his honesty—a country where no animal would ever be ill-treated or killed, otherwise than in mercy—that is truly ideal dreaming, because, however far I travel, I shall not find such a country in the world, and there is not any record of such a country in the authentic history of mankind."

Let us hope he may have found this ideal country in the unknown world.

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